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METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1916

STUDY OUR EPISCOPACY

(Second Article)

In the Second Article, "Restore our Episcopacy," in the November-December Review, Chancellor Day, with his characteristic energy and mastery of the English language, returns to the attack. I can say with him, heartily, that "I read his article with unusual interest," and "I was not disappointed in the remarkable force of his statement, nor the art of his arrangement." But I also "was not convinced." Dr. Day writes:

> Far oftener than otherwise I have found Dr. Buckley's contentions conclusive, although in three great cases he has failed to convince me, and in two of them he did not convince the church.

Delightful! When such is the case it is a powerful stimulant to each writer, also to readers interested in a vital problem.

But soon he turned to my article, saying:

> His historic facts were too common and elementary to have been overlooked and they helped my contention more than his.

He closes his introduction with this affirmation:

> His logic was at more than one point, as I shall show, inconclusive, and his philosophy, contradicted by the records of old age, would be very unfortunate to apply to men of increasing years.

Let us see! The Chancellor may find himself in a maze of difficulties.

I

Dr. Day asks if I "will contend that we have an Episcopacy which is not permitted to resign and from which men are not retired except in extreme age and infirmity?" No! "That we

have an Episcopacy that travels at large throughout the whole connection and that is not limited by local districting?" No! "Will he say that we have an Episcopacy that chooses its residences according to its own judgment?" No!

"If we have not such an Episcopacy, have we the 'old-time' Episcopacy?" I now answer *yes,* substantially we have. Dr. Day practically declares that these alone made the "old-time" Episcopacy; a very erroneous idea.

The Third Restrictive Rule has protected the Episcopacy in its *fundamental* and *essential* powers. We have an Episcopacy that is "elected by the General Conference," that "presides in our Conferences," that "fixes the appointments of the preachers for the several circuits," etc., and "in the intervals of the Conferences changes, receives, and suspends preachers as necessity may require and the Discipline directs." In addition to this the Discipline of 1808 requires the Bishops "to travel throughout the connection at large."

This law has been unnecessarily mystified; but what the Bishops were then doing, and at the present time do *to a considerable degree,* reveals fully the meaning of the requisition. They are to attend and preside in the Conferences, and when not so engaged are not to remain exclusively *in or near their residences,* but are expected *to itinerate among the churches,* examining, instructing, and preaching. This I contend that they do.

The retiring of them, the limiting somewhat by local districting, the appointing of their residences, are not *fundamental* and *essential* features. Therefore I do not believe that

We have done away with the Episcopacy of our fathers—the authority, the scope, the privilege, the power, and dignity of the earliest days.

I believe this to be an extravagant and unwise statement.

II

An intelligent stranger reading or hearing that the Methodist Episcopal Church had "done away with the Episcopacy of the Fathers" could, and probably would, think that the church was seriously declining. In our own church we sometimes hear

the statement made that the power "of the earliest days" is gone, and that we no longer possess the dignity and spirituality of our fathers. But I do not believe it. I believe that in the Episcopacy, the ministry, and the laity will be found dignity and spirituality *in the same proportion* as in the "earliest days."

Neither do I believe that our fathers were *absolutely* perfect and self-controlled.

Asbury and Coke for a time so disagreed as to make it almost necessary that they should not meet.

Jesse Lee, one of the greatest of our fathers, opposed several propositions which Asbury approved, and, in the Conference, Lee, who was speaking, saw from Asbury's expression that he was against him. Immediately Lee asked Asbury whether he (Lee) had common sense. Asbury said: "You have *uncommon* sense." "Then," said Lee, "if I have uncommon sense I ought to have an *uncommon* hearing." Asbury turned his back to Lee and wrote letters until the speech was finished.

On another occasion Bishop Whatcoat—perhaps the most spiritual of the earlier Bishops—rose in the Conference to "recommend the suppression of passion and ill-will in debate, and that reason should rule in every loving contest."

For more than ten years a controversy (over giving the Annual Conferences power to elect presiding elders) continued, which involved Bishops on both sides, and divided both ministry and laity, and so high was the feeling that there was great danger of splitting the church. So much so that Soule, after he had been elected Bishop, would not be ordained, and was not for four years.

All these men would have given up their lives for Christ. They were all aiming with equal zeal and integrity to promote what they sincerely believed to be the permanent interest of the church; *but they had similar dissensions to those of "our time."*

III

Dr. Day says: "Dr. Buckley gives the impression that the *Bishops recently retired accepted their fate cheerfully. He is greatly mistaken.*" The person who is "greatly mistaken" is Dr. Day. There is no expression by me on that subject in the article.

Concerning this subject, however, I will quote from the Biography of Bishop Andrews by Francis J. McConnell (now Bishop), which is unsurpassed:

Bishop Andrews was retired from active work in the Episcopacy by the General Conference which met at Los Angeles in 1904. . . . When the Conference met, the Bishop was in his seventy-ninth year. Inasmuch as a vote to keep him on the effective list would mean that he must be considered effective for a period of four years longer, it seemed wise to the majority of the members of the Conference to retire the Bishop while he was still in excellent health and strength rather than to ask him to continue a work which at any time might prove too heavy. There is no doubt that the vote for retirement came as something of a shock to Bishop Andrews. He felt strong and vigorous, he was able to do more than his share of the labor of the Episcopacy, and felt that he could carry the burden through another period of four years. The shock, however, soon passed away. The Bishop accepted the judgment of the Conference with good grace. By the time he had reached New York on his return he felt that while there was some hardship about the method of episcopal superannuation, on the whole the Conference had acted wisely. *As for the principle of retirement in itself, the Bishop conceded in private conversation that this was entirely correct.* He felt that the church must insist upon the right to retire the Bishops, and though he shrank somewhat from the method, he could not help feeling that in a church in which the superannuation of ordinary ministers is every year a necessity, the superannuation of Bishops should not be resented by the Bishops themselves.

IV

Dr. Day exclaims:

Has he forgotten Chicago? Among other things the Bishops were charged openly before "the enemies of the Methodist Episcopal Church" *with having lectured for money.* Dr. Buckley was one of the most earnest speakers against them.

Dr. Day catches at his friend too quickly: The debate to which he refers was upon the question whether a Bishop should receive extra compensation (other than expenses) for his services in *dedicating churches,* and "such other like services."

In speaking on the resolution in the General Conference, I said: "We simply mean by this resolution that some General Conference officers and some Bishops have made charges for dedicating churches, and have specified the sum in writing. We know this to be a fact. *We do not say that it was immoral; we do not say that it was wrong;* we do say that it is a custom that has grown

up in modern times; we do say that we want to check it. . . . You say this is a reflection on the Bishops. I repudiate it. There is not a Bishop here that we do not believe to be a true man; and I do not believe there is one here that would object to the passage of this resolution—that is to say, if this body wants to do it."

But lectures outside of specific church work were not objected to in the slightest, nor have been. Bishop Simpson was in the habit of receiving large sums for his lectures, and others have done the same, and unless they should interfere with their duties as Bishops, no possible objection could be made.

V

Dr. Day says that an elder in an Annual Conference is not retired except at his own request, or for moral cause; and that Bishops are not given the same consideration.

Many ministers have been retired against their own desire. The District Superintendents inform me that it is one of the exceedingly unpleasant duties of a District Superintendent to be obliged occasionally to tell some brother *who is not conscious that his powers have failed,* so that he can no longer do the work of a pastor, that it will be necessary for him to superannuate.

Men are frequently retired not because they desire it, but because they are no longer acceptable in the pastorate. The cabinet reaches its conclusion, then tries to secure the *reluctant* consent of the brother; the Committee on Conference Relations hears the case and makes its report, and the Conference bases its action on the recommendation from the District Superintendent and the Committee.

The brother, being a member of the Annual Conference, may speak on the question. Otherwise the analogy is complete—except that the elder retires on an allowance of from $200 to $500, and the Bishop on an allowance of $2,500.

If the elder still attempts to remain he has recourse to an appeal; but how many make this appeal? How many more accept the decision of their Conference though *undesired* by themselves! I failed to make this clear in my first article.

VI

Dr. Day says:

The doctor's statement that I referred to "these men and their advocates as tearing the Episcopacy to pieces" is wrong. The men I referred to were not elected.

I quote exactly from Dr. Day's first article:

Our General Conference has a large number of men who take themselves seriously as *candidates for the Episcopacy* even if the church at large does not take them so. They have been flattered at home and will consider an election at the head of the delegation as a practical nomination. These are not sporadic cases. The trouble affects the efficiency of our ministry in general, in Conference politics, in the merits of great causes, in the discussion of momentous questions, in the reputation and advancement and election of Conference brethren. And the great shout of protest comes out of the throats of these men. *It was a body made up of many such men and more of their advocates and champions that tore our Episcopacy to pieces.*

If Dr. Day will read again the remarks which I made upon that statement in my former article, he will see that I did not say the "men to whom he referred were elected."

VII

Dr. Day in acknowledging that he has changed his position with respect to the retirement act passed by the last General Conference, asks: "Is a man not permitted to change his mind?" and quotes Josh Billings that "the difference between a fool and a wise man is that a wise man changes his mind sometimes."

Yes, but Josh Billings also said: "Opinions should be formed with great caution and *changed with greater.*"

VIII

Dr. Day certainly uses exaggerated sentences when he says that those who were retired were "turned out into *nowhere*"; that Bishop Foster was left "naked and old and comfortless"; and in his second article when he says again, "He is turned out to nowhere, and he must pick up work if he can."

Instead of being "turned out into *nowhere*" the General Conference passed a law relating to the status, powers, and privileges of superannuated Bishops.

If invited by the Bishop presiding he may take the chair temporarily in a General or Annual Conference; and at the request of a Bishop presiding in an Annual Conference, he may ordain candidates previously elected to orders. Moreover he is still an advisory member of the Board of Bishops, and a member of the different Boards and General Committees of which the Bishops are *ex officio* members. He is relieved from traveling through the church, may choose the place of his residence, and will receive a comfortable salary to the end of his life.

It will appear from this that he may exercise nearly all of the important functions of an effective Bishop, save that of the appointment of ministers to their several charges.

All of the retired Bishops "pick up work if they can," and have had more offers of work than they were able to accept.

If this be "turning out into nowhere," a very great many would wish to be "nowhere."

IX

Chancellor Day says:

> **The highest judgeship in our land is a life tenure. . . . I met this summer Chief Justice White, *who would have been retired long ago upon our plan.* I was impressed with the earnestness with which he spoke of returning to his work. When the remark was made that he should not hurry back to Washington, that he had earned a full vacation, he replied, "But I must take my share and do my part."**

Edward Douglass White, Chief Justice of the United States, was born November 3, 1845. Since he had not yet passed his seventieth birthday when the Chancellor met him, how could he have been "retired *long ago* upon our plan"!

X

No one honors old men more than I, nor more appreciates their work. And to belittle their services to the church and the world has been farthest from my thoughts in these articles.

The examples given by Dr. Day are shining lights and well worthy the admiration and veneration he pays them. But with very few exceptions they were men engaged in the *quiet* pursuits of study and writing.

The others *are* (as Dr. Day thinks I will say) "the exceptions that prove the rule."

It would be as bad logic as any Dr. Day accuses me of to say that because the blind doge of Venice could lead his men at ninety-four in the storming of Constantinople, we must not retire our Bishops earlier.

It seems rather unnecessary to remind Dr. Day that although brain cells may not be "all of a man," they are the source of his mental vigor.

He says Dr. Clouston's philosophy is a "most wretched philosophy to preach to either young men or old men."

I say both young men and old men should listen to it—the young, that they may learn to take care of themselves in their youth, and the old, that they may heed its warnings to do less work.

It is a true philosophy followed by the many and increasing number of men who visit their physician once or twice every year for a thorough examination to see that they are not overworking, to test their blood pressure, etc., and many more would be saved if they followed it.

A distinguished man in the Methodist Episcopal Church —a splendid man—on his seventieth birthday stood in his office and said: "Gentlemen, I am as strong and quick and vigorous as I ever was." The next morning the newspapers announced his death. Had that man "chalked down his years" and let up in his work, he might have lived many more useful years.

A long list might be given of men in our own denomination, who kept on at work and died, or broke down entirely, who, had they not clung tenaciously to *all* their tasks, might have lived to accomplish a good deal in some of them.

Dr. Day in his reply has confined himself to the "brain cells" and neglected to note the conclusion of Dr. Clouston. I quote it again with my own remarks, which still apply.

The power of judgment *"does not imply such an intense or continuous output of nervous force as do intense or long-continued feeling, willing, inhibition, or origination. Calm wisdom, in short, is not an exhaustive mental effort."*

The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are the greatest exhibition of *"intense or long-continued feeling"*; and when great efforts of brain and mind are required, with speech, sight, or hearing lessening; and especially when those efforts are both in public and secret; and, being compelled to travel at set times, whatever the weather or the distance, sooner or later there must be the break down in one or more of the organs so long mercilessly worked.

The office has, as Dr. Day says, "been an inspiration to them"; but it is merely *poetic* license to say that "it has not worn them."

Modern conditions undoubtedly help some men to "do their work with greater ease and endurance than those under which our fathers toiled"; but modern conditions also have brought perplexities in their train and problems that our fathers did not have to face.

The Bishop of to-day may not know the physical discomforts of the "old-time" Bishops; but he has mental problems of which the "old-time" Bishop knew nothing.

I believe there is no comparison for the work of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It requires tremendous vitality and force.

FINIS

I suppose that I shall go on believing what I have written, and Dr. Day will continue to believe that Bishop Foster

> was robbed of the comfort of the reflection that the great church counted him her Bishop, that she revered him as a Bishop. No, this was not permitted to him, to Andrews, to Foss, to Warren.

And also he will continue to believe that

> by meddling with Providence we have wasted force enough in this period of our history to bring the millennium if it had been the mustard seed of faith used with sound sense.

These and other of his statements seem dreams.

Notwithstanding the mournful cry of Dr. Day "Restore our Episcopacy," the Episcopacy is here. From the day it was born it has been at work on great Christian projects. Those who "Study our Episcopacy" and feel its spirit will not groan but rejoice.

I still believe with Bishop Merrill that "*The superannuated relation is not appalling.* I like the word superannuated better than the word non-effective. It is a good Methodist word, sanctioned and sanctified by long usage. *The relation is an honorable one, and I cannot see why one entitled to enter it should hesitate at the threshold or dread the relation or the name of it.*"

I believe it to be a wise provision—both better for the church and for the Bishops themselves.

The advantage of the new method lies in preventing the discussion of individual cases in the General Conference, and precludes the possibility of some well-meaning delegate whose sympathy outweighs his judgment, precipitating a debate which places the church in an unfavorable light. This places all the Bishops upon the same plane. They know when retirement is coming, and become accustomed to the idea, avoiding a violent wrench.

It is well worth a trial.

My grandfather was a judge of the County Court, known to all as a "just judge." When a small boy I was sent with a message to my grandfather at the Court House. There I heard two prominent lawyers, opponents on a case, in violent argument. Their eyes flashed and they looked the picture of animosity. I was excited, and expected to see them come to blows at the noon recess. What was my surprise on my way home to see them dining together in a nearby tavern, laughing and talking in perfect harmony. When I told my grandfather what I had seen, he said: "They'll be at it again in the afternoon. They are fighting for other people."

Dr. Day and I disagree; but in love for the Methodist Episcopal Church and friendship for each other, we have always agreed.

J. M. Buckley

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITICS

THE writer who undertakes to discuss ecclesiastical politics finds himself at the outset in a rather painful dilemma. If he does not know anything about the subject there is, of course, no need of his writing. If he does know anything, the question is, How did he come to know? Especially in the case of one who has come to position in the church is any claim to knowledge in this realm apt to be regarded as highly suspicious. But it may be urged in reply that discussion on such a theme does not depend upon the possession of information illegitimately acquired. Certain charges of political manipulation are apt to be urged against any church like the Methodist Episcopal. These charges are urged not so much because the critic is in possession of detailed information concerning political methods, but because an organization like ours seems in the thought of some to lend itself very naturally to political maneuvers. A consideration of the general grounds on which one may expect accusation of political activity in Methodism is always in order. It may be that there is a sense in which church activities inevitably seem political, no matter how worthy they may be. It may be there are some defects of organization which can be remedied. In any event an attempt to understand any dangerous possibilities in our organizational scheme is in order. The Methodist Church acts through a General Conference whose membership runs well over eight hundred delegates. Methodist ministers meet together annually in conferences ranging in size from thirty to over three hundred members. An observer can hardly have passed twenty years in the ministry himself, after twenty previous years in a Methodist parsonage, without arriving at some conclusions concerning the meaning of politics in the system thus made up of Annual Conferences and the General Conference.

It is not likely that the severest critic of our polity would suggest anything like political corruption as that term is used in

secular politics. There are no charges that votes are bought and sold, that ballot boxes are stuffed, or that tellers make false counts. The sharpest censor of our political morals would instantly avow that he means nothing of this kind. We instance this point at the outset. We must not forget that there is this great admitted difference between ecclesiastical and secular politics. When a speaker affirms, as one of considerable prominence did recently, that General Conference politics are worse than anything ever known in secular politics, we may be perfectly sure that the speaker does not quite mean what he says. We dismiss the charges of outright dishonesty at once simply because there are no such charges. To get to close quarters with our real question we listen first to the critic who affirms that he objects to that form of politics in ecclesiastical circles which consists in making political promises in return for political favors. The district superintendent gives a preacher to understand that a promotion is at hand in return for a vote toward a General Conference delegacy. Or, as others maintain, the holder of a General Conference position is pushed along up if he throws his influence toward some one else for the place thus left vacant. Now no one would deny abstractly that this kind of dickering is possible. And no one would deny concretely that possibly such deals have taken place. There is real peril here. The peril, however, can hardly be as extensive as is sometimes imagined. If it were, direct evidence would be more abundant. As for promises, we must all remember the proneness of human nature to take almost anything as a promise. Anyone who has had any sort of official relationship to a church knows, for example, what slight signs from churches are sometimes looked upon by ministers as "calls." Most official promises come down in the end to general expressions of willingness to "do what may be possible" for a particular man. As for the advantage which a General Conference officer holds for further advance, this advantage arises from the fact that his position enables him to become known over the denomination rather than from the fact that his advancement leaves a place open for some one else to fill. In the election of bishops in 1912 one General Conference position was left open. In 1908, two were left open, and in 1914, three. This makes a total of six

positions vacated out of a possible twenty-four. So far as these particular six men are concerned it would be entirely within the facts to say that desire for the places they were leaving open was a negligible factor in the advancement.

Still we must not overlook the fact that a large part of the criticism on Methodist Conferences as hot-beds of politics comes out of the resentment of men who feel that promises have been broken. We shall have occasion to remark later on that so-called political methods are not apt to be extraordinarily effective, but we wish to say at this juncture that the saddest outcome in the experience of him who relies upon political method is apt to be this bitterness of resentment at men who have apparently broken pledges—and yet all the bitterness can be accounted for without charging anybody with lying. Run through in thought for the moment the types of persons that we are apt to meet in a body of over eight hundred men. The worker for the advancement of this or that leader will save himself from much distress if he will learn properly to discount compliments. Some of us who make complimentary reference to this or that person who is being voted for mean exactly what we say. If we say we have enjoyed a sermon or a speech we may mean that and nothing more. We may not even mean that we agree with the speech, or that we wish to vote for the speaker. Others of us who pass compliments mean nothing more than a general expression of good will. We would be vastly astonished to learn that a good-natured and friendly remark has been noted as a pledge to vote. Then there are still others of us, thoroughly honest in intent, who in conversation have rare power of softening a harshness of the truth. That is to say, we are naturally kindly and charitable. We wish well, and we mean well, but we can so emphasize everything pleasant and so keep out of sight everything unpleasant that, practically, a false impression is produced. In attempting to correct the faults of our fellows we often do so in such gentle ways that our friends feel complimented instead of rebuked. There is very little friendly criticism of any value. Friends are too kind. To get a valuable contemporaneous estimate of ourselves we must listen to our enemies. Of course the enemy exaggerates and distorts, but he is apt to hit the raw

center where the fault lies. Again, among the eight hundred men we meet quite a goodly number who, while being sincere, present "different aspects of the truth to different persons." When two persons to whom these different aspects have been presented compare notes they may experience considerable surprise. But the weakness is not at the point of integrity. Some men are under the influence of the last conversation to which they have listened, and others never think anything through to a conclusion. Then there are other human beings who speak out of varying moods, and others still whose apparent acquiescence in another's remarks means that they understand rather than that they sanction. The presence of these various types in such large numbers in any assembly of eight hundred men is enough to account for the vast distance between what some think the vote will be, and what the vote actually is.

All this leads us to our first positive suggestion on this not altogether pleasant topic; namely, the need of straight frankness of speech between man and man. A Methodist Conference is a poor place to make statements that by any interpretation can be misunderstood. While ministers and laymen dislike to hurt the feelings of their brethren, any extensive observation of human life ought to show us that less injury is done by a plain bluntness which is incapable of being misunderstood, than by a soft kindliness which misleads and deludes and finally embitters him who has been its object. He who, in a rush of good feeling, makes a promise, or even suggests one, ought to have close at hand resources of clear statement which will make his promise something other than a snare. Abraham Lincoln was once greatly impressed with a newspaper article which a brilliant correspondent had written. In the first flush of his enthusiasm he seized his pen and wrote to the correspondent, "Come to Washington. I will appoint you to any position you may wish." He returned a half hour later and added, "which may be open." After another half hour he made a final addition: "which you may be qualified to fill."

A further charge against our system is that combinations are formed for the advancement of men—leaders agreeing to "throw" so many votes toward one party's candidate in return for like

favors; that if three places are to be filled, for example, three different groups of delegates, ambitious for three different leaders, will get together on a basis of mutual understanding. Here, again, there is no need of denying the possibility, but the extent to which the possibility becomes an actuality is a question. We occasionally hear of leaders who can "command" such and such a number of votes. We can be fairly certain that in such a church organization as ours the number of votes that can be commanded in any follow-your-leader fashion is very small. Startling stories have gone around at Conferences of how at this or that signal a hundred men changed their votes, and how an order was "passed down the line." Possibly the signal was given, or the order passed down the line, but the question as to the change of votes is another story. Voting in Conferences is secret. It may be theoretically possible to control votes by wholesale, but if the investigator will diligently run down such rumors and reports he will find that they net him amazingly little substance. The very size of the General Conference is a protection to the church against log-rolling combinations. Granting that all sorts of political schemes are started by rather coarse-grained individuals, the simple fact is that it is impossible by a merely political maneuver to tie up four hundred and twenty-five Methodist preachers and laymen in a political scheme. What gives color to the claim that this can be done is the obvious fact that in a close vote twenty-five voters banded together may be sufficient to carry a man to victory. But, if twenty-five men are voting with a merely political motive, what about the other four hundred? The other four hundred are voting with motives that seem to them to be entirely worthy, and any twenty-five out of the four hundred can as truly say that their honest convictions were as much back of the success of the result as the vote of the twenty-five politicians. Moreover, we must remember that there is a sense in which combinations are perfectly legitimate. Suppose there were three secretaryships vacant on one of the great benevolent Boards. What sort of delegate would he be who would vote for three men without any thought of how they would fit together in carrying out a plan? Or suppose a number of ministers are to be elected to the Board of Bishops. Who would want them all of one kind? We must not

say outright that any and every scheme for putting a number of men into position together is necessarily an evil combination. So with the objections to geographical combinations. No feature in our polity has been more often condemned than that which insists that geographical factors shall count in elections. And yet there is no feature for which more can justly be said. Take the broad difference between the East and the West. It is one of the commonplaces of church administration that transplanting a preacher from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky Mountain regions or the Pacific Coast, or vice versa, is one of the most hazardous ecclesiastical procedures imaginable. The writer of this article has many times refrained from telling eastern audiences all the truth about difficulties of pioneer conditions, in some parts of this country, for the simple reason that he has not wished to impair his own reputation for veracity.

We have said that it is not possible to secure a majority of over eight hundred Methodists merely by political methods. It is beyond belief that four hundred men sent to a General Conference will give themselves to the carrying out of a merely political scheme. The question is sometimes asked, however, whether the very size of such a body is a protection against the sort of effort which leads to an emotional stampede. Is it not possible, in such an assembly, to arouse great tides of feeling which will sweep men into positions far beyond their just deserts? Here, again, we must say that such an outcome is no doubt abstractly possible, but who has known of such an event taking place under circumstances which imply deliberate manipulation? In all great assemblies emotional crises occasionally occur, but they seldom occur as the result of deliberate working up. When the tidal wave arises it is most apt to come as a resultant of forces which no individual or set of individuals can control. About the surest way to bring a plan into failure is to attempt to manufacture emotionalism in its favor. Moreover, a careful study of the General Conferences of the last twenty-five years ought to convince any one that the influential leadership has become less and less of the so-called "oratorical" type. If the reader will take time to consult the files of the Daily Christian Advocate he will very soon discern that

the men most influential on the floor of the General Conference are those who deal in facts and reasons. We may admit that there have been at times attempts to make sentiment for men by putting them up for public addresses at the seat of the General Conference. But the return for this sort of tactics is usually very small. One of the keenest observers that our church has ever produced said, after a General Conference in which there had been an unusual number of persons elected to church office, that of all the persons whose names had been mentioned in connection with official position only one had created favorable impression at the seat of the Conference by public address. To such an extent is this true that the commoner charge is apt to be that the men avoid speaking at the seat of General Conference sessions for fear of taking the political risk; which shows, by the way, how one determined to make a charge of political maneuver can make it under any circumstances. This complaint has been lodged against men whose only reason for not making addresses has been that they have not been asked to do so. If a man sweeps into position as a result of great oratorical triumph we may well remind ourselves that the triumph is, very likely, legitimately born out of the circumstances. These charges of emotional stampede almost seem humorous when we ask ourselves how many of the sixty or more General Conference officers now serving the church were elected after displays of oratorical fervor, or as a result of great emotional stress on the part of the General Conference.

The General Conference is a body which decrees results after discussion either on the floor or elsewhere. Walter Bagehot has pointed out that the greatest virtue of government in a democracy is that the government is by discussion. It is absurd to think that men can be selected for positions in a genuine democracy by any other process than by discussion. It is, then, perfectly legitimate for one who believes that such-and-such a man would make a good church official to tell others so. An assembly of the most righteous men on earth could proceed in no other way; and such an assembly could, without the slightest wrongdoing in any particular, lay itself open to the charge of being political in its methods. Of course it is always possible for the critic to say that voting should

be a religious exercise, and we devoutly believe this, but this can only mean that the discussion which preceded the voting should be religious also. What other method is there for getting at the merits of a denominational situation except by discussion? If a man whose name is mentioned for office is himself having nothing to do with a movement in connection with his own name, this very fact itself should become known. But this makes it possible for ill-conditioned men to report that statements of such a man's disinterestedness are used to make political capital. Great voting assemblages always have proceeded upon the knowledge gained in discussion inside and outside of the voting place itself, and they will always thus proceed. In a perfect community of citizens met to select their best men for positions of power the cynical visitor from outside could always find what would seem to him to be unworthy political activity.

The question of legitimacy in political method finally becomes largely a question as to what is permissible in discussion. It is not permissible, for example, to utter slander of men. It is not permissible to make derogatory statements as to matters-of-fact concerning men without giving the men a chance to explain. The whole problem here is one of fairness in our dealing with our fellows. So far as the men voted for are concerned the problem as to their utterances concerning themselves becomes finally one of good taste. Who can deny that men in our ministry do speak to other ministers about their own fitness? We here come to a very delicate phase of this problem. Years ago a certain man prominent in General Conference circles used to say that he felt as definitely called to the bishopric as he felt called to the ministry. Assuming that this man was honest, and he was, what other recourse had he but to admit his own readiness to accept the Episcopacy? Of course all this provokes a smile, but the truth is that many men who insistently or gently urge their own claims for church position do so in all seriousness. That is the trouble; they are too serious. But this is a difficulty that is inherent in human nature. A discerning writer once published an important book on the self-consciousness of great men, making most astonishing revelations as to how important leaders have thought of themselves. There

is no use blinking the fact that many who are not so great think of themselves as qualified for any and every sort of official relationship. But what are we to do about it? All that a General Conference delegate can do is to vote. If he is convinced that such a man's estimate of himself is correct he will vote for him; otherwise not. The pathetic feature of all this is that when a man who has been, we will not say urging, but admitting his own claims, fails of election, he is apt to be sure that he was defeated by political methods. But to put together under the term "self-seekers" all who favor themselves for election to high position would be woefully unjust. Some of the most consecrated men the church ever has known have been the first to admit their own qualifications for leadership. The very openness of these men sometimes does them grave injustice. The writer of this article once knew a man who was often approached by men telling him of his fitness for General Conference office. The man would invariably reply with an expression of gratitude and a request that the speaker communicate his thought to others: and people called him a politician. As a matter of fact the outspokenness was all there was of the politics. The man was perfectly transparent and utterly devoid of any sort of littleness. When he was finally chosen to General Conference position he served the church faithfully and well. There is, indeed, question as to his good taste and his sense of propriety, but when we speak of taste and propriety we would best all be charitable.

Coming back for the moment to the limits of fair discussion in political matters, we must remark that there is no ready rule to determine such limits. Anything like unfair statement falls condemned before a Christian judgment, but there must always be room for frank speaking and for open criticism. Much of this criticism hits off a man's weaknesses in a way that does good, and not harm. At a General Conference it was urged against one of the men being voted for that he was an iceberg. When the friends of the "iceberg" protested against his being called by such a term the chief spokesman of the critics replied, "I will no longer call him an iceberg; I will simply say that if I were an ocean liner I would keep out of his way." After a somewhat fairly intimate

acquaintance with the man thus characterized I surmise that the critic hit upon a quality which the man and his friends would do well not to forget, and the phrasing of the criticism will probably prevent them from forgetting. Really great interests are at stake in church elections, and if a man can be torpedoed by a telling phrase in which there is nothing of personal rancor or adroit unfairness it may be just as well for him to go down. It is a just question as to whether men ought to be put in important positions before they have run the gauntlet of incisive criticism. Nothing more grievous could befall a church than a softness of speech which would allow weaklings to get into power. Frank dealing is the way out. There was once a Methodist orator of great power whose brothers in the ministry would not allow him to come to position of official influence. In his early years the preacher had made a bad break which showed a constitutional weakness. He was tried by his Conference, found guilty of indiscretion, and sentenced to be reprimanded by Bishop Simpson. He went on through the years to appointments of considerable importance and men asked why he was not elected to high church office. Between him and that office stood a group of determined ministers who declared to him that at any sign of willingness on his part to listen to those who would put him in high authority they would at once bring out for full discussion the weakness which he had previously shown. In the regular work of the ministry this man served well, but his brethren feared for a break if he should be put in a position of unusual prominence. The essential justice of the view of these ministers was revealed in the fact that in after years the man broke again in the very same weakness as in his earlier manhood, and broke in such fashion that it was thereafter impossible to use him in any place. It is doubtful if there was in his time any more forceful preaching ability than his in the entire church, but the brethren who dealt thus honestly and openly with him rendered their church a service.

It ic by this time manifest that we are dealing with a problem which arises not so much out of the way our church is organized as out of the way human nature is organized. To attempt to deal with ecclesiastical politics by passing laws, or even by adding new

paragraphs to the Discipline, would be the height of folly. So far as the personal element is concerned our only relief is in the cultivation of speech so clear as not to be misunderstood, and in the gradual growth of a sense of propriety. A general toning-up of good taste is at all times in order. It is not fair, on the one hand, to say that our Annual and General Conferences are the scenes of wicked scheming. This is simply not true. But, on the other hand, it would be hard to find eight hundred or even one hundred men, the majority of whom are far along the road toward perfection, in the observance of the proprieties. It must be remembered that when men meet together for group action they are exposed to a set of temptations which they do not often encounter in the more strictly individual relationships of life. In our dealings with one another as individuals our codes of the proper in conduct are rather clearly marked out. In almost any form of group activity, on the contrary, there are no thoroughly wrought-out codes. What is permissible or unpermissible must be left largely to each one's sense of propriety, and where this sense is not highly developed we may expect actions which are not indeed consciously evil, but which nevertheless fall short of the ideal.

Meantime, as we wait for the slow growth of the finer spirit, it may be well for us to remind ourselves that there is one change of emphasis in our church activities which would speedily bring a large measure of relief. We refer to the shifting of stress from persons to programs. Even if the discussion concerning persons is conducted on the highest plane imaginable it is apt to get lost in the trivial and inconsequential. Conferences meet for action upon certain measures more or less important. Those who are familiar with the administration of churches know that, when a church seeking a pastor can clearly answer the question as to the distinctive type of work to be done by that particular church, the choice of a suitable man is much easier than when the debates turn round the qualities of the men without reference to the church's program. So in the election of men to offices the most important question is as to the policy the church ought to adopt. With the policy once determined swarms of questions as to individual men settle themselves at once. The church to-day is confronted by missionary

opportunities the like of which the world never has seen. In the social sphere the challenge is for the reorganization and spiritual uplift of men in the industrial and civic relationships. The chances everywhere for evangelism of the really effective sort were never so numerous. If the church can first determine what it must do in relation to these mighty calls the problem of men will more speedily adjust itself. It surely ought to be able to discuss measures and keep the discussion on a high plane. To determine upon the measure first and then to select the men is much more rational than to pick the men and then give them instructions. The writer was once present at an Annual Conference in which a motion carried to instruct the delegates already elected to the General Conference to work for a certain important measure at the General Conference. As soon as the vote was passed it was perfectly evident that the Conference had gone at things from the wrong end. It had elected a half-dozen delegates, of all varieties of attitude toward the proposed measure, who could not under any circumstances work together. If the instructions had been passed first, and then the delegates elected, an entirely different set of men would have been chosen. This is just a hint toward the larger problem. Suppose a General Conference is clearly determined upon proceeding forthwith to certain definite missionary and social and evangelistic policies. Suppose that qualifications for carrying out these measures are kept distinctly to the fore—what a mass of discussion of the kind ordinarily heard at the seat of a General Conference would forthwith become irrelevant! With the great moral urgencies uppermost in the minds of the voters, how much time would the delegates have for considering the question whether this or that man should be elected to something to "vindicate him" against some criticism or other, or to reward him for some real or fancied service or to please him with a complimentary vote? The sole question would be, "Can the man do this work?" and all other questions, which did not throw light upon that one, would be cast out as irrelevant. If it be urged against this suggestion that we would then have men trying for political purposes to adjust themselves to programs whose popularity they might anticipate, the reply is that this

would be no great evil so long as the men remain sincere. If it be objected that this is altogether too ideal a program, the reply is that this method is followed in scores of business organizations, in many legislative assemblies, in labor-group and social-reform organizations without number. We may add also that precisely this plan was once followed in a General Conference in the reorganization of one of the great church Boards; that the plan was carried through without any suggestion of political manipulation; and that it resulted in very large practical success.

Francis J. McConnell

METHODISM'S PLACE IN THE SUN

In the world-movement of religious life Methodism holds a place that is distinctive and peculiar. While its primitive features have been modified, by contact with other denominations, it has suffered no material change and has given in all directions at least as much as it has received. It has maintained its original character not, as some would have it appear, by being a static organization, but by virtue of being a movement; continuing in its original direction with speed possibly somewhat slackened but with continually broadening lines. Bergson in his Creative Evolution uses several striking figures to illustrate different phases of the onward movement of life; the spread of a sheaf of grain, the bursting of a shell, the rush of a jet of water through its own falling drops. One gets from them a composite impression of the evolution of life as being like the course of a rocket which, in the act of exploding, sends back to earth only a few fading, blackening fragments, while at the same time it generates by its explosion a new upward impulse, and so perpetually renews its flight. Whether or not we accept this account as sufficient we cannot help feeling the fascination of the idea and its aptness as an illustration of the world-movement of religious life. Passing by all prior developments to begin with the Christian religion, we may trace this supreme system through a process of evolution which manifests itself in a succession of spiritual impulses. It has advanced ever, not by breaking away from its past, but by breaking through its present, maintaining an historical continuity of movement rather than of external organization. The true apostolical succession shows itself independent of ecclesiastical forms and creeds and ordinations. It is the succession of a developing spiritual life.

The spiritual forces working in primitive Christianity produced an amazing fertility of movements, among which may be discerned the germs of all heresies and equally of all orthodoxies. As these scattering fragments faded into obscurity and oblivion a new impulse was developed which manifested itself in a tendency

toward closer organization based upon the notion of catholicity. A popular error, which the Roman Church industriously fosters, holds that all Christendom was once Roman Catholic. The truth is that Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic communions all sprang from the same source, in obedience to the same impulse. This impulse was generated by the desire for some accredited norm or foundation of belief. All sorts of schisms and erraticisms ran rampant among the early churches claiming acceptance, some of them, as the original and changeless deposit of the faith, and others as the "latest assured results" of the most advanced development of the faith, until simple folk were quite bewildered and longed for some reasonably sure ground of authority. In their perplexity they turned to the church and, while no assembly that ever convened was truly catholic, the people were satisfied that they had attained the spiritual end for which they were seeking, a real avouchment of the Christian faith. To maintain this situation two things were required. On one hand, a perfectly unselfish administration of the affairs of the church, and on the other a people who could not read and who did little thinking. Neither condition existed for any length of time. The several organizations which laid claim to catholicity began almost at once to harden into set forms of spiritual tyranny. The sacerdotal and sacramentarian aspects of church life were unduly exalted, and through them the priesthood sought to enforce absolute authority not only over the forms of worship, but also over the religious thinking, the spiritual experiences, and the eternal destinies of men. For some time this occasioned no serious inconvenience because it was largely unnoticed. In the general breakdown of civil government and national life that marked the Middle Ages spiritual interests had little attention, and men were content with the conventional forms, but when law and government began to lift their heads above the surge of the prevailing disorder, and men gained a little quiet in which to breathe and think and pray, new movings of the life of the spirit appeared. Men began to find themselves hemmed in by the existing forms and by the attempt to coerce their minds and souls into absolute subjection. A spirit of restlessness and resistance sprang up in vigorous and adventur-

ous souls who dared search for truth and God, and this spirit spreading among the people pressed increasingly against its barriers. The consequence was the outbursting of a new spiritual energy which could not find room for itself within the so-called catholic organizations.

The new impulse was the product of the struggle of spiritual life to be free and personal. The demand for a religious faith resting upon external authority had spent its force. Henceforth it was left to the non-progressive peoples and began to fall into separate and fading fragments. As authority became no longer a support, but a restraint, the movement toward authority centered its strength in the Roman Church. It was the strangest and most complete development of the idea of authority, and apparently in it alone resided the spiritual energy which was capable of generating a new spiritual impulse. As the impulse to a free and personal spiritual life arrived at self-consciousness and self-expression it came into violent collision with the existing ecclesiasticism. The rage of pagan Rome against primitive Christianity did not equal the virulence with which papal Rome persecuted a Christianity which taught men to find their way to God without the intervention of a venal priesthood. A free spiritual life found room and leave to live only where it was able to secure the protection of a strong civil power. Under these conditions the immediate output of the movement toward spiritual freedom was a flourishing crop of State churches. Wherever the new movement prevailed a new relation between church and State came into existence. Instead of a supreme and absolute church lording it over the State there was a church, more or less national in character, under the protection and support of the State. Before long the State began to assert the right to control the church and to dictate religion to the people. The principle of religious liberty was not yet established and even religious toleration had obtained no secure footing. It has been said of the Pilgrim Fathers that they came to America to be free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences —and to compel everybody else to do the same. Religious organizations differing on matters of no real moment contended for the patronage of the civil authorities in order to secure

immunity from persecution and the privilege of persecuting their opponents. The sole gain for liberty was that a man might find a country with whose religious forms and beliefs he could agree. In proportion as the advance was slight the impulse behind it was soon spent and the forces of spiritual life began to gather themselves for a new outburst. Men had scarcely shaken themselves free from the catholic tyranny when they found the exercise and expression of the spiritual life impeded and fettered by considerations of state policy and the personal interests and schemings of worldly politicians. A religion of real spiritual life, of initiative and downright moral earnestness, comported as little with the aims of the State politicians as with those of the catholic ecclesiastics. Under the *régime* of the State churches religion settled into nothing more than a new formalism with ritual and routine carefully prescribed in the interest of the eternally stationary.

The pent-up spiritual forces, developing more freely and rapidly than ever, burst out into a new movement of extraordinary power that is even yet far from having reached its height: the free church movement. The essential feature of this movement is its rejection of the notion that authority over the souls and destinies of men inheres in any creedal statement or particular form of church organization. Such authority cannot rest in human hand, even by delegation. The church is a voluntary union of Christian men for the purpose of realizing Christian ideals. It is divine in just so far as it is the product of a divinely bestowed spiritual life which draws men together for its cultivation in spiritual worship and its development through spiritual service. The immediate effect of this freedom was a bewildering multiplicity of independent religious bodies. Any man who could gain a handful of adherents might set up a new organization and call it a church, although he could not always endow it with the vitality of a church. The movement had its beginning in England, where the spirit of free religion had always been especially active, and came to its culmination in America, where religious liberty was established by law. The movement has not as yet passed its formative stages and is developing new tendencies from within. The divisive tendency, which in its earlier stages seemed to

threaten its speedy disintegration, appears to be on the decline and the tide is setting strongly toward closer union. The impulse toward liberty, having established freedom among churches, is now moving on to the establishment of a larger freedom within church lines. While separatist bodies continue to be set up they are no longer resulting in great denominational organizations and soon disappear, either by being absorbed into the larger churches or by the destructive operation of their own disintegrating forces. The very small denominations are undergoing a process of attrition and absorption which seems to prophesy their extinction at no very remote date. The day of the little and narrowly exclusive church is passing. The existing churches are seeking reasons for closer union and methods of making their present degree of unity more effective. We are approaching the time when the church which attempts to isolate itself will perish by its isolation. At the same time, as one of the causes operating for unity, there is a decided tendency toward a new emphasis on social righteousness. Whether or not this tendency shall find room for itself in the existing forms of church life, its development into a well-defined movement seems spiritually certain. It is not to be denied that reactionary and mammonistic forces in the church, operating by peculiar methods through the peculiar influences which wealth and power know so well how to wield, are working against the effective socializing of religion. If this awakening impulse should be checked or suppressed in the free churches it would simply make a new channel for itself and the churches would be the only losers. We may be reasonably sure that the future development of the free church movement will be along the lines of federation and the social interpretation of the gospel.

In the free church movement Methodism occupies a very conspicuous place, and in Methodism this movement finds its most complete and conspicuous expression. Methodism was the first of all the great religious bodies which sought to fulfill its mission without seeking the help or alliance of the civil power. From its very beginning it was organized wholly in accord with the free church idea. Sporadic and transient movements toward freedom there were, but no other such a definite and permanent organiza-

tion. Only one other great religious denomination can make a rival claim, and that claim is uncertain. Some churches there were which strove for the patronage of the State, but, failing to secure it, had left to them the alternative either to die or to become free churches and fight for the right to live. Some churches to-day are State churches in the land of their origin and free churches everywhere else. Methodism never sought to become a State church—did not in the beginning seek to become a church at all. It became a free church by the simple process of striving to maintain and develop its spiritual life and deliver its spiritual message. It parallels the history of the whole free church movement. It had its beginning in England and has its culmination in America. It was affected by the divisive tendency which marked the early stages of the movement. Witness the seventeen varieties of Methodism in this country, to say nothing of the other varieties in the rest of the world. It is now feeling the impulse toward federation. All the branches of Methodism in Canada have united in the Methodist Church of Canada and this church is now discussing a union with the Presbyterian and Congregational communions of Canada. In this country there is definite and steady progress in the direction of a union between our own church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, together with one or two smaller but very significant bodies of Methodists, to form a great church which by its very magnitude will exert an immense influence over the whole free church movement.

Methodism has been well to the fore in its recognition of the social teachings and implications of the gospel. The program of social service instituted by John Wesley has not been surpassed, probably not equaled by that of any religious organization since the very early centuries of the church. In our country Methodism has been a conspicuous factor in every advance toward social and civic righteousness. It was forward in the fight against slavery, it is fighting in the foremost rank in the battle against the saloon, its protest is loud and clear against the exploitation of children by regular labor in factories, mines, and other such occupations as only adult constitutions are fitted to endure, against long and exhausting hours of labor for women, and in favor of the fair

living wage, of the eight-hour day, and of the protection of workers in dangerous occupations. The social creed of the churches is, for the most part, the expansion of an utterance of a Methodist General Conference.

Of all the free church types Methodism is the largest and most widely diffused. Its communicants number about seven and one half millions in the United States, with three or four times as many adherents, not massed in particular sections or localities, but distributed generally and rather evenly throughout the entire country. It exists in practically every country in Europe, in almost every country in South America, in all of North America, in Africa, North, East, West, and South; in the greater part of Asia, in Australia, Java, the Philippines, and in many of the scattered islands of the Pacific. The geographical position of Methodism among the free churches is central and strategic. This estimate of the place of Methodism is strengthened by a study of its inner development. Every religious movement unfolds according to a certain general program, beginning with a spiritual impulse which expresses itself in an appropriate theology and embodies itself in a suitable working organization. It begins always with a new impulse of spiritual life, which springs out of the old life and carries much of the old along with it. The new movement arises not because the old has wholly failed, but rather because the old has chiefly succeeded. One function of a spiritual movement is to render itself inadequate. The unmistakable evidence of senility in a religious organization is to regard itself as final. This corresponds to hardening of the arteries and portends paralysis. A new spiritual movement preserves all that is real in the old life by discarding old forms and finding room for growth and transformation. The movement which brought forth the free churches—the impulse toward a strictly real and personal spiritual life, unmediated by priesthoods or ritual forms or ecclesiastical machinery—seems to have reached in Methodism its central development and efflorescence. Methodism was the product of a spiritual impulse of such amazing reality and power that it could not help announcing itself. There is a trite saying to the effect that "Methodism was born in a university." This is an exception

to the rule that trite sayings become trite because they are so indisputably true. The error arises from a failure to discriminate between the small group of Oxford students who were nicknamed Methodists and the subsequent spiritual movement which came to be known as Methodism. All that Methodism owed to the "Holy Club" was its name. Spiritually the members of that club were in bondage to an ascetic legalism. Out of this bondage the founders of Methodism found their way into a large spiritual freedom whose ranges and boundaries are even yet not fully realized. If the Wesleys and Whitefield had taken out into the world only what they brought from Oxford they might have produced some slight stir, but they would not have produced anything at all comparable to the Methodist movement. Methodism was born when these men were "born again." In the midst of vain searchings for peace of soul they caught a vision of a spiritual life unaffected by such merely temporal considerations as poverty and suffering and danger, a life in which, even now and here, "sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more." Toward this they bent all their studies and strivings and prayers. At length George Whitefield broke rapturously into an experience so wonderful that his "joys were like a spring tide and overflowed the banks." A few days afterward Charles Wesley "found himself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ." Still later, without knowing what had happened the other two, John Wesley, cool, poised, steady, the man of sober logic, of sanity and self-control, while engaged in so unexciting an exercise as listening to the reading of the preface to Luther's exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, "did feel his heart strangely warmed." At once the presence of a new power became manifest. Their preaching was invested with a strange spiritual quality which stirred men in such unwonted ways that all the constitutional guardians of the conventional were seized with holy fright and at once the churches were closed against them. The movement, instead of being shut in and slowly asphyxiated, was thrust out where there were room and air. These men who had found the life more abundant went out and "preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs

following." Sign one was a unique power of moral transformation. The novel testimony found equally novel attestation. The record is that defaulting debtors began to pay their debts, drunkards became sober, liars became truthful, thieves became honest, the profane became reverent, the quarrelsome became peaceable, and the impure became chaste. Sign two was a new evangelistic zeal. Every converted man, without quitting his allotted place in life, became therein an evangelist. The movement ran swiftly through England and America. It awakened the non-conformists, stirred even the Established Church and renewed the religious and moral life of the nation.

A spiritual movement, when once it is fairly under way, proceeds to find expression for itself in an appropriate theology. It has been somewhat popular of late to decry theology in the vain hope of thereby exalting religion. Only a few years ago a great evangelist said to applauding audiences, "I love religion, but I hate theology." That is about as reasonable as if he had said, "I love health, but I hate hygiene." A genuine movement of spiritual life without a corresponding movement in theology is an impossibility. A man who really has religion cannot help trying to think it out. A genuine theology is simply a reasoned statement of religion. The attempt to construct a new theology on a scholastic basis is foredoomed to failure. No matter how adroit may be its critical skill or how acute its reasoning, it will lack the breath of life. A true theology is a growth which marks the gradual development of self-consciousness in a spiritual movement. The technically theological interest of early Methodism was very slight. One of the chief novelties of the movement was the extraordinary freedom of opinion which it maintained and encouraged. Such theology as it held with conviction was developed, not in deference to any speculative interests, but in response to the practical demands of its soul-saving message. Its distinctive doctrinal message—not the one set down in the Articles of Religion, but rather that which was delivered by the living voice of its preachers—ignored the mysteries of metaphysics and dealt with questions related to the personal experience of salvation. It proclaimed salvation as universal—open to every man, upon absolutely equal

terms, without secret reserves or discriminations; as personal and immediate—requiring no priestly or ecclesiastical intervention; as free—not earned or purchased by the sinner, but given upon the reasonable conditions of repentance and faith; as complete—covering the whole life of the man, reaching the full depth of his guilt and the full extent of his moral disability; as consciously experienced—so that every man might be assured of his own salvation by the indubitable witness of his own soul.

In its broader and more theoretical phases of teaching Methodism began with the doctrinal system which it found, adapting it more or less unconsciously to the requirements of its evangelistic message. The result was a change by almost imperceptible degrees from the existing doctrinal statements to others more in consonance with the free and joyous experience which was the determining factor of the movement. This work of modification is still in process. It is doubtful whether it ought ever to be ended. Progress is stayed when doctrines are crystallized into set statements which purport to be final. Nothing much is accomplished by fixing doctrines in terms in which after a while nobody will care to preach them. The condition of freedom and progress which exists in Methodism is illustrated in the history of our teaching on the atonement. At first it was frankly Calvinistic and substitutional, with only such modifications as were absolutely necessary to keep it from clashing with a sincere and consistent offer of salvation to every man. These modifications increased, producing a growing sense of their inconsistency with what they sought to modify. Then we advanced to the form of doctrine which for many was sanctified by the authority of Dr. John Miley—a theory which was explicitly anti-Calvinistic—but we did not long rest in that. We have not definitely rejected it, as we did not wholly reject the idea of substitution, but we are feeling that it is not adequate and we are groping our way toward a statement which will be less mechanical and more vital, which will find more than one factor in the problem, and which will give us an atonement not only for sinners but for the sins of sinners, and one which will accord perfectly with the experience of forgiven men. Methodist theology is in this unfixed state of movement and prog-

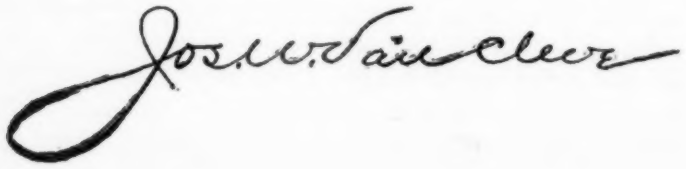
ress not in subservience to the endless lucubrations of self-styled scholars, but in the free effort to give expression to a vigorous and developing spiritual life. A definite spiritual impulse, at the same time when it is coming to self-consciousness and self-expression, is also getting itself embodied in a suitable working organization. A vital religious experience felt as divine is imbued with the spirit of propagandism. Only as it loses life and becomes conventionalized does it become reticent. The hush of reverence is a beautiful thing, but when it overpowers the sense of reality it is somewhat excessive. The primal instinct of spiritual life is to make itself known. From of old its word is, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Along with this spirit of propagandism, and forming an essential part of it, is a high moral and spiritual tone. A movement of spiritual life instinctively organizes itself for the effective communication of its message and for the development of its moral life.

Methodism has, or rather is, a unique organization. Its organization, like its theology, was developed in the process of its work. It began in absolutism and has marched straight and steadily in the direction of democracy. A more thorough-going autocracy than the rule of John Wesley would be difficult to imagine. All legislation was by his decree, all property was held in his name, all administration, by whomsoever carried out, was under his authority and in all matters of judicature he was the court of last resort. Only that he was the father of the movement and was highly revered as such, and the further fact that he was known to be absolutely devoted to the work of God, caused the system to be tolerated. The democratic tendency inherent in Methodism has been impeded in England by Wesley's Deed of Settlement, but in spite of that document much progress has been made. In America, where the drift toward democracy has been unhindered by external restraint and has enjoyed the advantage of a favoring environment, progress has been more rapid. At first the authority of Wesley was as absolute here as in England, except that of necessity it was exercised through a representative. That function soon fell to Asbury, who had a will of his own and gave the societies a Wesleyan rule strongly Asburyized. When

the independent spirit of American Methodists compelled Wesley to set up a separate communion to provide for the administration of the sacraments, Asbury, desiring to be independent, refused to be consecrated bishop on Wesley's appointment and demanded to be elected by the preachers. The result was to establish the power not in the hands of Asbury, as he apparently wished, but in the hands of the preachers. They proceeded to organize the church, to elect bishops, and even to the unheard-of boldness of assigning limits to the authority of Wesley himself. At that time all authority was in the hands of the ministry. After many struggles, continuing through many years, laymen were admitted to General Conference, in a small minority, upon election by representatives chosen by the Quarterly Conferences, which were nominated or appointed by the preachers. The preachers retained a strangle hold on legislation. At length laymen were admitted in numbers equal to those of the ministers. Then Electoral Conference came to be chosen by the members of the congregations, and at last women were made eligible to seats in the governing body. In the same gradual way the authority of the church has been extended over the bishops. They have been made responsible to the General Conference, which has asserted its power to remove them from office. They have been assigned to their places of residence. The limitations necessarily imposed upon the administration of the bishops severally, and which they had arranged for themselves according to long custom, have been virtually assigned by the General Conference. In local administration the trustees may now be chosen by the congregation instead of the Quarterly Conference. The only steps wanting to the democratization of our system would seem to be the admission of laymen to the Annual Conferences and the election of local officials by the congregations.

Prior to the organization of Methodism three distinct forms of church polity existed, the Episcopal, the Presbyterial, and the Congregational. These held themselves separate with little or no fusion or crossing of lines. Every religious organization was definitely and uncompromisingly some one of these forms. Each of them was maintained as of divine authority and essential to the existence and integrity of the church. Methodism, more by

instinct or happy accident than by set design, assumed the liberty of Christians to adopt their own forms of organization and government and their right and authority thereby to constitute a perfectly valid church. In so doing it occupied without any foresight, and probably without any forethought, the only position upon which a union of Christendom ever can be effected. In accordance with this principle it felt itself free to embody in its organization every excellence which it found anywhere and it made large use of its liberty. It agrees with Congregationalism in its estimate of the importance of the spiritual liberty of the individual. It is one with Presbyterianism in holding that the ministry is valid and complete in two orders. In its appreciation of the practical value of the episcopate it approaches as near to Episcopalianism as liberty will permit. In its unified executive authority centering in the Board of Bishops, and its supreme administrative and legislative authority concentrated in the hands of the General Conference, it closely approaches the unity of the churches which claim to be Catholic, while by virtue of its representative character it possesses a freedom and flexibility which they cannot hope to rival. Its organization is so perfectly articulated that it can reach with surprising quickness every member in its vast communion. The tenacious continuity of its pastorate, in point of time and in point of extent, is unparalleled. In no other religious body is it so easy to effect pastoral adjustments. In no other is every congregation so certain of a pastor and every pastor so certain of a parish. In this day of tendency toward federation the organic position of Methodism is especially strategic. If there were a centripetal movement of all Christendom for the purpose of reaching the larger communion of the Kingdom of God, that movement would converge and come to rest somewhere near the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



JESUS'S PROOF OF THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD

Of any one of Jesus' sayings or acts it might be said, If we could understand what it is, "root and all, and all in all," we should know what Christ and God is. For his words and deeds issue whole and unsullied from his inner life, which is "the human life of God." But it is only possible to see the whole glory of Christ the Son of God mirrored in a single saying or act when we have already learned to view him in the unity and wholeness of his purpose and work. Then only can the particular word or deed be seen in its vital relations and so be really understood. Yet, while every word and deed of Jesus really issues from the depth, there are some words and deeds which more than most afford us a large, clear look into the depth. Such a one is Jesus's answer to the question of the Sadducees concerning the resurrection of the dead (see Matt. 22. 23-33; Mark 12. 18-27; Luke 20. 27-38). That this answer made a wonderful impression upon Jesus's hearers is evident, for the Sadducees were silenced and the people were astonished. And it is certain also that it makes a strong impression upon readers of the Gospels to-day, and that it does not fail to help to a clearer insight. Yet it seems equally certain that the full force of the passage has too often been missed. That such is the case may be made evident by a survey of the most accessible commentaries. Few of the older ones, and far from all of the recent ones, seem to have found the narrow door into the deeper meaning of the text.

The Sadducees, "who say there is no resurrection," surmise that Jesus shares the popular belief on this point. Accordingly they come to him with a puzzling question shrewdly calculated to make the doctrine appear absurd. No doubt the same question had often been put to the Pharisees—to their sore embarrassment; for the current Pharisaic doctrine represented the resurrection as the reestablishing and immortalizing of the present bodily life: "Therefore in the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the

seven? for they all had her." Naturally the Pharisees, from their standpoint, could find no ready answer. To Jesus, however, who knows the divine purpose of the resurrection, the question is no puzzle at all, but only a sign of the spiritual poverty of the questioners. He instantly repudiates their error and lays his finger upon the cause. "Is not this the cause of your error, that you understand neither the Scriptures nor the power of God?" He then goes on to answer them more particularly, but not as they expect. For he wastes no words in rabbinical dialectic and exegesis, but swiftly lays bare the root of their error, which was their profoundly false religious attitude. From their rationalistic standpoint they have considered the problem of the resurrection and have found it unsolvable. "But if only you really knew God," says Jesus, "and really knew his Scriptures, you could not fall into so grave an error."

Before coming to the very heart of the matter Jesus first takes up the more superficial and obvious part of the difficulty—the gross formal misconception of the resurrection that prevails among the people. The incongruities or even apparent impossibilities in the popular notion give the Sadducees no warrant to repudiate the glorious hope of a resurrection. "If only you knew God aright you could doubt neither his purpose nor his power to grant his people a resurrection to a higher, nobler life." "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in matrimony, but are as the angels in heaven." Thus Jesus disposes of a preliminary or minor difficulty. He does it by an appeal to a worthier thought of the purpose of the life to come, based upon a worthier thought of God. But it is clear that the mere disentanglement of this puzzle is for Jesus no real solution of the problem. Thus far he has merely shown the inner consistency of the higher conception of the resurrection and its perfect congruity with the thought of God's power. He has exposed the utter groundlessness of a Sadducean objection; he has cleared away a certain obstacle. The positive proof is yet to come. Jesus passes with eager swiftness to the real issue: "But as to the dead, that they do rise—!"

It is commonly held that Jesus's argument falls into two

distinct divisions; that up to this point he has argued from the thought of "the power of God," and that now, having concluded his use of that argument, he leaves this thought and passes on to the "Scripture proof." This seems to me an unfortunate misapprehension. No doubt Jesus, in showing the groundlessness of the Sadducean argument as to what is "absurd" or "impossible," does draw upon the thought of the power of God. Nevertheless his chief appeal to that thought is to be found in what follows. For Jesus the certainty of the resurrection rests, in the last analysis, upon a personal knowledge of God. So, of course, when the Sadducees point out the "impossibility" of the resurrection Jesus declares that their error is due to an ignorance of God; an ignorance of his power. This is the great principle to which Jesus appeals even in overcoming a preliminary difficulty; he makes even larger use of it in dealing with the main issue. The main argument may be called a "Scripture proof." But what, in Jesus's view, is Scripture proof? Certainly not what it was for the scribes—a merely formal, technical determination of the grammatical sense of the text. The Scriptures are not for Jesus a mere body of laws, of history, of doctrines. They are the witness of God's self-revelation to men. In them God displays himself to the eye of faith, through them God speaks to men, by means of them men may find the living God. For Jesus the interpretation of the Scriptures is never anything less than discovering in them the mind of God. He himself lived in the Scriptures, for he found God in them. The grammatical and historical "interpretation" of the Word is very necessary in order that access to the inward truth may not be hindered by rubbish, but it is not yet real interpretation. Jesus shows us how to look for and find God in the Scriptures. Without violating in the least "the plain sense" of a passage he knows how to read *behind* the lines. The scribes sought only to determine the literal sense of the text, and Scripture became a dead thing under their hand. Jesus read the written Word in order that he might commune with the living God, and Scripture pulsated with the life of God. Those who, like the Sadducees, read the Scriptures without listening to hear God speak through them must find them "silent" respecting many a

deep question of life. The Sadducees' fatal ignorance of the Scriptures was bound up with their ignorance of God. A God-seeking reading of the Scriptures would have led them to a knowledge of God, and a real knowledge of God would have enabled them to read the Scriptures aright. Jesus would afford them a true Scripture proof of the resurrection. But he knows no Scripture proof that is not at the same time a proof—an experiencing—of God himself. The Sadducees had made much of the alleged silence of the Scriptures, and especially of the books of Moses (which were for them the Scriptures *par eminence*), respecting a resurrection. So Jesus takes them to one of the books of Moses, to a place that is anything but obscure, rather to a very high, conspicuous place, familiar to all, "the place concerning the Bush." "But as to the dead, that they rise, have you not read in the book of Moses, in the place concerning the Bush, how God said to him, I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob?" (Exod. 3. 6). Jesus then adds: "He is not a God of dead but of living men. You are in grave error." Doubtless this is only one of the many passages which Jesus might have cited, but to him it is a very luminous one. He is therefore pained that so many of God's chosen people should be blind to the glory of that revelation. What does the passage mean for Jesus? And what should the Sadducees have learned from it?

Chrysostom, and many since his day, have held that the argument turns upon the present tense: "I *am* the God of Abraham." A majority of modern interpreters, however, take a less superficial but still unsatisfactory view. Meyer, for example, states the argument as follows: "Seeing that God calls himself the God of the patriarchs, and as he cannot sustain *such* a relation toward the dead (that is, the absolutely dead), it follows that the patriarchs must be living (for God) and destined to rise from the dead" (Commentary on Matthew). According to this view Christ appeals to logic and makes use of a syllogism, which, fully constructed, would run as follows: God is the God only of the living; God calls himself, and is, the God of the patriarchs; therefore the patriarchs are not dead, but living. Dr. A. T. Robertson's note on the passage (Commentary on Matthew) is as follows: "Only

the living can have a God. It was an astonishing turn of a familiar passage and a complete answer." Similarly Schleiermacher in his Sermons on the Gospel of Mark: In this speech of God's "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are presupposed as living." God would not have called himself the God of the patriarchs "if they had been dead, but they must have had a life with God, since otherwise he would not have called himself by their names. So the Sadducees should have learned from this passage that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were already risen." A minor inconsequence in Schleiermacher's reasoning deserves a passing word. Even from his own premises the only valid inference is that the patriarchs were "alive for God," which is less than "already risen." Jesus promises a resurrection, but he nowhere teaches that the dead are already risen. He himself was the first to break the bands of death. The patriarchs, he taught, were indeed alive to God and *destined* to rise. But the general position indicated, even apart from Schleiermacher's minor fallacy, is open to grave objections. The one fatal fundamental objection is that it represents Christ's argument—at least in its latter portion—as intellectualistic rather than religious. He is supposed to have forced upon the Sadducees an irresistible logical conclusion—to have pointed out in this familiar passage "a necessary implication" which they had strangely "overlooked." Against this interpretation I venture to maintain that Jesus's appeal here (as everywhere) is religious, not intellectualistic. That is to say, he does not seek merely to correct intellectual errors, to cause men to know God by making them orthodox; but he points men to God himself, to the living God. So, when he is dealing with the law, he teaches men to think of the commandments not as something impersonal, apart from God, but rather as the expression of God's personal will. And since the traditional interpretation of the law has narrowed and degraded it, he, speaking out of an inner knowledge of the heart of God, declares its full divine purpose. For Jesus, all religion—all prayer, all service, all striving for righteousness—is nothing less than a fellowship with God and a seeking for more of the same. Shall we suppose that the Christ, whose whole life was given to glorify and hallow the name of his Father,

could here, in face of a question that so touches the honor of God, be content to vanquish the doubters by a syllogism? Spiritual blindness was never yet cured by logic, however cogent and brilliant it might be. When Jesus says, "You are in grave error," he knows that the only cure is the vision of God. So here, as everywhere, he is bearing witness to the Father. Instead of insisting that the Sadducees should mind their logic, he seeks rather to lift their thoughts to God and to find in the true thought of God their guarantee of a resurrection. What the Sadducees in their reading of this passage (and of the Scriptures generally) had "overlooked" was not merely this or that logical implication in the language, but it was the living God himself. The Sadducees are convicted of ignorance of the Scriptures, not because they failed to notice a legitimate logical inference, but because they did not see God in them. It was ever thus—the god of this world blinds the eyes of the unbelieving so as to shut out the very sunshine of God's revelation of himself (2 Cor. 4. 4).

But even if it were a question of pure logic, the interpreters cited are very far from consequent. In the first place the conclusion which Jesus drew from the passage concerning the Bush, namely, "that the dead rise," lies wholly outside the limits of the syllogism that they have constructed. For that syllogism manifestly yields a conclusion respecting only Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; but Jesus's declaration is universal: the dead rise. Surely the happy fate of those patriarchs, friends of God, is no guarantee of a universal resurrection. Some surer ground of confidence must be found. Moreover, Jesus himself does not draw the inference indicated in that syllogism. He does not say: "Since God called himself the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, therefore those men are not dead but living." Rather he bids his hearers direct their thoughts to the wonderful self-revelation of God to Moses at the Bush, and he brings into clear relief the one great fundamental truth there attested, upon which rests not only the faith in the resurrection but all true religion: God reveals himself as the living God and therefore as the God of the living.

If the Sadducees had stood on common ground with Jesus regarding God and the Scriptures no radical doubt of the resur-

rection could have arisen in their minds. Or if any minor difficulty on that point had arisen Jesus could have made the matter plain on the basis of their faith in "the God of the living." But this common basis was wanting. For the Sadducees, God was not the God of the living. They were rationalists or deists. So far were they from merely "failing to draw the inference shown to be deducible from the words" (Meyer) that they had not even grasped the truth of the major premise! Jesus seeks to set them upon this foundation—to help them to faith in the living God and God of the living. Had they known God as he had revealed himself to Moses they had not doubted the resurrection. Such doubt would then be an inner contradiction, an impossibility. On the other hand, to have a real persuasion of the resurrection before one has a personal knowledge of the living God is a psychological impossibility. At Horeb God reveals himself to Moses as the living God. Not merely in the single sentence which Jesus quotes from the record is this revelation attested, but in the whole passage. Doubtless Jesus has in mind the unity of the whole divine episode, and it is fair to assume that, in quoting a highly characteristic sentence from the record, he means to present the whole scene to the recollection of his hearers. For that sentence can be appreciated in its full force only as an organic part of the whole. The climax of the passage is the revelation of the divine name. "Who shall I say sent me?" asks Moses. "Thou shalt say, I AM THAT I AM sent me to you." Henceforth the name of the God of Israel is Jahweh, the living God. Now the thought of the living God means more than "existing"—the existence of God is taken for granted—it means more even than "self-existing," "eternal." "Thou shalt say, I AM hath sent me to you"; that is, "the freely working, the self-revealing, consequently the living and helping God" (Kittel). Clearly the earlier sentence: "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," has a like import. God reveals himself to Moses not only as the God of his fathers, but as his God also, and as the God of his brethren in bondage, to whom he is sent with a boundless promise of divine favor. Thus past, present, and future are linked together in the gracious purpose of the living God.

In two respects, therefore, the passage cited affords the view of God as the living God: it bears witness to the eternal personal life of God himself and to the gracious will of God to grant to mortal men a share in that life.

The eternal personal life of God means immeasurably more than the eternal *being* of God. Human philosophy could attain to the latter thought. The eternal power and intelligence of a great First Cause may reasonably be inferred from nature. But the personal life of God, immanent yet transcendent, filling human life and history with a divine meaning—this is known only as God reveals himself in living ways. So when God reveals himself to Moses as the God of his fathers he shows, in the first place, that the past is not past for him. For Moses the fathers are long since departed; only a shadowy picture of them lingers in the minds of men. Whatever they were or wrought seems to have passed into nothingness. And the life of "the living"—what is it? Is it not a continual transition from the past to—yes, to what? We call it "the future." Abstractly, the future is that which is to be. We look forward to it with mingled hopes and fears, wondering what it will bring. And when it has brought us its burden we must experience the truth of the old word: "This too shall pass away." Shall we, then, call it "life"—this ceaseless chasing from past into future, which in turn instantly becomes past? Does nothing, then, abide? Is there no reality? The past? That, we say, *was reality*, now it is no more. The future? That *is to be*—but what is to be? That we cannot tell, only that it cannot abide. And as to the "real," the "living," present, it is but a speeding arrow. Such is the world of sense. But it is not so for God. God reveals himself as the Eternal, the Living, with whom there is no vanished past and no uncertain future. The events in human history are also events in the life of God. In his eternity they are all gathered up; not one drop of the stream of time is lost. The living God gives reality, continuity, and meaning to human life. Therefore in revealing himself to Moses, and calling him to a great task, God teaches him that his purpose is not a transient whim, but the eternal will of the living God. So also Jesus, by reference to this passage, would teach us to understand that our

life too has its place and its meaning in relation to the eternal life of God. But it is not enough that we should recognize the eternity of the personal life of God. Nor is it enough to know that our life-experiences have their meaning in God's life. Our souls cry out for a personal share in God's eternal life. Our conscience is an unwearied prophet of our destination to find a heritage in that eternal life. It is not true that our share in this transitory existence satisfies the demands of our nature. We are persons, and each individual person feels, whether dimly or clearly, that he was not made to die. "He has set eternity in their heart." The soul instinctively cries out against the thought that man's highest destiny is to "join the choir invisible" of those whose only resurrection is "in minds made better by their presence"—an immortality of influence, a "corporate immortality." The individual man is no mere specimen of his kind, like the beasts. He revolts from the thought that he is of significance "only as a serving member of his kind." In his inner being he is sure he has an imperishable value in his own person. Now it is just this assurance of the priceless value of the individual in the eyes of the living God that Christ desired to give and did give. No doubt the overwhelming revelation of God's love for the individual came in the person of Christ himself. Nevertheless our Lord saw the unmistakable proof of God"s personal love and favor also in the Old Testament. God does not call himself the God of the fathers simply to reveal his own eternity. He is speaking words of grace. The mighty God would dispel the terror of Moses's mind. "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Is not that the same as to say, "I will be *thy* God also; and as I kept faith with thy fathers so will I be with thee: fear not!" God is pleased to call himself by the names of his worshipers. It is a thought unknown in relation to the gods of the Gentiles. The heathen do indeed expect, under certain conditions, the help of their deities, but the living God seeks out men, wins them, calls himself by their names, loves them with an everlasting love. Such a God will not let his loved ones die, but will do for them according to his love and power. The love that once called us by name into the beginnings of a fellowship with the living God will one

day call us into the perfection of that fellowship in the company of all the redeemed.

So Jesus does not use the record of God's self-revelation to Moses as a means of proving by grammar and logic first the fate of the patriarchs and then—by a very doubtful analogy—the fate of the human race. Rather he takes the wonderful passage as a means of bringing his hearers to a true vision of God himself. The resurrection of the dead is not a corollary of the thought of the resurrection of the patriarchs, but the resurrection of the dead is the sure implication of the revelation of the living God. The grand certainty of the eternal life of God and of his eternal purpose of grace toward men gives to those who thus know God in this world a glorious hope of a resurrection. Even the Christian's crowning proof of the promised resurrection is just like this in kind, only brought to its consummation. Knowing and proving the love of God in Christ, the living Christ, the Christian can sing—

"We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind."

J. R. VanPelt.

BEGINNER'S LUCK

I HAD it myself the first time I played golf. My opponent was a veteran at the game, whereas I did not know the difference between a "driver" and a "kleek." Of form I had none. The fashion of my performance, that first day, would have made a caddie weep for the traditions of the game. Yet I made the rounds of the links with all possible aplomb, defeated handily my teacher, and stalked off the course to croon over my prowess. "Beginner's luck," they called it. Perhaps so, superficially. At least that initial showing was far and away the best I ever made. Next day's experience with the same borrowed clubs left my conceit a "foozled" thing, nor has any subsequent dalliance with the furtive golf ball ever caused me to crave spectators. I had "struck twelve" the first time—and forgot that after "twelve" comes "one," both in clocks and in life.

"Beginner's luck." No, not that; or, at most, not much of it. "Luck" is the wrong word. It is too convenient and too shallow. And it misses the point. What the beginner often has, in a first exploit with golf-ball, or brush, or dramatics—even in moral adventure—is not *"luck."* At least he is more likely to have it than is the expert.

The second time I invaded the golf-links I carried a fine stock of wisdom with respect to "stroke" and "form," particularly the latter. I was admonished to watch a cracksman; to observe how he set his feet, how he toyed with the appropriate stick, how he poised himself for the swing, and how, catching the ball in a rushing swoop, he finished with his club high in the air. Yes, that was the way: it was undoubtedly the only way. I must profit by example, of course. And I dug up enough turf to sod a city dooryard. They told me not to bother too much about hitting the ball, but to get the "form." And so, having no greater wisdom than my teachers, I kept on getting "form" and missing the ball until, at length, I decided that some other game was better suited to my talents. Of course it may be objected that I stopped too

soon, or even that I was hopeless material. Very likely. I am not disposed to quarrel with my preceptors on the links or with devotees of the famous Scottish game. All I object to is the explanation of my first day's success. I object to hearing it called "beginner's luck." And I still object even when I discover that the real truth of the matter has a double edge and cuts both ways.

The true novice in any game, whether golf or love or life, possesses one clear advantage. He is himself—the realest thing he will ever be. Neither prepossessions nor fear of defeat, neither the technique nor the *finesse* of the game troubles him—yet. Hence with all the full assurance of faith and the asset of an undivided mind, he goes out to win. At least he will enjoy the adventure. And to keep alive that spirit of adventure, to be always the *amateur* (using the word in its fine old sense), to carry over into the technical masteries and careful achievements of later days the happy, unembarrassed daring of the beginner, is one of the finest of fine arts.

Try this truth anywhere. Sometimes you will hear a well-trained athlete described as "stale." By which the initiated signify certain physiological or pathological things. The man is overtrained, perhaps; fined down too far. He had lost physical snap and verve. Very well, I accept the professional's explanation —with this reservation, that I think he has failed to complete the diagnosis. Your contestant for athletic honors may be defeated, mentally, days before he meets his public Waterloo. His "staleness" is primarily of the brain. He has gone through the motions too often. He knows the rules of his particular game so well that they have ceased to grip him. He has lost the passion of his early devotement. In other words, the man has, at least temporarily, died in the professional. A friend of mine suddenly decided to paint. Always a lover of pictures, and owner of many rare examples of the painters' craft, he bought a modest outfit of pigments and brushes and, without teacher or rules at first, without obsessions or awe of critics, he transferred some of the paint from tube to canvas—No, I am not preparing to say that he discovered in himself a genius who had missed his vocation up to then. This only: that his first attempts were more promis-

ing than the work he did after taking unto himself a teacher. Beginner's luck? Not at all. Not more than is gravitation or cohesion. Merely the law of naturalness, which too often flies out of the window when the teacher comes in at the door. The world is well supplied with graduates in music and sculpture, painting and literature, who have so thoroughly lost ardor that were their mistress a real woman instead of a goddess she would not even thank them for their caresses and compliments.

The greater the artist the more flagrant, probably, his violation of certain canons of his particular art while himself is being true to his dream. To the critic who thought to break a lance with Turner by observing that she "never saw any such sunsets as his," that wizard in color replied, "Don't you wish you could?" And when some one described his "Snowstorm at Sea" as "soapsuds and whitewash" he said, "I wonder what they think that storm was like. I wish they had been in it." Said Flaubert to his pupils: "Look—until you see what everybody else has seen; and then look until you see what nobody else has ever seen." So Corot did. None other ever saw such trees, or, seeing, dared to image them on canvas. Israels, the Jewish painter of Holland, had teachers, of course; we cannot get on without teachers. His distinction, however, is not to be found in what his teachers taught him, but in what he might have taught his teachers. That unique genius he kept uncorrupted, unemasculated, to the last. When MacDowell first began to write music he gave great annoyance to the critics. They could not classify him. "Whom is he like?" they asked, cynically. And, not being able to say, they saw no place for him in their Valhalla. When, lo, the miracle happened again, and the man who could not be ticketed became a vogue. Better a Walt Whitman, with all his emotional extravagance and technical outlawry, than the literature of prunes and prisms whose chief anxiety is to be pupil of a famous master. Not only in morals are the great lines valid, but in all art, whether of brush or pen or trowel:

> **To thine own self be true:**
> **And it must follow, as the night the day,**
> **Thou canst not then be false to any man.**

One finds the same thing in literature. What does the author put into his first poem or book and not into the second, or any subsequent one? You will hear critics aver that the latest volume by a given popular writer falls below the standard of his earliest published work. Perhaps the critics are wrong. Writers usually think so. But if the critics are right what they are really saying is that a man may grow stale in the employment of his own genius. Nothing else ever takes the place of fire—not even finish. Fire will go a long way in lieu of finish, but, finish leads nowhere, lacking fire. If Sir Walter Scott's latest work kept the grade of his earliest it is because he never let the fires bank. If "Bobbie" Burns sings as ravishingly at the close of his life it is because he has kept the youth-spirit alive. If George Eliot's Daniel Deronda averages with Adam Bede it is because, with Eliot, each fresh novel was a dash, a leap. Coleridge, on the other hand, lost the passion of his work years before he stopped producing.

And speaking of books, am I not touching here a problem of student life? That problem is to carry forward always the verve and piquancy of spirit which a normal student brings to college with him. Freshness is not the worst possible fault of a member of the incoming class. Staleness is hugely worse. I mean the inability to be surprised; the opening, without thrill, of a new book; the blighting touch of *savoir faire*. Asked to name her dearest wish a brilliant Scot confessed, "I wish that life, for me, may never lose its halo." I am thinking about that halo, and the tragedy of losing it. Over any new task there hangs a sort of halo. I do not ask how it got there. I merely ask if one will keep it there: if after he has crossed the *Pons Asinorum* he finds the country beyond just as wonderful, if the second year in botany or physics shall be keyed to piquancy, if he can close a book with the expectancy he gave to the opening of it for the first time.

What debt the world is under to "beginner's luck" in the hard fields of business and the great avenues of statecraft, not to say the brilliant realm of invention. The fault with Osler's famous dictum as to the dead line of forty is that he made his test quantitative instead of qualitative; of the calendar rather than of the spirit. A man may be old at twenty-five, or young at

fourscore, according as he "plays the game." Thank heaven for the "fools" of passionate enterprise who have rushed in where the "angels" of caution and precedent feared to tread. Tally of the epochal inventions of the past century credits a majority of these world-changing devices to men actually young and the rest to eager spirits who declined to "take in sail" (as Browning puts it) even when life's afternoon breezes grew heavy. Edison, in his maturer years, is trying to precipitate the star dust of a youthful dream. George Westinghouse made his greatest contribution to humanity when he was scarcely more than a youth. People smiled when they first scanned Marconi's photograph, he looked so juvenile to have done so much. Trammeled by the usual prudences of an extra twenty years Dr. Carrel might easily have missed the Nobel Prize.

Disraeli once declared that "almost everything that is great has been done by youth," and to substantiate his statement he furnished a sample list. Alexander rearranging racial boundaries before he was thirty, Gustavus Adolphus completing his huge task and dead at thirty-eight, Cortes not more than thirty when he opened up Mexico, Luther defying Rome while still a young man, Pascal in his twenties shaping the world's thought for centuries to come, Raphael done with painting and earth at thirty-seven—these are samples from a list almost incredibly long and indescribably brilliant. I am quoting from it, however, not for the purpose of over-accenting youth in years, but as illustrating the value of the spirit of youth; for when the youth-spirit dies in a man that man's best work is done.

Shallowly viewed the Constitution of the United States is a startling piece of "beginner's luck." How otherwise shall we explain that instrument which men have seriously described as the most inspired ever penned—next to the Bible? Granted their breed and brawn, their stern sanity and almost fierce convictions, the framers of the Constitution were not the greatest men of all time, or even of their age. But somehow they gathered into themselves, from all the soil of a new land, from rebirths of feeling, from the receding smoke of conflict, the daring, unquenchable, unapologetic spirit of eternal youth and spoke that spirit into

paragraphs immortal. And is it not the same truculent, undismayed spirit which, and which alone, may be trusted to guard that sacred instrument? We have been hearing, latterly, much about strict constructionists and liberal constructionists. Doubtful if all the patriotism is to be found in either camp. But this is clear: that cold, precise, calculating hands are never quite safe—even when they call themselves conservative. To forge in heat and moil and passion is one thing, to worship the product is quite another matter. Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison were makers; they could not have been persuaded to fall down, idolatrously, before their own handiwork, whereas certain later protectors of our traditions have gone perilously near idolatry. What is needed, obviously, as Lincoln said in his Gettysburg address, is an ever-fresh reincarnation of "the spirit of '76," and '89 and '61, to the end that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people may not perish from the earth."

"All the world loves a lover"; loves him for the same reason that a woman is apt to love him—for his blindness, if you please. Let all the hard things said against the "blind god" be true, then let this be said: that his blindness is safer than the wisdom of the wise and prudent in affairs of the heart. The kingdom of love, like the kingdom of heaven, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Poor John Alden, sitting embarrassed and stammering, trying to reel off certain philandering phrases for his captain, is delicious. Let him drop his hat and take Priscilla in his arms. Cold-blooded critics have made savage sport of Romeo's ardent phrases:

> Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
> Having some business, do entreat her eyes
> To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
> What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
> The brightness of her cheeks would shame those stars
> As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
> Would through the airy region stream so bright
> That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Gammon and spinach doubtless, but I warrant you Juliet did not think so. Nor would any other normal woman. Or, if she did, she would prefer it to the stern sanities and nice decorums of the

less venturesome lover. The way to a man's heart may be "through his stomach," in other words, by indirection, but the one best way to the citadel of woman-heart is by storm. A friend of mine whose daughter is just beginning to be discovered by the other sex says that the winning suitor at the present time is the boy who climbed the telephone pole nearest my lady's window. Of course! Knowing nothing at all of the rules of the game, he has hit by instinct, by "beginner's luck," if you please, the time-honored way of a man with a maid. Let Sir Knight scale a trellis, or break a lance, or dive for a lost trinket, and he will wear my lady's flower as against Crœsus, who waits for that flower to drop into his lap, or Beau Brummel, who wonders if the blossom will match his scarf. Marion Crawford observes that the best women seldom fall in love with the best men. I do not vouch for the correctness of the observation. It is one of those theses safest left in the air. But whatever truth there is in it is another verification of the advantage of the "fool" who rushes in "where angels fear to tread."

And religion—why should one expect this philosophy to balk there? Rather it is in religion, at least in the religion of Jesus, that it finds crowning illustration. Never to the "wise and prudent," never to hair-splitters in doctrine and hagglers over ecclesiastical decorum, are the mysteries of the Kingdom of heaven revealed and its power vouchsafed. One day, when his disciples were discussing, learnedly, the royal way to the City Celestial, Jesus "took a child, and set him in the midst, and said, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom as a little child shall not enter therein." I do not believe we have yet admitted the full implication of the thing he said that day. What is the mark of the child? Meekness? Or perhaps docility, modesty, reserve? These may be beautiful qualities in us, but they are not normal to childhood. On the contrary, precious eagerness, wide-eyed faith, confidence unsullied and unashamed—these are the traits of the child. Healthy minded, he takes everything for granted. If it is the moon he wants for plaything he expects it—physics and astronomy to the contrary notwithstanding. And Jesus said that the way into the Kingdom is least of all the way of the

savant. Rather is it the way of the little child. So that the scholar whose technique has helped him miss the way, the casuist who has lost it in the web of his logic, the Pharisee who through moral self-consciousness has forfeited it, and the hag-ridden soul who has dropped it in the black bogs of remorse, may find it again with joy—a supreme instance of beginner's luck.



THE MISSIONARY SERMON

RECENT scholarship has rediscovered the Bible and its message has assumed a new significance. Those who feared that criticism would destroy its sacredness have since found that its unique authority has been more firmly established. A process of exclusion has been at work and the preeminent mission of the Bible is receiving due recognition. Its purpose is to show how God has spoken in many forms and fashions through the centuries with increasing clearness and persuasiveness. The course of revelation was largely confined to one people, but the ultimate aim was the benefit of the whole race. It was like a river which is held in by the banks and which becomes deeper and wider as it gathers force in its outflow toward the ocean. Had there been no banks the waters would have spread over a wide surface and marshes would have been formed to breed malaria and not make for the fertility and productiveness of the surrounding country. One people was chosen that it might become the servant of Jehovah to all and render service in the things of the Spirit. The fact that this purpose was nullified by the perverse disobedience of this nation is a reflection on the dullness and stupidity of their vision, as their own prophets repeatedly pointed out.

The Old Testament is the history largely of one nation whose religious development was arrested and diverted into strange channels. We can, nevertheless, see the missionary foregleams and forecasts all through the record. This is particularly emphasized in the growth of the Messianic conception, with its complete fruition in Jesus Christ, the God-man, who is at once Prophet, Priest, and King, and therefore the Redeemer of mankind. The supreme distinction of the New Testament lies in its world-wide outlook. The principle of advance and universality is seen at work, steadily breaking down national prejudices, sectarian barriers, and the spirit of provincialism. The atmosphere which breathes through its pages is one of vitality and expansion. The argument for the extension of the gospel is not found merely in

a few overworked texts but in the entire range of its full utterance. It is the message, then, of the whole New Testament, concerning the sufficiency of Christ for the needs of everyone, which must be interpreted by the preacher if he is to deal adequately with the counsels of God and do justice to the demands of Christian truth. This is his burden as he emphasizes the supreme business of the church. It is this: to extend the reign of the Saviour until the whole world shall be brought to recognize and accept his authority. The thrilling results which have been achieved by a century of missionary activity have increased the responsibility of the church concerning this major obligation to the world. There are rousing testimonies direct from the field which lead to the one conclusion: that Christ alone can deliver "the lost, the least and the last" from the desperate depths of depravity. The Battaks of the East Indian Archipelago, the untutored natives in the long-grass of Central Africa, the outcast tribes of India, the peasants of China, are a few of those whose lives have been transformed by the blessed Saviour. It is not a far call, as to time, from the Boxer uprising of 1900, when nearly sixteen thousand Chinese martyrs sealed their loyalty to Jesus with their life-blood. But how different is the China of to-day, when there is such readiness to receive and encourage Christianity on the part of high officials, literati and merchants, who are the determining factors in the life and destiny of that young and potential Republic! We must then see to it that our ability measures up to our responsibility, in view of the greatly increased opportunity which is before the church.

The new science of Comparative Religion has deepened the conviction of the universality of the religious consciousness. The presence of the divine Spirit among all peoples, impelling them toward the higher life, has given us larger conceptions of the wideness of God's mercy. These ethnic faiths are not false but imperfect. We should rather regard them as *Preparatio Evangelica,* looking forward, albeit unconsciously, to the coming of better things.

> In even savage bosoms
> There are longings, strivings, yearnings
> For the good they comprehend not;

And their feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in the darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.

None who has read Modern Religious Movements in India, by Farquhar, can hesitate to welcome the present religious ferment in that land and pray that the missionaries may be equal to the urgent demands so providentially thrust on them. The introduction of the church by Comparative Religion to a world inherently religious has led some to conclude that Christianity is only one of many legitimate religions and that it is therefore not right to upset the religious faith of peoples who have inherited theirs through successive generations. Such a contention would be valid if these other faiths were on a par with Christianity and could do for their adherents all that Christianity has shown itself capable of doing. It has, however, been repeatedly demonstrated that the supreme merit of Christianity is that it is the one and only faith which is adapted to reveal and meet the deep needs of the entire human race. Moreover an impartial study of the world situation makes evident this other fact, that humanity from the lowest to the highest is crying out for just what Christianity can impart to develop a wholesome character and realize a blessed destiny. A knowledge of all the facts and an understanding of the underlying principles of missionary labor will furnish the direct stimulus for its support. It is always true that ignorance is the greatest enemy of interest in any cause, and that enthusiasm can be enlisted only where definite and extensive instruction is given. If the pew is to be stirred with zeal for the Redeemer's kingdom it can be done only by a pulpit which is set on fire with holy ambitions for its spread. The preacher must have the world horizon and he must relate his work at home to the onward march of the empire of Christ in all parts of the earth. He cannot then fail to impart his passion to his people and secure their hearty cooperation. This can be most effectively secured through the missionary sermon, which is an appeal made on a Scriptural basis and having the conception, the outlook, the spirit, and the authority of the Bible. The thought of the Scriptures should be

accurately and consistently expounded, and its truths illustrated by the striking and manysided achievements on the mission field. This is much more than an address with reflections and illustrations inevitably leading on to an appeal for money. Let it be clearly understood that missionary work is not a charity but an unavoidable responsibility. Dispel the popular error that any references to missions must always be associated with pleas for money. The method of the apostle Paul was to fill the thoughts of his readers with the wonders of redeeming grace and to remind them impressively of their own indebtedness to Christ. In this way he quickened their loyalty and stimulated their ardor and they were induced to express their gratitude for the great salvation by loosening their purse strings. Paul presented to them a new motive, he gave them a new vision, he introduced a new standard, he emphasized a new test of duty and obligation, and he was accordingly not disappointed with the response from his pagan converts, whose desire uppermost was to share their discovery of Christ with their fellows.

It will doubtless surprise some to think of the New Testament as reproduced in the modern mission field, but such is the case. The failures and lapses as well as the sacrifices and devotion of the first-century Christians have been frequently shown by native converts, and the possibilities of Christian heroism have not yet been exhausted. We sometimes question the value of missionary work because the results are so meager. It is true that the character of the converts in the first generation did not measure up to the New Testament standard of Christian perfection; nor indeed was this the case even with the converts of Paul or the other apostles. The letters to the Seven Churches in Asia clearly indicate that such was not the case. But the outstanding fact, then and now, is the presence of the living Christ in the midst of the native Christians of the first century no less than among those of the twentieth century. In fact, no better commentary on the mission and motives of early Christianity can be had than the records of modern Christianity in China, India, and Japan. This method of treatment makes more vividly real the movements of the Divine Spirit; it enables us to place the New Testament

in a larger context; it gives us a clearer conception of the catholic comprehensiveness of the gospel, and, finally, we are not disturbed in the least by some of the findings of destructive criticism. For instance, those who tell us that the great missionary command of our Lord in Matt. 28. 18-20, is a later addition to the gospel can be reminded that in that case it is a reflection of the keen insight of the church, which so understood the purpose of its Lord as to bear an enthusiastic testimony to the living authority which he must exercise throughout the world. Criticism has thus enriched the meaning of this missionary command, and indeed of the missionary implications and applications of the entire book, and in doing so has contributed to a better appreciation of biblical values. The missionary trend of the New Testament is thereby made more conspicuous, and, in the words of Dr. R. F. Horton, "we find its missionary teaching, not in occasional texts or exceptional passages, but in its very structure and texture." When we turn to the Old Testament we are able to understand the "one increasing purpose" of God therein set forth, in the light of the fullest exhibition of grace in Jesus Christ our Lord. The missionary sermon which begins and ends with the great Book, which is so decidedly and outspokenly missionary, cannot fail to make conclusive and convincing appeals and impart to the people an enthusiasm for the glories of the Redeemer's kingdom. Preaching of this kind will have a reflex influence. It will assuredly rouse the nominal Christian from his languor and indifference. A knowledge of what the gospel is doing for the African, the Chinese, and the Hindu will make evident the fact of a living Christ who is able to save to the uttermost. The unique fitness of Christianity to be the universal religion, and therefore the absolute religion, will be seen from a new angle. The compassion of Jesus in his enthusiasm of humanity can be illustrated from the wonderful ministry of mercy of the medical missionaries, who have done so much to break down prejudices and to open doors which had hitherto been barred to every foreigner. When piping voices are heard decrying the authority and value of Christianity this new apologetic from the mission field convinces by the argument of deeds, and thus refutes the superficial generalizations of skeptic

and critic. What preacher will turn away from such an opulent exhibition of the practice of Christianity, rivaling in its glory and goodness all the trophies of the first days?

Biographical preaching is becoming popular. The series of volumes on The Greater Men and Women of the Bible, edited by Dr. James Hastings, is a veritable treasure house of exposition and characterization. These volumes are made all the more luminous by the discerning use of not a few illustrations from the annals of missionary work. Here, then, is a fine opportunity to deal with the Bible characters and to illustrate from missionary biography. It is conceded that missionaries are among the most broad-minded and far-sighted men of the Christian Church. They are *primus inter pares*, so far as the real empire builders of the nations are concerned. Social Christianity in the Orient, by Clough, is the fascinating autobiography of the great apostle to the Telegus, who left behind him 100 missionaries, 60,000 church members, and 200,000 adherents, in addition to many thousands who had witnessed a good confession and entered their reward. The Evolution of a Missionary is the biography of Dr. De Forest, who was an evangelistic and apologetic preacher to the Japanese and whose large interpretations of Christianity were so helpful to that people in transition. A Chinese St. Francis is the life of Brother Mao, the beauty of whose character has done much for Christ in China. Should not the church at home be informed of these facts?

The great days of the Christian year, like Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Whitsunday, are most appropriate occasions to exalt the universal mission of Christianity. Here are a few texts for consideration: Isa. 6. 1-8; Zech. 4. 6; Ezek. 18. 4; 2 Kings 7. 9; Isa. 60. 1-5, 54. 2; Matt. 16. 16, 28. 19, 20; John 3. 16, 12. 32, 10. 16; Luke 1. 33, 10. 29; 1 Cor. 1. 18; Acts 1. 5-8, 6. 7, 15. 26, 26. 18; 2 Cor. 5. 14; Eph. 2. 13, 3. 6; Gal. 2. 20; Phil. 1. 21; Col. 3. 11; Jude 3; 1 John 2. 2, 4. 14; Rev. 7. 9, 22. 17.

Oscar L. Joseph

DIVERS OPERATIONS—SAME SPIRIT

A PROGRAM for a recent Ministerial Conference included this topic: "Experiences in Revivals." A good topic. A good theme for contemplation by one who has passed out of the ranks of active service and for the review of lessons from his past life. Some of these were of such practical value in my revival work that I am inclined to rehearse them for the possible encouragement of others in these days of heart yearning and soul searching.

The first considerable revival under my ministry resulted in the conversion of about a hundred persons. I had their names on slips of paper from which I had copied them into the record. As I sat looking at this list the Holy Spirit opened my eyes to this fact: That quite a number of them had yielded to a personal appeal in taking the decisive step. Spreading the slips out on the table I began to indorse on them the names of the persons who to my knowledge had been able to make the effectual appeal, and what was my surprise to discover that I was able to identify this human instrument *in every case but three.* Nearly every one of these was a humble person—a bench-mate in the factory, a modest, timid woman, in more than one instance a simple-hearted child. I must confess that my first sensation was of disappointment, for, while I was not "carnal," I was human. We had good preaching, splendid singing, and all the other accessories available for inspiring interest and enthusiasm, but here, right under my eyes, the truth blazed forth that in almost every case the scale of decision trembling in the even balance was turned by the touch of a kindly hand or the breath of a whispered word.

I have confessed to a fleeting sense of disappointment. Had all these public exercises amounted to nothing? They are not to be discarded or disparaged. They help create the revival "atmosphere," awaken conviction of the need of a Saviour and quicken the spiritual impulse, but I long ago was led to rejoice that in every revival under my ministry those members of the body of Christ whom we are inclined to esteem as less honorable, upon

these the Holy Spirit has never failed to bestow more abundant honor. And I must emphasize the influence of the Holy Spirit. There can be no real revival without the presence, in more than ordinary power, of the Holy Ghost. This will probably be readily conceded, but in the re-collection of my own experiences I have been impressed with this further fact: while we can certainly depend upon the manifestation of the Spirit in our special efforts for soul saving we cannot possibly anticipate the manner of His operations. Each revival is likely to develop a distinguishing feature dependent upon the Divine impulse, projected in His wisdom into this particular occasion, and specially adapted to produce the desired results. This movement may disarrange our best-laid plans, but a wise leader will be alert to apprehend such a distinctive current of influence and will instantly fall in with it. Here is a beautiful illustration of what is in my thoughts.

We had been carrying on a protracted meeting for two weeks without definite results. At a mid-afternoon consecration service I was pleased to see present for the first time a Mrs. Stevens—a Christian woman, of excellent standing, but who had never been active in religious matters. When opportunity came she rose to her feet and said, substantially: "Going home after service last evening I had some pretty serious thoughts. I believe that I am a Christian; but, except as I have supported the church financially, I have not given the cause of Christ the least service. Well, I did not sleep much last night and toward morning this idea occurred to me: I cannot pray in public or speak, or even sing, but I know I can do one thing, and I fear it will seem so preposterous when I mention it that you will dissuade me from doing it. My idea is to offer the Lord an hour of my time every afternoon to do anything he wants me to do. Now, what do you think of it, Mr. Wing?"

"I do not quite understand you. You are doing now what he wants you to do. Is that it?"

"Certainly not. If a person engaged to work an hour for me I would not expect him to count in the time it took him to get ready. What I mean is for me to get ready for anything he is likely to set me to do and then give him a full hour, without any hesitation or delay, as he opens the door for me."

"But suppose he does not open any door, or give you any suggestion of duty?"

"That will be his business. If I have a servant in my employ it is my lookout to keep him busy."

"Well, this is a new idea to me, but I would be glad to promote it if I can. Now, exactly what do you propose, and how can we help forward the scheme?"

Then the poor woman broke down. With tears flooding her face, she said, "My carriage is at the door. I am going right out now to face this dreadful business, and it would be a comfort to know that some of you were holding me up in prayer." A half dozen of us agreed to tarry for the hour. I asked the Lord to go with his devoted servant, and dismissed the company. As we sat in prayer what was our surprise to be interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Stevens with her arms around a forlorn, disheveled creature, a candidate for saving grace. This is what had occurred: Mrs. Stevens was sincere. She had intended to put herself unreservedly in the Lord's hands, and thought that she had, but she started out to follow her own praiseworthy inclinations. She belonged to a rather exclusive class of society and decided, naturally, that her mission was to be among her personal friends, but some domestic affairs needed attention and so she drove home and entered the side gate. As she reached the back door, there, on her knees scrubbing the steps, was a forlorn creature who lived in the neighborhood and earned a scanty living by the performance of menial and degrading tasks. Instantly the Holy Spirit laid hold upon Mrs. Stevens and filled her heart with love and pity for the wretched girl. Bending over her, she whispered, "Martha, my dear girl, do you know that Jesus loves you?" The poor thing lifted her eyes, in amazement, as she cried, "What! Do you say that he cares for the likes of me!" That woman was the first sheaf of a great harvest of souls.

Another of my surprises was on a certain Friday evening. I was riding toward a country chapel where for nearly three weeks I had been holding special services. I fell in with a young man living in the neighborhood who had been a regular attendant upon the meetings and the Spirit prompted me to ask him to do me

an unusual favor. "John," I said, "I have had several plain talks with you in which you have betrayed no inclination to become religious, and now I wish you would tell me, in confidence, if there is a single person about here who has the slightest conviction of the need of saving grace. You need mention no names; but it would encourage me to know that there is one such person to whom I may make an effectual appeal." After a moment's pause, he replied: "I will be frank with you; I do not know of a single person who has a thought of such a thing." I was greatly moved, and really dreadfully hurt. But on reaching the place, as I walked in the twilight through the fields and prayed, my spirit was wonderfully uplifted. A passage of Scripture blazed up before my eyes. Entering the room and opening my Bible, it occurred to me that I knew not where to look for it, so I turned to the verse that I had previously selected. But as I rose to preach the Spirit mastered me, and holding up the sacred volume I said, "Somewhere in this Book are these dreadful words: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.'" I remembered afterward nothing of the discourse, which was probably only an earnest exhortation, but at its close I said that, if there were no response to this warning I would close the series of meetings and go to some more promising field. I was instantly interrupted by my young friend, who leaped to his feet and, rushing forward, threw himself upon the platform. He was followed by several of his companions, and a glorious revival followed. I asked him afterward if he was mistaken when he said that neither he nor anyone else had an inclination toward a religious life. "Surely not," he replied, "but as soon as you took your text a strange feeling came over me, and at last, when I realized that that might be my last chance, I got frightened."

I can recall several such experiences in which the diverse operations of the Holy Spirit were manifested, but for this paper one more must suffice. It occurred in a church that had been occupied for several years, but in which not a single person had been converted. It stood in the midst of a splendid neighborhood, of thrifty, industrious, moral people, very few of whom had ever realized their need of God's saving grace. Night after night,

without avail, I preached, and prayed, and exhorted, and appealed to them. I implored them to come to the altar, to rise in their pews, to hold up a hand, to give me any sign, for which I could get encouragement for my faltering faith. At last, one dreadfully cold night, a stranger came in and sat down by the stove. When I opened the after-meeting and invited persons to the altar, he attempted to rise, but was greeted by a gurgle of suppressed laughter by the boys in the back row and settled back in his seat. I stepped down to him and found him in a maudlin state of intoxication. I immediately closed the meeting; some one helped the poor man into his wagon, standing in the roadway, and the company dispersed. I was told that the man lived four miles beyond the church. Within a mile of him one of my people resided and I rode out there to spend the night. From this friend I got the story of the man's life. His name was Slade—a good-natured fellow whose only serious fault was the one in which I had discovered him. The young man had married, about two years ago, a nice girl, who had about twenty acres of choice "bottom land." On this they had put up a little hut, and a shed for the team with which he supported (?) the family. In the morning, leaving my horse with these people, I walked over to the Slades' place. I met him coming out of the stable. He had sobered up considerably, but had no recollection of me. I stepped in and petted his horses. They were a good team. Presently he reached into a hole in the haymow and drawing out a flask offered me a drink. I took the flask and put it in my pocket. A flash of resentment in his face was met by a friendly smile, and the remark, "Not now. Let us go into the house." The house! Let the reader imagine a shanty about twelve feet square, with a frame of two-by-four studding to which rough boards were nailed with strips of lath tacked over the cracks. It was "furnished" with a stove, a box nailed to the wall for a table, and two cheap chairs, while behind a blanket pinned across one corner, on the bare floor was a bunch of bedding. And the "queen" of this "home" was a slender fair-haired girl, only a little out of her teens, who held, pressed against her thin shoulder, an eight months' old baby whose only garment was a checked calico apron tied about her puny neck.

And now, what? O! please do not press the question! But I spent the whole day there. And tears of gratitude are flooding my face as I recall the experience. The man loved that woman (how could he help it?) and for her sake he let me smash that flask; and they both loved that mite of a baby, and I loved the three, and I convinced them that the dear Lord loved us all. I chopped wood, and "helped about the house," and talked to them about a Saviour. And now, please, do not shake your head when I tell you that I was actually afraid they would be saved before night. I wanted them to "break the record" to-night in that chapel in which no one had ever found a Saviour. After supper we hitched up the team, rolled the baby in one horse blanket and wrapped the mother in the other, and drove over to the church. As we entered the room there came upon us such a sense of the Divine Presence as I have seldom realized. I did not preach. I did not have to. I had told these young friends to take a front seat; it would be easier then for them to obey the impulse to reach the chancel rail; but they could not wait. Crowding to the very front they fell upon their faces. A wave of feeling swept over the congregation. Then the young man rose to his feet, transformed by the grace of God, and with one arm holding the babe and the other embracing the happiest woman in the world he made the irresistible plea, in response to which a score of persons found pardon and peace. "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

Jenny E. Wing

MARK TWAIN AND BRET HARTE

THE West, so far, has produced two writers of the first order who have added a valuable contribution to American literature and whom the whole world honors as having possessed genius distinctively American. They are Mark Twain and Bret Harte; and it were a serious blunder for us to undervalue their importance or to crowd them from our shelves. The greater is undoubtedly Mark Twain, the most characteristically American of all writers. Professor Olin A. Curtis has said that every American ideal is a combination of three features: "(1) A large way of feeling; (2) an untrammeled way of thinking; (3) a daring way of doing. In heart, magnitude; in mind, liberty; in will, dauntless assertion." This same combination appears in a remarkable degree in Mark Twain. He was as typically American as Abraham Lincoln. There is an atmosphere in his books in which we are sure to find ourselves very much at home, an atmosphere native to our soil, large and free. There is exaggeration, abundance of it, but there is nothing that we of this new broad land delight in more; and right here lies the secret of his charm as a humorist. No, we cannot afford to neglect Mark Twain in our reading, simply because he is so very American, especially in the quality of his humor. Not that it is a task to read his writings, however. He is the least difficult of all great writers, and few, if any, give more enjoyment to all classes of people, whether old or young, cultured or unlettered. What growing boy but would revel in Huckleberry Finn?—and yet Charles Darwin, Andrew Lang, and Robert Louis Stevenson find it equally enjoyable and declare it to be a masterpiece of fiction. It is safe to say that the ordinary man is not interested in literature. For his reading the daily papers chiefly suffice, and perhaps it can hardly be expected that Longfellow or Whitman or Emerson should strongly attract him, but it is difficult to imagine any virile man of average intelligence who would not care for Tom Sawyer, or Roughing It, or Life on the Mississippi. And Mark Twain is a profitable writer

as well. From him we learn of phases of American civilization nowhere else described. It is worth while to know the life of the West and the Southwest in those formative days of which his best books tell. Besides, he is both a philosopher and a moralist, although he would have scorned the idea. Witness the following notice at the beginning of Huckleberry Finn: "Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot." And yet beneath the surface of his writings there is always "a groundswell of seriousness" which makes us think even while we laugh.

What a varied life was his, so rich in common and uncommon experiences; a most active, intense, even spectacular life, full of achievement and unusual success. Distinction, wealth, loved ones, a happy home, a host of friends, abundance of happiness came to him, but at the same time his life was not without bitter disappointments and severe reverses, nor was it by any means lacking in tragedy. His real name was Samuel Langhorn Clemens, and he was born November 30, 1835, at Florida, Missouri. His birthplace long ago disappeared, but the house to which he moved shortly afterward remained standing until a few years ago, when it was torn down and portions of it sold as souvenirs. It was a most dilapidated structure, hardly more than a shanty. Mark Twain disclaimed this house as his birthplace and wrote on a photograph of it, "No; it is too *stylish*, it is not my birthplace." Most of his boyhood, so vividly and imperishably portrayed in Tom Sawyer, was spent in Hannibal, a "loafing, out-at-the-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slaveholding town" on the Mississippi. He had little schooling and at twelve years of age, after his father's death, he entered a local printer's office, becoming in three years a capable journeyman printer. As such he went forth to seek his fortune, going east as far as New York. At seventeen he was back in Missouri determined to realize the burning ambition of his boyhood: to become a pilot on a river steamboat; a most respected and high-salaried position in those days. The Mississippi then was not marked with buoys and it was constantly changing its course. To learn the 1,200 miles of this great shifting river be-

tween Saint Louis and New Orleans was no easy task, as one may know who will read Life on the Mississippi, one of the books by which Mark Twain will live. This is Kaiser Wilhelm's favorite American book, and as fascinating and valuable a study of American life as has ever been written. The outbreak of the Civil War deprived him of his occupation. His brother having just been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada, he decided to go there with him as his secretary. His experiences for the next seven years—how he crossed the plains by stage-coach, became a miner in Nevada, then a correspondent for the Virginia City Enterprise, later drifted into San Francisco, obtained a position first on the Morning Call, then on the Californian, journeyed to the Sandwich Islands as correspondent for a Sacramento paper—all this is told most graphically in Roughing It. Writing years afterward to Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson said: "My father, an old man, has been prevailed upon to read Roughing It (his usual amusement being found in theology), and after one evening spent with the book declared: 'I am frightened. It cannot be safe for a man at my time of life to laugh so much.'" And indeed there is no modern book which is more certain to bring refreshment to one who is constantly confronting life in its serious aspect or whose mind is burdened with weighty matters. It takes us into the out-of-door invigorating atmosphere of the primitive West and is full of strange and humorous adventures.

It was while in San Francisco, in 1865, that Mark Twain wrote his best-known short story, The Jumping Frog. It was written at the suggestion of Artemus Ward, to whom he had told it, and was published in the New York Saturday Press of November 18, 1865, from which it was widely copied, making the name of Mark Twain familiar in every section of the country. Mark Twain never thought very highly of this story and was troubled at first that fame should come to him through such a yarn, but he certainly underestimated its worth. At any rate, as Albert Bigelow Paine has said, "the stone rejected by the builder was made the corner of his literary edifice." His reputation as a writer from this time forward was national, although he had not yet written a book. While doing newspaper work in San Fran-

cisco he met Bret Harte, and a strong friendship between the two began which lasted without interruption for about twelve years, but came to an end abruptly in 1877 because of a misunderstanding over the production of a jointly written play, "Ah Sin."

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. His father, a cultured man and professor of Greek in Albany Female College, but impractical and poor, died when Bret was in his early teens. At the age of seventeen, with his mother, he had gone to California, working there as teacher, miner, express messenger, and secretary of the Mint. At the time he and Mark Twain became acquainted he was on the staff of the Golden Era. He thus describes his first impression of Mark Twain: "His head was striking. He had the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even the aquiline eye—an eye so eaglelike that a second lid would not have surprised me—of an unusual and dominant nature. His eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances." Years later Mark Twain wrote as follows concerning his old friend: "Bret Harte trimmed and trained and schooled me patiently until he changed me from an awkward utterer of coarse grotesqueness to a writer of paragraphs and chapters that have found a certain favor in the eyes of even some of the decentest people in the land; and this grateful remembrance of mine ought to be worth its face, seeing that Bret broke our friendship a year ago without any cause that I know."

In 1867 Mark Twain made that never-to-be-forgotten excursion to Europe and the East, on a steamboat specially chartered for a select party, which gave him material for his first and probably his most widely known book, the most popular book of travel ever written, The Innocents Abroad. The sale of this book was enormous. As the author remarked, "It sold right along just like the Bible." Who would not delight to travel with one who thus describes world-wide objects of interest:

> **The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The**

fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeying through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain.

Mark Twain's second book was Roughing It, and was published in 1872. Then in 1874 came The Gilded Age, written jointly with Charles Dudley Warner, containing his finest characterization, Colonel Sellers. The next year he published the Adventures of Tom Sawyer, the sequel to which, Huckleberry Finn, did not appear until nine years later. Of Tom Sawyer, William Dean Howells has said, "The story is a wonderful story of the boy-mind which inhabits a world quite distinct from that in which he is bodily present with his elders, and in this lies its great charm and its universality, for boy nature, however human nature varies, is the same everywhere." This could be said with equal truth of Huckleberry Finn. These stories are among the best fiction in the English language. They are powerfully told, absorbingly interesting, and unequaled for humorous situations, and as for dramatic effect, as Brander Matthews says: "There are few great moments in fiction finer than when Tom Sawyer, lost in the cave, sees a light in the distance and discovers that it is held by India Joe, his one mortal enemy; that is worthy of comparison with Robinson Crusoe's finding the solitary footprint in the sand after his long years of loneliness on the island." Andrew Lang, writing of Huckleberry Finn, said: "There are defects of taste, or passages that to us seem deficient in taste, but the book remains a nearly flawless gem of romance and humor. The world appreciates it, no doubt, but cultured critics are probably unaware of its singular value. The great American novel has escaped the eyes of those who watch to see this new planet swim into their ken. And will Mark Twain never write such another? One is enough for him to live by, and for our gratitude, but not enough for our desires."

Mark Twain was a most prolific writer. Indeed, he was always writing something. Fully as much manuscript remained unpublished as found its way into print; which is saying a good deal, for the uniform edition of his works numbers twenty-five volumes. Only a few of the more important ones can be mentioned here. Besides The Innocents Abroad, two other books of travel came from his pen, A Tramp Abroad and Following the Equator. Nearly every one will agree that, although good reading, they are not equal to The Innocents, and yet so competent a critic as Brander Matthews thinks A Tramp Abroad superior to its more popular predecessor. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, published in 1889, is perhaps the most finely imagined book in all literature. Howells considers it Mark Twain's best book, ranking it with Don Quixote. As a vigorous protest against injustice and sham it has no superior. There are some parts that we might wish had not been written (this could be said of practically all of the author's writings), but it is well for us occasionally to face life as it is, stripped of all the glamour of convention and romance, and especially to realize the misery of those who suffer through oppression. Hence the value of this book. It is harsh at times, almost bitter in tone, but ever in the foreground there is the ridiculous figure of the Yankee from East Hartford moving among the Knights of the Round Table, which relieves all severity and in addition there are many irresistibly funny episodes, such as the journey of the "Boss," arrayed in full armor, under a broiling sun, to rescue the damsel "Sandy" from the ogres. The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson, although not a great book, deserves a place with Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn as an interesting story of a civilization now vanished, but worthy of being remembered. His biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, thinks that Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc is Mark Twain's finest production, and in this he has the support of the author himself, who on his seventy-third birthday wrote: "I like Joan of Arc best of all my works; and it *is* the best; I know it perfectly well, and besides it furnished me seven times the pleasure afforded me by any of the others: twelve years of preparation and two years of writing. The others needed no preparation, and got none."

But, although this book must take high rank as a beautifully written and sympathetic study of an important historical figure, yet most readers will agree that it is not sufficiently characteristic of the writer, being almost entirely devoid of humor.

From the time of the publication of The Innocents Abroad, in 1869, Mark Twain was one of the foremost figures in America. He was in constant demand for political, literary, and after-dinner speeches. He had few equals as a lecturer. William Dean Howells says, "He was such a practical speaker that he knew all the stops of that simple instrument, man. . . . He was the most consummate public performer I ever saw, and it was an incomparable pleasure to hear him lecture." But after a few years of astonishing success on the lecture platform he developed a vehement dislike for it, and for a long time could not be persuaded to reenter this field. In the early nineties, however, unforeseen and unfortunate circumstances led him to appear once more as a lecturer. He had become deeply interested in a type-setting machine—one of the first type-setting machines invented—but being almost as impractical as the inventor he had invested nearly all of his wealth, as well as his wife's, in simply perfecting this marvelous mechanism, and all to no purpose, for it turned out that the machine was too perfect for ordinary use. About the same time came the failure of his publishing house with liabilities amounting to $200,000. He might have avoided these obligations, but he would not. Although nearly sixty he determined to pay back dollar for dollar, and so started on a lecture tour around the world to regain his fortune. After nine years of absence he returned to New York, in 1900, able to pay off every cent of his indebtedness. "He had behaved like Walter Scott," says Howells; "as millions rejoiced to know who had not known how Walter Scott had behaved till they knew it was like Clemens." The closing years of his life were crowded with honors. From every quarter of the globe he was recognized as the most conspicuous figure in American letters. In 1907 he went over to England to receive the degree of Doctor of Literature from Oxford, and was given a great reception. But these later years were shadowed by deep sorrow occasioned by the death of his wife and two of his daughters, whose loss left him depressed

and weary. He himself passed away April 21, 1910. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that never was anyone so universally mourned. The whole world loved him. And indeed no one can come to know him as he is so faithfully portrayed by Albert Bigelow Paine, in a biography fully the equal of Boswell's Johnson, or as he reveals himself even more clearly and attractively in his own books, without being sorry to part with him. His limitless humanity, his sturdy morality, his detestation of all sham, his hatred of oppression, his playful humor, his sincerity, his breadth of outlook—all make him well worthy of our intimate association.

Bret Harte's life is not nearly so interesting nor his personality so attractive. We left him associated with Mark Twain on The Californian in San Francisco. He was then acknowledged the leading literary man on the coast, but his reputation was purely local. In 1869 he became editor of a new magazine, The Overland Monthly. In the second number he printed his first story that attracted wide attention, The Luck of Roaring Camp. Strange as it may seem, his own associates were shocked by this story and he had difficulty in getting it printed. The proofreader, a young lady, after the first page or two, declined to continue its perusal. It finally appeared just as it was written, however, but locally it was not kindly received. It was thought to be highly injurious to the author's good name, not indeed because of the form but because of the matter, which the printer had declared to be "indecent, irreligious, and improper." The judgment of the Atlantic Monthly, however, which was and is "the most scrupulously cultivated of our periodicals," was otherwise, and soon came a request to furnish that magazine with a story of the same kind. The Luck of Roaring Camp is indeed one of the best short stories ever written, and it established Bret Harte's literary reputation. In quick succession followed other tales, such as Tennessee's Partner and The Outcasts of Poker Flat, soon published in a single volume. They give us Bret Harte at his best. But if The Luck of Roaring Camp brought him a literary reputation, a poem which appeared in the Overland for September, 1870, called "Plain Language from Truthful James," or "The Heathen Chinee," made his name familiar throughout the Eng-

lish-speaking world. Mark Twain wrote, "In 1866 I went to the Sandwich Islands and when I returned, after several years, Harte was famous as the author of the 'Heathen Chinee.'" But just as Mark Twain set very little value on The Jumping Frog, which made him famous, so Bret Harte never cared very much for these verses. He told Twain that he had "higher literary ambitions than the fame that could come from an extravaganza of that sort." But the poem "took," and was widely copied in England as well as America, and created a desire to know what manner of man the author might be. In 1871 he came East, and was everywhere flattered and lionized as probably no other literary man in America. We may well wish it had been otherwise, or that he had remained in California. Handsome and affable, he soon gave himself up to society and lived far beyond his means. In 1878, hopelessly insolvent, he was appointed consul in Prussia, and he never returned to his native land again. Not caring for the duties of his office, he spent much of his time visiting friends in England, where at first he was given a royal welcome, but soon lost favor. In 1880 he was transferred to the consulate at Glasgow, where he remained until 1885, when he moved to London. He died in Camberly, England, May 5, 1902.

The pitiable deterioration in Bret Harte's character should not blind us to his skill as a writer or to the value of his immortal sketches of the pioneer life of the Forty-Niners, "a body of men as strongly distinctive as were the companions of Jason." He was a master of the short story and in his field is unsurpassed. His style is graceful and finished. Never was there a more painstaking writer. Noah Brooks said of him, "Scores of writers have become known to me in the course of a long life, but I have never known another so fastidious or so laborious as Bret Harte." Howells writes to the same effect: "When it came to literature, all the gay improvidences of life forsook him, and he became a stern, rigorous, exacting self-master, who spared himself nothing to achieve the perfection at which he aimed." It would be too much to say that Bret Harte attained his ideal, but the flaws in his work are few. There are no glaring faults of composition such as are found in Dickens, whom he so greatly admired. His is

truly the touch of an artist. With a few swift strokes he puts in the background, the mining camp with its rough, elemental life in which the extraordinary and the tragic not only happen but are expected. Then the characters are drawn. All sorts they are, some good, some bad, but usually strong, courageous, and resourceful, and with a doubtful and mysterious past. In depicting character Bret Harte is hardly inferior to Dickens, and given the characters, such a one, for example, as Yuba Bill, what they say, as well as what they do, follows inevitably. The conversation is never forced—and this cannot be said of all greater writers. In plot-making Harte is deficient. This is why his long stories are not successful. For the most part they are just the unfolding of single incidents, usually pathetic or tragic, and told in just the right words and in just the right number of words. Through practically all of his stories runs a rich vein of humor, but of a very different kind from Mark Twain's. It is California humor, which minimizes rather than exaggerates. G. K. Chesterton claims that, while Bret Harte was a genuine humorist, he was not an American humorist; and he says: "American humor is purely exaggerative, Bret Harte's humor was sympathetic and analytical. The wild, sky-breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, but it must be, in the nature of things, deficient in two qualities—reverence and sympathy. And these two qualities were knit into the closest texture of Bret Harte's humor." It is hardly fair to imply, however, that Mark Twain's humor is irreverent, as Mr. Chesterton goes on to do. It is doubtful if Mark Twain in any of his writings ever makes fun of anything really worth while. Bret Harte is unquestionably a more finished workman than Mark Twain. The latter is a more vigorous writer. He ranges over a much broader field. He draws characters just as truthfully, but he always wrote just as he thought and felt at the moment, without models and regardless of precedent or convention. Consequently his work is uneven; there is sometimes lawless extravagance, burlesque, lack of proportion, but there is always sincerity, a quality which redeems him in many places, notably in A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. He is not primarily an artist striving for perfection, either of form or substance, but

rather a keen observer of human nature, with a broad and at bottom serious outlook on life, endeavoring to give expression to that which he saw and felt, especially with regard to the follies and absurdities which were evident in all mankind and particularly in himself. It is this utterly frank and sincere manner of expression which is the secret of his charm, and somehow Bret Harte seems to lack this quality. The following estimate is on the whole just: "Bret Harte took nothing seriously except his art, and apparently went through life with as little concern about the origin, nature, and destiny of mankind as it would be possible for any member of that unfortunate species to feel."

After all it is the personal element that counts most, even in literature, and in the writings of Mark Twain we have revealed one of the most extraordinary and interesting men that ever lived; many-sided, of great and wholly original genius, absolutely unfettered by the artificial standards of society, hating and ridiculing humbug and hypocrisy, and withal thoroughly sound morally and possessing a reverence for the romantic and the pure. And so, while we may go to Bret Harte for a graphic picture of the primitive West, and for a glimpse of life where the elemental passions are in play, and all woven into a story perfect in form and yet melodramatic and sentimental, still it is Mark Twain who will give us purer enjoyment, more vivid impressions, and, above all, a better understanding of human nature, together with a deeper insight into the age-long problems of human life.

Clarence Paul McClelland

THE CHURCH MODERN, OR SOCIETY CHRISTIAN—BOTH? THEN HOW?

Limitation always means problem. As long as the church struggles with the actual and reaches for the ideal, so long will it be plagued with a task unresolved. Professor Royce in The Problem of Christianity puts it a little differently when he says: "For the true church is still a sort of ideal challenge to the faithful rather than an already finished institution—a call upon men for a heavenly quest rather than a present possession of humanity. 'Create me'—this is the word that the church, viewed as an ideal, addresses to mankind." As the caldron of human life unceasingly seethes new elements will continue to rise to the surface, but the basal ingredients remain the same. In the religious growth of society the difference in one stage from another lies not so much in the presence or absence of problem as in a change of terms or view-point. Among the representatives of instituted religion the most painful perplexity has resulted because we did not understand that the restlessness and confusion of the day were a signal that the scene was shifting behind the drop curtain. Now before us there is staged a society garbed and animated by the spirit of modernness. The concrete, visible symbol of this last term is the city. It is the power-center of influence. It is the most amazing phenomenon of modern development. It is the concentrated essence of all our moral problems. It is feared like Behemoth. Just now the importance and needs of the country church are being stressed with an intelligence and earnestness hitherto unknown; but for Christianity as a world power the problem of the city church is still the problem of the church. It is true that the village church and the village parson no longer constitute the soul and center of village life as fifty years ago, yet investigation shows that where men live on the soil, and by the soil, the church is still strong. It is only where city standards have been transmitted that the church has declined as a community force and social center. Hence, there is little fear of a successful challenge against the following postula-

tion: Solve the problem of the nonchurched and nonreligious of the cities and you have solved the problem of church attendance and church influence in the church. As time goes on we will come to realize more fully that Henry Drummond has stated correctly the present task of the church: "To make cities—that is what we are here for. To make good cities—that is for the present hour the main work of Christianity. For the city is strategic. It makes the towns; the towns make the villages; the villages make the country. He who makes the city makes the world."

At this point the question of method, or the how of the thing, naturally intrudes. How are we to make good cities and so make a good world? Methods that were suited to a land of villages manifestly will not suffice for a land of great cities. Past methods should be regarded as pontoons rather than iron bridges. Yet I am unwilling to take the position "that, nothing being certain, what agrees with our wishes ought to receive our assent." All must admit that greater versatility, clearer discrimination, deeper wisdom, more spiritual and formative leadership could not be demanded than to make the church modern and keep it religious; than to make it the social center of community uplift and at the same time not relegate the personal claims of the living Christ to a much-blurred background; than to use moving-pictures, brass bands, semivaudeville in such a way as to relate them to the spiritual life. It would be going a step too far to say it cannot be done. The church must reckon with the fact that more is demanded of it to-day than ever before. It is equally true that it cannot meet the imperative requirements by a further puerile adherence to eighteenth-century methods in the application of the Christian redemption to twentieth-century society. All this may have a stimulating reaction on the church by making its problem more fascinating in proportion as it makes it more difficult. It is more than begging the question to claim that we have met these new conditions. It is no less silly to assert that we are hopelessly unable to meet them. Of one thing we may be sure; namely, that it has not always been the fault of the ministry that the church has failed to adapt itself to changed environment. I have even read the uncomplimentary assertion that there are no great preach-

ers to-day. There are preachers who are distinguished in literature or science, but, in comparison with former days, there are no master minds in the pulpit such as give heraldic utterance to the living Word and leave an ineffaceable mark on popular conviction. America has no Phillips Brooks, England no Spurgeon, and Europe no Mazzini. The fact is, the great leaders of the past, and many not accounted great, have thought long and hard and with bitterness of spirit because they were chained to drag along with the multitude of those who were ignorant of the purposes of God and slow to believe all that has been written of the promises and plans of the Christ. As formerly, so to-day there is a host of leaders in the church ahead of their times and their followers. But it is a hopeful sign that intelligent Christian business men have come to see that success in one line is not essentially different from success in any other line—so far as methods make success. Hence from all sides there arises the demand that the church become pragmatic, that it employ methods similar to those which are producing such astonishing results in commerce, in science, and in education. The modern attitude having recast the boundaries and having proclaimed a new status quo between the church and the world, we would all be very much at ease could we settle to the satisfaction of conscience in what prescribed forms we should take the methods, many and varied, now advocated as the nostrums for our ills. Sociopathic, psycho-theuropathic, hedonipathic—which shall it be?

To be more specific, should the minister have a different kind of training from the traditional? Under present requirements the minister's training consumes some of the best years of his life, for more than ever he must be an educated man. However, the conviction is growing that there should be a reform, or at least a modification, in ministerial training so that the novice taken out of the cloistered hall and secluded library and thrust into the clash of contending principles will not be dumbstruck and helpless before the modern mental attitude with regard to certain vanishing moral standards and the waning belief in what we have been taught to consider inscrutable ways of Providence. Further, we need more than a curriculum that will round out an aristocrat and polish off a

gentleman. However much it may disgust us, however many times we may call it coarse and ugly, the age is utilitarian in spirit and practice. Some time ago a leading New York paper closed an editorial with these words: "This is not the age of educational aristocracies—it is the age of making good." A course in refined character-building must be supplemented by an understanding of present social and economic values in order that in their mold we may run the hot metal of our golden message. It is a mistake to compel the prospective preacher to spend so many years apart from the throbbing life of the church and the operation of the machinery by which spiritual dreams come true. In some way we have got to build up great training centers which may be used as experiment stations. As to the retention or divestment of the clerical garb, as near as I have been able to gather from a great many earnest people who have been questioned, the only badge that can lay claim to dignity and command authority for a sacred and unselfish office is a consecrated personality plus efficiency. Given these, men reck little of outward insignia. In fact, all sorts of official trappings have come to be looked upon as much the same as the outlandish toggery with which small children disport themselves, if not as a weak attempt to maintain antiquated class distinctions. As to social service, it is deeply significant that perhaps the majority of those who have been working independently now feel that the line of attack must come back to and be pivoted in the church. This has another phase in that it puts a big responsibility on us to make new attempts on a larger scale at social regeneration. Yet it is difficult to see why the church should take to itself all the obligations of the state to its citizens. How far the church is to go along with modern tendencies is at least debatable. Unless we can implant in the hearts of men a love of goodness that will make inequality and wrong impossible in all civic, social, and business relations we are not succeeding, however numerous our following, however imposing our edifices, however great our revenues, however multitudinous our activities. Let us slough the dead tissue of out-grown accretions, but also let us not beggar ourselves by cutting ourselves off from a historical unity. Let us not be bound hand and foot to traditional methods, venerable

and precious merely for the patina which age has put upon them. At the same time let us not lose the temper and the cutting edge infused by the privileges and powers and clearly defined objective of the church and its ministry. Let us ever keep uppermost evangelism, to which all other Christian endeavor must be handmaid.

There is a department of modern scientific investigation full of promise for future spiritual development. It is the psychology of childhood. Perhaps we do not train our children morally with any more assiduous attention than did the Persians, but we know how to make our training count for more by relating it to the laws of child nature. In this we have an invaluable asset. To be able to define character is not nearly so vital as to assist in its production. Children are so impressionable that they naturally respond to those who understand their unfolding consciousness. In the equipment of ministers and lay workers there should be a larger place for thoroughly specialized work in this highly important department. In the matter of creeds we ought to be brave enough to revise them without fear of losing the supernatural Christ. No more should we be terrified by the logical action of Protestantism, with its unfettered mind, and we had better have a care how we disinherit our own children. If their faith is not clear enough to be expressed in an evangel that will spread like a contagion among the masses, they will fail ultimately to satisfy even the highly intelligent and ethically refined.

Only let us be sure that with go-cart religion, denatured experiences, and self-made failure we are not back-tracking on the trail of those colleagues of the Almighty who have sped the dawning of the world's new day, and upon whose shoulders the thinkers and doers of the present must climb to catch the wider vision.

Orville S. Duffield

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S APOSTOLATE

LEST the purpose of this essay be misunderstood, we distinctly disavow at the outset any disposition to disparage Matthew Arnold—a man of extraordinary inherited gifts, rare cultivation, pure character and unsullied life; nor are we vain enough to imagine that it is within our power to lower the estimate which the intelligent world puts upon him. Our sole purpose, now and here, is to discuss the nature and value of a particular type of culture, and especially to consider the wisdom and effect of Arnold's apostolate to those whom he called Philistines both inside and outside of the churches.

In view of his sharp attacks upon, and stinging censures of the churches, it should not be regarded as illegitimate, rude, or improper for any representative of the churches to criticize his crusade while defending those whom he attacked.

To speak of Arnold as an apostle is not unwarranted. He regarded himself as an apostle—the Apostle to the Philistines. Mr. Frank Harris, one-time editor of the Fortnightly Review, called Arnold an apostle—"The latest Apostle to the Gentiles."

Acolyte and thurifer before the high altar of Christianity, bearer of lights designed to shed a better illumination in the dim temple of our modern worship, and swinger of a jeweled censer intended to diffuse fragrance through its malodorous air—such Matthew Arnold, self-appointed apostle of sweetness and light, supposed himself to be, in what was on the whole the most pretentious apostolate seen in intelligent circles in modern times—an apostolate, not from the church, but to it, and applying the most candid and cutting criticism that Christian churches have ever received from a culture which owed itself to Christianity.

It may be noted in passing that the favorite phrase of this imposing apostolate, the phrase "Sweetness and Light," was not original with Arnold, but was borrowed from Swift, who, in his Battle of

the Books, commends the bees for their exemplary industry as producers of honey and wax, and then suggests in a moralizing way, that honey and wax-candles are fit emblems of "the two loveliest of things, sweetness and light." Spiritualizing the words, "sweetness and light," to signify beauty and intelligence, Arnold made them the text and motto of his ostentatious embassy to the churches and by incessant repetition gave wider vogue, along with higher meaning, to Swift's redolent and refulgent phrase. In particular he proclaimed that beauty and intelligence are the two elements most lacking and most needed in our current religion. Especially in one famous essay he expounded his new and better gospel of sweetness and light, Arnold's "Heavenly Twins." That essay is in reality a study of ideals of human perfection and a setting forth of what this apostle of culture considers the true ideal. The current Christian conception of Perfection he criticises as faulty and segmental. The perfection aimed at by the religious bodies he regards as meager and unattractive, consisting, he says, merely in conquering the faults of our animality and producing a human nature perfect only on the moral side. The true ideal, and only worthy goal of aspiration and endeavor, is, he insists, "a human nature perfect on all its sides," a manhood *teres atque rotundus*, a perfection many-sided, polished, and complete. For the source and sanction of this fine ideal he goes, not to the New Testament, but to the ancient pagan Greeks, with whose spiritual pre-eminence he seems profoundly impressed. He attributes what he calls "the immense spiritual superiority of the Greeks" to their being "inspired with a central and happy idea of Perfection"; and tells us that the finely tempered and harmonious perfection which the Greeks conceived of was produced by "subordinating all else to the formation of spirit and character." And surely, beyond dispute, that is the way to produce it. But do we need Arnold or the old Greeks to tell us that? Does not the most accessible of books, a little volume called the New Testament, a volume as modern as it is ancient, and more widely circulated in one year than Arnold's writings can be in a thousand years, teach exactly that? Is not that its plan for producing a finely tempered and harmonious perfection, namely, by the spiritualization and refinement of man's nature through conquering the faults of his animality and subordinating everything to the formation of spirit and character? And does not Christianity furnish what Grecian culture never had, and what Matthew Arnold's personality is far from presenting, a perfect

Pattern, Christ Jesus, not to mention the addition of a divine enabling by the impartation from above of a spirit of power and love and sanity? Arnold really brings us no news whatever, increases our spiritual knowledge not one whit, adds nothing to the New Testament, but on the contrary, as will be noted later, takes something away. When this messenger, arriving from ancient Greece by way of Rugby and Oxford, labors to impress upon Christian people the transcendent beauty of "a human life aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection," the Christian people wonderingly reply that they learned that long ago from a Teacher greater than Arnold—greater than all Greek sages—from the one supreme authority and exemplar, the one only perfect character, living the one only perfect life, who either by his own lips or the mouth of his messengers says in substance to His disciples, "Be ye perfect, not merely in restraining your carnal nature, but in adding virtue to virtue, grace to grace, in all things lovely and true and pure and of good report, till you attain the finished stature of perfect manhood, *teres atque rotundus,* and are presented faultless at last before the throne of His glory."

This self-appointed censor of the religious bodies, this disparager of their ideals, feels obliged to concede that the Christian churches have accomplished much good and produced much happiness, and that theirs was the most considerable movement toward Perfection extant until he launched his cult of culture; yet so imperfect do the churches seem to him that he marvels how cultivated persons can adhere to them and how vast multitudes of sane people can continue to believe in such faulty organizations, and can stand ready to support them, not only with money, but with their very life-blood, as he plainly sees to be the fact. His opinion of the ideals held and the fruits produced in character and life by the religious bodies requires strong language to express. He charges the members of those bodies with "hideousness and rawness." He wants to teach these raw persons to like what is really beautiful, graceful, and becoming; wants these "raw and unkindled masses to be touched with sweetness and light;" wants to take the vulgarity out of the religion of the churches so as to make it a really refined, respectable, genteel sort of faith such as cultivated and elegant persons like himself can consent to entertain.

Now, doubtless, it must be admitted that some of the interpreters of Christianity have set forth an unworthy and unpleasing conception of human perfection. And it is not inconceivable that a man with Arnold's gifts might be appointed by God to bring some needed

reproof and rectification, and if he should really enlarge and elevate our ideals, then the human race and most of all the religious organizations, avowedly bent on perfection, ought to be concerned to know and acknowledge the fact and confess indebtedness to him. In many things he and the most of us are entirely agreed. That the world requires and our religion should furnish, through its disciples, more sweetness and light, more intelligence and love, will hardly be denied. That the seeming lack of these was a poignant distress to him betokens in him a nature not destitute of spiritual sensitiveness, and that he lifted up his voice like a prophet calling attention to the pressing want makes him, in that respect and to that extent, a useful servant of mankind. The inexpressible desirability of the end he has in view is beyond dispute; and if he or any other man or body of men could drench and suffuse our religious organizations with larger light and love, an overjoyed and grateful Christendom would not withhold its praise.

But Arnold did not do justice to the ideals and fruits of the evangelical churches. He failed to perceive the surpassing value of a moral culture powerful enough to subdue man's rampant animalism and to set the spiritual man triumphant over the flesh, the world, and the devil—a culture capable of taking the ape and tiger out, refining away the grossness and fierceness of untamed human nature, and producing sober, conscientious, gentle, humane, and godly lives. A conquered animality and a nature morally perfected are results not to be belittled; and the institution and method which can instrumentally achieve such results in millions of lives have some claim to be considered divine. We may express, in passing, our surprise at finding so stringent a stickler for refinement and for living in the spirit as Arnold was, attaching so little importance to conquering the faults of our animality as to say one day that he thought the coarseness and sensuality of Voltaire's writings a matter of small importance. And we do not wonder that his friend Clough turned on Arnold properly enough, in a manner rather rough, with the reproving rebuff, "Well, you don't think any better of yourself for that, I suppose"; which was a polite way of saying, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." Certainly moral perfection which the churches aim at primarily, but not exclusively, is more important than æsthetic refinement which dominates Hellenic culture. When Newman Hall went to John Ruskin for advice as to how to build a beautiful house of worship for his congregation, the great teacher of architectural art,

but greater teacher of high morals, answered somewhat quizzically and evasively but very pungently, that the true way to make a really beautiful church is not by piling stones one upon another, but by "gathering together a few people who will not steal nor tell lies."

Moral perfection, and not æsthetic effect, was foremost in Ruskin's esteem, and the perfecting of human nature on the moral side was, it appears, even in the opinion of the author of Modern Painters and the Stones of Venice, the supremely urgent thing, the crowning glory as it is the prime function of the Christian Church. Most assuredly, any cult of Perfection which fails morally, fails entirely. And while the evangelical churches have abundantly proved the power of their fervent faith to promote moral perfection, and are proving it this very hour, near and afar, Hellenism, which Arnold exalts above Christianity, is fatally discredited by its failure to brace the moral fiber. The ethical looseness of the Hellenic culture revived by Arnold seems to be shrewdly referred to under a veiled allusion in the irony of Zangwill's suggestion that Jezebel may very likely have wanted to put more sweetness and light into the narrow incompleteness of Elijah's and Elisha's view of life; those men of God being, to her more liberal taste, too rigidly and exclusively bent on purity, sobriety, righteousness, and godliness.

Christianity, at its beginning, met and routed Hellenism. Christianity's spokesman at the seat and center of Hellenism was Paul on Mars' Hill. In our modern day Matthew Arnold led Hellenism to the attack again, with the same result. The Hellenic type of culture and religion fails: the Pauline conquers. In one of J. P. Mowbray's animated dialogues that vivacious, keen-witted woman Irene points out with graphic idiom how, as she sees it, the boasted superiority of Hellenic ideals went down under the blows of the tentmaker of Tarsus. She says substantially:

When Paul made his speech on Mars' Hill to the Athenians he was at close quarters with Hellenism, and he treated it as if he were a democrat and not an æsthete, bowling down all the things that Hellenic culture doted on. And he cleaned the deck, he swept the field; every one of his blows landed squarely between the Hellenic eyes.

The Athenians had a number of sensitive spots, and he hit them straight.

1. They were autochthons, born on the sacred soil of Greece, and immensely puffed up about it. And Paul said to them, "God made the whole world—it is all sacred—and all things therein."

2. They glorified architecture, and were especially vain of their temples. Paul said, "The Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

3. They devoted their genius to sculpture, especially admiring and adoring their statues of gods and goddesses. Paul said, "The Godhead is not like unto gold or silver or marble graven by art and man's device."

4. They called all the rest of the world barbarians, and thought them unfit to be on the planet. Paul said, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth."

5. They prided themselves on being such broad religionists as to include in their vague and impartial worship all possible divinities. Paul said, in substance, "Your worship is ignorant. God has long borne with it out of pity for the blindness of your minds. But now that the darkness is past and the true light shineth, he calls you to repent of your idolatries and to be instructed by the man Christ Jesus whom he hath raised from the dead, and in whose gracious face you may behold the light of the knowledge of the glory of the true and living God." Irene says that while she was reading Paul's sentences she kept saying "Biff," "Biff," at the end of each one, as his straight hard blows struck home, and the dainty fond ideals of Hellenic culture fell down into the dust.

One cardinal mistake of Matthew Arnold, the would-be reformer of our holy religion, was in thinking that the Faith of our fathers and of his father could be improved by eliminating the anthropomorphic and miraculous out of Christian history and interpretation. Under this delusion he liberally blue-penciled the Bible, and then presented us with what he called "the scheme of Christianity cleared of objections"; and he cleared it of "objections" in such a way as to provoke from Mr. Gladstone the remark, in Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler, that Arnold "combined a professed concern for the Christian religion with a not less boldly avowed determination to transform it beyond possibility of recognition by friend or foe." He ran his shears through Christian Scripture, "cutting out as anthropomorphic and legendary," says Gladstone, "nearly all which its readers believe to be the heart and center of its vital force." That what he wished to extirpate is of the very essence of Christianity as a system of truth derived from a divine Source and possessing supernatural sanctions, is plain even to a rationalistic naturalist like John Burroughs, who sees clearly that the part which Arnold tries to get

rid of is the very element which makes Christianity a power for good over mankind; the part which is most true and dear to men's hearts, which takes the deepest hold upon their spirits, and is most potent in inspiring effort and controlling conduct; that what Arnold wanted to do for religion was equivalent to stripping the tree of its leaves and leaving it to perish as surely as if he had cut it down; that his attempted service to the Christian public was like burning their temple and offering them the ashes; and that Arnold's sublimated extract of Christianity is no more Christianity than a vial of attar of roses is the city of Damascus, set amid its glorious gardens, radiant with color, musical with tinkling fountains, bright with the gleam of swift rivers, verdurous with living beauty and teeming with population on the desert's edge.

When a man transfers theism from a person to a power, substituting in place of a Personal Deity a stream of tendency, how much of Christianity can he retain? Arnold failed to make himself a welcome apostle to the religious bodies to whom he offered his impoverishing services. His reforms and methods were unacceptable and even offensive. The churches, which he wished to sweeten and enlighten, felt that the effect of his effort to transform Christianity was not to transfigure it into greater glory, but rather to diminish, devitalize, and darken it—to take the sunshine out of its atmosphere and produce such a climate as might make a Christian Hamlet say, "The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold," and a Christian Horatio shiveringly assent, "It is a nipping and an eager air." More than this, his irreverent handling of hallowed beliefs was shocking to the reverent and devout, and his disdainful bearing toward pious souls left in them a sore sense of personal injury. George Jackson truly says: "Few men of our day have given so much needless pain to so many Christian people, or have uttered so many wild and whirling words with such a demure recklessness, as Matthew Arnold." His attitude toward the religious bodies and their cherished faith made him seem to the church-going good man on the street more like a gargoyle scowling under the cathedral eaves than like a rapt saint standing on the pinnacle with upturned face and lifted finger pointing men to heaven. Arnold made Christian people feel as did Catherine of Russia when she said of Riviere, the French physiocrat: "He supposed we Russians walked on all fours, and very politely he took the trouble to come from La Martinique to teach us how to stand on our hind legs."

Yet his proposed innovations were rather irritating because of their spirit and manner, than alarming because of their dangerousness, for Goldwin Smith truly says, that though this "jaunty gentleman did something in his light airy way with his silver shafts to forward theological disintegration," yet he was "rather a connoisseur and a dilettant than a serious philosopher or theologian," and from the standpoint of thorough scholarship his criticism of accepted Christian conceptions and traditions was too amateurish to be taken seriously. He is by no means an authority in religion, philosophy, or biblical criticism, but rather a literary critic, a writer of close grain and hard finish, an artist in crystalline and finely beveled sentences, a poet, and a master of pellucid and polished prose; a doctor of letters, but only a dabbler in divinity. True, he thought himself an expert with exceptional qualifications, natural and acquired, for revising and improving current Christianity; but intelligent Christendom, having had plenty of time to think it over, does not so regard him; and after all his labor—after his copious outpouring of alleged saccharine luminosity—Christian churches decline to accept the new gospel according to Matthew, son of Thomas Arnold—the gospel desupernaturalized, eviscerated, and devitalized—as a substitute for the old Gospel, according to Matthew, the evangelist, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, with the splendor of its supernaturalism undimmed.

Arnold's revised and improved Christianity seemed to the religious bodies, to whom he offered it, to be a mutilated and minimized Christianity; just as ex-President Eliot's proposed religion of the future is not a new religion, but is, as has been said, "a denial of the faith and a rejection of the principles which have been the foundation of Christianity and civilization for twenty centuries." The most reverend and solemn sanctities of the Christian Faith he treats at times with airy irreverence. In the very Holy of holies he stands unawed, with head unbowed and knee unbended. The Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—he travesties as "The three Lord Shaftesburys." His mood and attitude at times toward Jesus the Saviour justified J. P. Mowbray in saying that "One of Arnold's defects was a dilettante spirit of irreverence, and that he, like Renan, carried this spirit into the most august themes: that they both captured and brought back to their respective studios the historic Jesus and there posed him in æsthetic radiance: that Renan, having posed Him in a warm, sensuous light, calls Him "The charming teacher,"

and says that Jesus, in the midst of his atoning agony, "is thinking of the charming girls of Galilee"; and that Arnold posed Jesus in an Oxford peplum and exclaimed, "Behold sweet reasonableness with a secret. At last we have an intuition without an imperative. How debonair!" Frank Harris, editor of the Fortnightly Review, reports Arnold as saying to him: "Renan was always my teacher, my teacher in the view he took of Saint Paul and the Bible generally"; and the editor adds, "To the end he remained a sort of lesser Renan, Renan at second-hand, a puritanic Renan."

We are told by some that Arnold was not so much an apostle to the churches as a missionary to outsiders and unbelievers; that his purpose in "clearing Christianity of objections" by a rationalized and moderated version thereof was to make it acceptable to the fastidious children of a dainty culture and the deniers of the supernatural. It seems that one of his aims in disrobing and redressing Christianity was to make it more presentable in polite society. He belonged, says one, to a group of Englishmen who toddled after Renan and picked up his doubts; but, being too well-bred to be brutal in his scepticism, and conceiving himself to have an irenic mission, Arnold used finesse and diplomatically played the impartial host, both to Belief and to Denial, saying on the one hand to Christianity, "If you will only drop your distinctive characteristics and adapt yourself to the company,"—saying on the other hand to Negation, "If you will only borrow some of the things which Christianity, in deference to my wise suggestion, has dropped"—and then saying to both, "I don't see now why both of you cannot hereafter get along amicably and respectably in good society." The most objectionable feature of this maladroit intermediation, this fatuous and sinister diplomacy, is the process of reduction it applies to Christianity, reducing it so far as to render it powerless and worthless for the work it undertakes, while not reducing it far enough to command the favor and acceptance of the unbelievers. Thus both his advisory apostolate to the churches and his propitiatory mission to the sceptics proved equally futile. The fact is his was a literary and not a religious mission, as he himself unwittingly confessed when he told the Authors' Club in New York that only the literary class had understood and sustained him; to that class alone had he any really very important message. Though even in literature he was by no means infallible—as witness his strange judgment that "Enoch Arden" is probably Tennyson's best.

If fuller explanation of Arnold's failure is desired, I know not

how it may be better obtained than by a direct study of the man himself, since he was not only the apostle and advocate, but also the embodiment and manifesto of his own type of culture. Arnold having said that Swift, who invented the phrase, "sweetness and light," was himself deficient in sweetness, there can be no impropriety in raising the question here whether the elements were so mixed in Arnold as to give the world assurance of exceptional sweetness. And we cannot proceed far with such an inquiry before we begin to feel that this apostle is not preeminently fitted for his mission.

To begin with, a deep, broad, generous love for men, as men, is wanting. Mere human nature was not dear to him and so he did not crave association with it. He never played the comrade with mankind; never brothered with the human race on a level; never marched in the ranks, touching elbows, but chose to sit up on the reviewing stand, representing inspectorship and authority. A cupatrid, eminently high-born, he kept himself aloft and aloof from the mass of men, standing always for the social and intellectual aristocracy, and wearing a patrician air. The circle of his acquaintance was intentionally narrow, and his friendships eclectically homogeneous. In his preferences and intercourse he belonged to that archaic provincial world where the fences are up. His prejudices bristled like a *cheval-de frise* between him and large classes of civilized and honorable men; and the tolerant largeness of a genuinely cosmopolitan spirit was all beyond him. Brunetière is by no means a fanatical moralist, yet such aloofness and alienation as Arnold manifests, Brunetière characterizes as "immoral." He pronounces art immoral to the extent of its isolating tendency; and observes that the effect of the over-refinement of the artist's æsthetic sensibilities is often to estrange him from his fellow men whom he habitually speaks of as "the crowd," "the herd." Even this French critic's moral sense feels such unbrotherliness to be anti-social, inhuman, immoral; and counts it a thing to be reprobated by civilized humanity when a man speaks harshly and contemptuously of a large body of his fellow citizens who are mostly conscientious and upright, kindly and benevolent, quite as respectable in every relation of life as he himself can be. This isolating tendency in Matthew Arnold's type of culture gives a taint of the inhuman and, Brunetière says, "of the immoral." Its evil spirit of disdain is like that which made Flaubert say in his correspondence with George Sand that the common people are always hateful. It reminds us of a certain Roman in the time of Nero, who

is said to have had a two-fold contempt for the crowd—first, as an æsthetic person; second, as an aristocrat.

Matthew Arnold's culture did not save him from giving now and then an impression of intellectual prudishness, dyspeptic daintiness, and if not effeminacy, at least a want of robustness. We cannot help wondering why a stalwart and bearded man, six feet high, should go about in the human crowd and crush, holding a handkerchief and a vinaigrette to his nostrils. We honestly think Arnold made an excessive display of his disgusts. Much of the time his nose was in the air and his facial expression like that worn by a stranger railroading across the Hackensack salt meadows when the train is opposite the fertilizer factory, and the traveler, ignorant of the nature and location of the cause, eyes his nearest fellow passengers, one by one, accusingly. He played to excess the part of a "Martyr of Disgust." Moreover, the frequent and unrestrained expression of his squeamish displeasure and dislikes seems to us to indicate a want of true refinement as well as lack of self-control. A bright woman is quoted as saying, "Mat. Arnold was not a masculine writer. He was too sweet for anything. He wanted even the Scriptures candied. He could not quote the Sermon on the Mount without adding syrup to it."

We all remember that this fastidious gentleman's worst *bête noir* was vulgarity. George Eliot once wrote: "If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of 'knowingness,' it is the air which it sometimes assumes of superiority to the vulgar." Now, this air and attitude were more fully developed and sustained in Matthew Arnold than in any other man of modern times. The abominable prevalence of vulgarity affected him like the presence of a loathsome and contagious disease. "Americans," he says, "have it horribly." Matthew Arnold says that he was sitting in his study one morning when the butler showed in an American lady and a small boy. The lady said: "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arnold. I have often heard of you. No, don't trouble to speak, sir! I know how valuable your time is!" Then, turning to the boy, she said, "This is him, Lenny, the leading critic and poet. Somewhat fleshier than we had been led to expect!" But there is a query wandering up and down this western land whether the lofty gentleman, who twice deigned to visit us, largely for lucre's sake, was so far exalted as he imagined above the average American or Briton. It is whispered in some places that his speech and manners were not always gentle, but sometimes quite rude. It is affirmed that, at a select dinner given

in his honor in a private house in one of our chief centers of culture, he was surly and petulant, finding fault even with the food set before him by his host. Certain it is that he impressed some refined and educated persons as being deficient in delicacy and good breeding. For particulars, inquire of the families of the Andover professors and a prominent publisher in Boston. In manners as in literature he fell short at times of that "good taste," which, in Lowell's admirable words, "is the conscience of the mind, as conscience is the good taste of the soul"; good taste being the sense of what is fit and therefore ought to be, and conscience being the sense of what ought to be and is therefore fit. Arnold's culture failed to give him the Christlike faculty of being sympathetically one with those whom he tried to correct and instruct. When Stuart Mill said he thought Bentham "almost entirely wanting in sympathy and imagination so that a very large proportion of the springs of human action were unknown or incomprehensible to him," a candid fellow Briton remarked that Mill himself closely resembled his master Bentham in lacking the imagination and sympathy which would enable him to understand human nature. And Arnold must be classed with Mill and Bentham in this respect, for he also was deficient in the sympathy which comprehends. All of them had little of the faculty emphasized in Charles Reade's great book Put Yourself in His Place, a faculty which is necessary to practical intelligence and leadership—as was illustrated in the fact that Cardinal Vaughan's lack of Cardinal Manning's intuitive sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men made it impossible for Vaughan to become anything more than the nominal primate of Romanism in Great Britain. It may be set down as an axiom that in the human and spiritual realm he who does not love cannot comprehend. Matthew Arnold, while thoroughly at home with the principalities and powers of literature, was not intimately acquainted with flesh and blood. That inseeing faculty, the imagination, was retained mostly in the service of his intellect and was but little at the disposal of his heart. Many and great have been the mistakes of a cold and self-sufficient intelligence, taking no account of that great sentimental human deep, whose mysterious currents of feeling set irresistibly along the coasts of life, and in which ineradicable instinctive convictions are in solution as salt is in the sea. Always the cold man is a deficient man, disqualified to appraise aright anything in human nature or human nature's universe. The heart when it is pure makes fewer mistakes than the mind. It is an error to suppose that coldness

and dryness, in the observer or in the atmosphere, insure correct vision, much less complete vision. The cold, dry air of purely intellectual regions is not free from refractions and reflections, distortions and phantasmic illusions; even on the icy Brocken there is a specter; even in the dry desert men see mirages. It is in the calm and the cool that science affects to pursue its search; but even the astronomer, aloft in the night-air on his tower, reckoning and registering the stars, is liable to see what is called "a ghost," and to report, as Struvé did in the case of Procyon's alleged companion-star, a world which is not there. His position is high and dry enough, the air is cold and quiet enough, his temper is sober and scientific enough; but he is deceived, and what he reports as a star is a mere appearance, due to an interior flaw in the lens, or a reflection on the surface of the glass, or a drop of dew like a tear in the telescope's eye. It is on a cold temper and a dry unemotional atmosphere that scepticism for the most part frames its doubts and denials, yet it misses the facts often, and wanders away after delusions. The stoniest and frostiest sceptic regarding orthodox religion whom I ever knew fell an easy prey to the spiritualists, turned his home into a bedlam with midnight séances, spirit-rappings and table-tippings, till his wife and two of his children went raving crazy with horror of the pseudo-supernatural, victims of the crass ignorance and raw credulity of unbelief.

But most of all, it is in judging of and dealing with human nature and life that the cool, unsympathetic critic, looking through the dry air of pride or indifference, is sure to miss the mark and be self-deceived. The windows through which such a man looks out on life are so frosted by the temperature within that he cannot see clearly. A man of acute and ambitious mind, linked with an ungenerous soul, will come to mean conclusions and deal unfairly with his kind. Matthew Arnold's inability to comprehend men impairs the value of many of his opinions. Unable to judge justly, his verdicts were often unduly harsh. While there is no warrant for going the length of the French saying, "To know all is to pardon all," yet assuredly, in order to equitable judgment, one must have not only knowledge of the facts, but ability to comprehend the nature of the case and the actors therein; and in order to do justly it is necessary to love mercy as well as to walk humbly before God. Misjudging his fellow men, underestimating their qualities and capabilities, Arnold distrusted their competency, their judgment, their motives; lacking faith in what Tennyson finely calls "the common-sense of most."

From the facts above noted, it follows inevitably that Arnold's influence was small and his endeavors mostly ineffectual with the classes he took to task and scolded and tried to educate—the puritans, dissenters, evangelicals, middle-classes, and so on through the whole range of his well-nigh catholic antipathies. Intellectual superiority without sympathy is powerless to uplift the thoughts, broaden the views, or awaken convictions in the minds of men. In the nature of things, a critic whose appreciations are lukewarm and his indignations scorching hot, who writes upon the epidermis of his respectable neighbors with a pencil of lunar caustic, and whose irony might almost peel the skin from an Egyptian mummy, will not be an influential teacher, nor a persuasive leader, nor a successful reformer, however eloquently he may lecture on the supreme importance of persuasiveness and charm. And a culture inspired by fastidiousness of taste, made up of delicate predilections and sniffing prejudices, ruled by aristocratic affinities, which cut a man off from his brethren and alienate him from the human mass; a culture which stands aloof from common life and extends its favors at the end of a pole; a culture which manifests, as Emily Dickinson phrases it, "a refined horror of freckled human nature"; a culture which offensively obtrudes its own superiority, and uses a tone of impatience which means, "You stupid creatures, you ought to be cultivated, but you're not, and I almost despair of making you so; O cursed spite that ever I was born to set you right!"—the faintest suspicion of such an attitude and spirit is enough to make any culture obnoxious and offensive to those whom its intrusions vex and its supercilious airs exasperate. And the culture which Arnold preached as an improvement on current Christianity had enough of this tone and temper to make the futility and failure of his apostleship stand as a warning to dainty and aristocratic preachers and teachers for all time to come.

As to the personal temper and disposition of our apostle of sweetness, Mr. Gladstone observed in him, instead of exceptional charm and persuasiveness, a querulous disposition, "a spirit of objection," "an ungovernable bias toward finding fault." And the same trait was in Louis Stevenson's mind when, at his Samoan refuge in the soft air of the South Pacific, his own fragile life hanging by a slender and fast-fraying thread, Stevenson received the news that Matthew Arnold had suddenly gone to meet his Maker, and then, with reverent seriousness, said slowly and gently, "I'm sorry for

Arnold; he won't like God"—shrewdest and most trenchant comment ever made on our modern Professor of the Gentle Art of Finding Fault. Even the most amiable of Arnold's contemporaries were annoyed by his censorious magisterial manner as he went stalking about through Christendom in austere perpendicularity with the air of a displeased school inspector, and with such general reluctance to approve as recalls Sydney Smith's thrust at Jeffrey, when he told Jeffrey to his face that he would expect him to condemn the solar system—"badly lighted, planets too distant, pestered with comets, feeble contrivance—could make a better myself with great ease."

Arnold seems to have said within himself, "Go to; the world is my school-house; I will straightway instruct mankind." And it is difficult to refrain from thinking him a victim of "the Great Teacher conceit," to which the Saturday Review referred when, in characterizing the degenerate, pessimistic cynic, Nordau, it called him "a self-assertive, overbearing, conceited creature, bitten by the Great Teacher mania," and added that "self-conceit and obstinate self-assertion have been common phenomena in the professed Great Teachers since the beginning of things." Certain it is that Matthew Arnold had the propensities of a pedagogue in an exaggerated degree. In season and out of season he lectured mankind as if they were his pupils and he their natural and necessary instructor. Alfred Austin noticed that "Arnold frowned even in his very earliest verse, frowned as a teacher might who thinks he has discovered that everything is going amiss in the school it is his mission to conduct." Habitually he wears a pedagogic scowl, and the air of his school-house is jarred by sharp reprimands and frequent whacks of the ferule. He puts the fool's cap on most of his scholars, and reminds us of Cable's nervous schoolmaster who, when a dull class was reciting, after sending one pupil after another to the tail of the class, at last exclaimed in a burst of hysterical impatience, "Ze whole class go to ze foot." Herbert Spencer often apologized for his own extremely critical and exacting disposition by attributing it to the fact that he came of a race of schoolmasters. "A schoolmaster," he said, "is always correcting or finding fault with somebody."

It may be said that Matthew Arnold, being the son of the great master of Rugby, came naturally enough by his pedagogic habit of mind; but between father and son there was a noticeable difference. Thomas Arnold's school-mastering, whatever his personal defects, was manifestly impelled by love and flooded with sympathy. This

did two things—it gave him an intuitive understanding of those whom he taught, for love, far from being blind, is the only Argus with a hundred eyes to see everything that is worth seeing; and also it drew his pupils to him in fond confidence and held them fast in bonds of reverent affection. For an authentic picture of Arnold, senior, we can desire nothing better than is given in young Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's letters written home from Rugby, which tells of Thomas Arnold's thanking the boys with happy tears in his eyes at the close of a semester, for the way they had done their work, and putting so much strong tenderness into his last sermons that the students could see his words were meant for some who were going away and especially for one boy whose moral welfare he was very anxious about; and being so moved while delivering an ordinary sermon on a common occasion in Rugby chapel that his voice failed him, and closing abruptly, he bent down his head in the pulpit and sobbed like a child. The boy Stanley, under the effect of that sermon, wrote home to his sister, "I never saw anything that gave me more an idea of an inspired man. . . . He is certainly the very best preacher I ever heard or could wish to hear." We are not aware that the younger and severer Arnold had a heart capable of melting like that; and we cannot help wishing that we could find flowing down the slope of his school-mastering, making it verdurous and bloomy, a little rill of that tenderness which welled copiously from the sweet fountains of his father's soul; if only he had beamed with genial warmth upon his fellow-men—how much more we could have loved him! Better for a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve than to leave his fellowmen in doubt whether he has any.

Matthew himself felt and wrote correctly that what made his father great was "that he was not only a good man, saving his own soul by righteousness, but that he carried so many others with him in his hand and saved them, if they would let him, along with himself"; a saying which recalls to us the saintly old preacher in Jean Ingelow's "Brothers and A Sermon," so "anxious not to go to heaven alone." It was because such things were not wanting in the kindlier, warmer, and more cordial Arnold that his influence was so wide and so subduing, and that the son, when in America, found, as he says, his "father's memory a living power still in that New Hampshire community at Dartmouth College," as he might also have found it in many another institution in this western land. Nothing is more certain than that a querulous and scolding teacher, minister, or mis-

sionary is foredoomed to failure. When a man imagines himself to be an illuminator, a burning and a shining light and a diffuser of fragrance, a perfumed pastille burning in the House of Life, his notion is negatived and his mission nullified if his personality exudes an acrid humor and his effluence is as smoke to the eyes and as vinegar to the teeth.

That master-critic, Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan, rightly says: "The surest proof of a critic's ability is to be found in his verdicts upon his contemporaries." Dr. Noah Porter, of Yale, noted that John Stuart Mill's cold, self-centered, and unsympathetic temper showed itself especially in his depreciatory estimates of most of his contemporaries. This same unsympathetic spirit is similarly manifested by our apostle of sweetness in his harsh comment upon not a few men most distinguished in the literature of his time both in England and in America. Such comments abound in his volume, Friendship's Garland, in which numerous persons are characterized in such a way as leads John Burroughs to call it "a garland made up mainly of nettles"; a fair sample being this garland of nettles for the brow of Mr. Sala: "He blends the airy epicureanism of the *salons* of Augustus with the full-bodied gayety of our English cider-cellar." When a new volume of *Modern Painters* appeared, the author of "Sweetness and Light" commented on Ruskin thus: "The man and his character too febrile, irritable, and weak to allow him to possess the *ordo concatenatioque veri*." When Arnold's sister told him he was becoming as dogmatic as Ruskin, Arnold answered that the difference between them was that Ruskin was dogmatic and *wrong*. Even toward Tennyson his tone is almost contemptuous. He feels but slight interest in the Laureate's work, he says, and his conviction is firm that Tennyson will not finally take a high rank in literature. With his usual chivalrous magnanimity he once wrote, "I do not think Tennyson a great or powerful spirit in any line; the real truth is he is deficient in intellectual power." But while he put a low estimate on Tennyson, he evidently regarded himself as a superior intellectual and literary force, for, as the Evening Post once said, Arnold always "analyzed his own poetical powers and prospects with undisguised self-respect." It is perfectly plain that he thought himself Tennyson's superior as a thinker and a poet. No wonder Tennyson, on being asked if he would like to have Matthew Arnold invited to a London dinner party that was being arranged for, answered that he "didn't much like dining with

gods." The Fortnightly said editorially: "Arnold believed himself both a poet and prose-writer of the first rank. He said more than once: 'Tennyson has no ideas, Browning's are hidden under scoriæ; *my* poems are of gold, seven times refined.' In this self-estimate he was mistaken. He was rather a poet of distilled distinction and sterilized cultivation than of inspiration, passion, and power. By intellect shall no man storm heaven: the great of heart alone do that."

Arnold's self-reverence exceeded his self-knowledge, and reminds us of Zangwill's humorous saying that, "the way Mr. Stead believes in himself is quite refreshing in these atheistic times when some men believe in no god at all." It is undeniable that Matthew Arnold manifested the temper and temperature which made London society nickname Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) "The cool of the evening," and which made an irreverent wag say of Dr. Thompson, master of Trinity College, "He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?" Arnold's coldness never seemed more heartless than in the hour when all England was startled by Thackeray's being found dead in bed the morning before Christmas, 1863. In that very hour, under the first shock of the tidings, the great apostle of sweetness wrote, with spiteful promptitude, his immediate and almost only word concerning the still uncoffined dead, "I cannot say that I thoroughly liked him, and he is not, to my thinking, a great writer." A thorny sprig, indeed, without flower or even leaf, to fling on the breast of a corpse still almost warm enough to bleed—a tribute frosty enough to hasten the *rigor mortis*.

A subsequent recrudescence of genuine Arnoldian sweetness was in W. E. Henley's sneer at the deepening seriousness and religiousness which marked Louis Stevenson's closing years at Samoa, when Henley, on whose sickness and loneliness Stevenson had once bestowed no little tenderness, wrote, "The Samoan Stevenson is too self-righteous a beast for me." The man who could perpetrate that over his dead friend should be sentenced to live with himself, alone, forever. He showed himself less noble than Stevenson, and Florence Earl Coates is right in her verses:

> **Had Henley died, his course half run—**
> **Had Henley died, and Stevenson**
> **Been left on earth, of him to write,**
> **He would have chosen to indite**
> **His name in generous phrase—or none.**

Ah, well! at rest—poor Stevenson!—
Safe in our hearts his place is won.
There love shall still his love requite:
His faults divinely veiled from sight,
Whose tears had fallen in benison,
Had Henley died!

Arnold similarly endeared himself to his American contemporaries by the way in which he caressed them with his claws. Concerning James Russell Lowell's brilliant and triumphant address at Birmingham, in 1884, on "Democracy," which forced the admiration of aristocratic England, and was loudly praised even by the London Times, Arnold remarked with entire absence of enthusiasm, "I feel the want of body and current in the discourse as a whole."

In one of his Essays, Arnold, with characteristic suavity and moderation, had referred to Henry Ward Beecher as "a heated barbarian." Years afterward, when he heard Mr. Beecher in his own pulpit in Brooklyn, the Plymouth Church preacher was so decorous that Arnold thought he must have been on his good behavior that morning—perhaps constrained by the presence of so formidable a critic. And that same Sunday, in the afternoon, he wrote home to his sister: "Ward Beecher told me that I had taught him much; that he had read my rebukes of him, too, and that they had done him good. Nothing could be in better taste than what he said." Arnold's habit of harping on good taste appearing in this connection, recalls what Victor Hugo wrote to Lacoussade, "Those who talk most about taste in these days are the people who have least of it." Such high commendation of Beecher's taste as was bestowed by the nineteenth century's chief prelector on taste might have made the Brooklyn pastor regard it as a boon had he been permitted to survive his critic and to read in Arnold's published Letters the patronizing praise from his self-complacent English auditor; although, after reading it, the lion of Plymouth pulpit might scratch his humble head and try to remember what it was that Lowell wrote about "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

When Max Müller, who knew Arnold well, tells us that "he could be very patronizing," we have no difficulty in believing it. Nor can we wonder much when Leslie Stephen, in his Studies of a Biographer, speaking of Arnold, with whom he was personally intimate, and noting some of his sharp sayings, writes: "I confess that on several trying occasions in my life I have wished that I had a

little sweetness and light in me, so that I, too, might be able to say nasty things about my enemies." And yet the sweet gentleman, whose friends talk thus about him, strenuously emphasized to his contemporaries the beauty of urbanity, the necessity of cultivating persuasiveness and charm, and at Oxford they still talk of his "sweet reasonableness." He is the same man whose graces evoked from one admirer the effusive statement that "only a thousand years of England could produce an Arnold"; the same man in whom, Canon Farrar said, we behold "The sum of fair six thousand years' traditions of civility." There are circles still where the name of Matthew Arnold is sacrosanct, where criticism of him is sacrilege, and his image is set up as an ikon for adulation and osculation.

Arnold tells us that, in a day when Bentham was loudly cried up as the renovator of modern society, whose ideas ought to guide and govern the future, he—Arnold—read in Bentham's Deontology Bentham's depreciation of the wisdom of Socrates and Plato; and, from the moment of reading that, Arnold was delivered from the possibility of being in mental bondage to Bentham; he felt, he says, the inadequacy of Bentham's mind for supplying to human society any wise and perfect rule. In like manner, when we read Arnold's disparagement of such men as Ruskin and Tennyson, Thackeray, Lowell, and the rest, we lose whatever confidence we may have had in Arnold's wisdom, fair-mindedness, discernment, sense, sanity, and good taste.

John Foster knew some people whose "sensibilities were a mere bundle of aversions." He would have found in Arnold a person whose antipathies, predominating over his sympathies, bristled against entire classes of his fellow men like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

His most vehement and vociferous antipathy is toward the Middle Class. Much to the marring of page 35 of the essay on "Sweetness and Light," he repeats the phrase "middle class" eight times in a space of nineteen lines, reprobating "middle class liberalism," "middle class parliaments," "middle class vestries," "middle class industrialists," "middle class dissent," and "middle class Protestantism."

Everything "middle class" is repulsive. He dislikes Cobden because he is a representative of the middle class, and Hepworth Dixon's literary style because it is "middle class Macaulayese." He is disgusted, he says, at "the immense vulgar-mindedness and real inferiority of the English middle class." But probably Kipling is nearer the truth when he says in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," that "God has arranged that a clean-run youth of the British middle

class shall, in the matter of backbone, brains, and bowels, surpass all other youths." It is in the middle class mostly that Arnold finds the British "Philistine," whom he despises, abhors, and unmercifully belabors. One of the worst things which he finds in the middle class is their *Dissentingness,* which is to Arnold as the noisome pestilence. He speaks of a certain daily newspaper as being "a true reflexion of the rancor of Protestant Dissent in alliance with all the vulgarity, meddlesomeness and grossness of the British multitude." Stopford Brooke says, "Arnold almost hated Non-conformists." His haughty *ex cathedra* tone toward Dissenters is worthy of the Pope of Rome, toward whom, by the way, it is clear, he feels more tolerance and affiliation. His writings make us certain that he would rather be a Papist than a Congregationalist, Presbyterian, or Methodist. From an aristocratic club-house in London he writes to his mother, "I mean to deliver the middle class out of the hands of their dissenting ministers." Whether he means to deliver them over to the Anglican Establishment or to the deputy-deity on the Tiber or to his own Church of Modern Culture of which he was the self-elected pontiff, he does not intimate, and we are left to conjecture. Once, for a wonder, he so far forgets his intolerance as to recognize a superior and saving value in the influence of Dissenters, when, speaking of Oxford University, he expresses the hope that "the infusion of Dissenters' sons, of that muscular, hard-working, unblasé class—for this it is," he says, "spite of its abominable disagreeableness—may brace the flaccid sinews of Oxford a little." Can it be that the soft, luxurious, and blasé circles of aristocratic culture need to be and can be braced by an infusion of intellectual robustness, moral decision, and active energy from the ranks of the Dissenters? Arnold had to concede it, and we incline to agree with him when we look on the one side at the general intellectual impotence and sterility of the dainty and self-indulgent classes, and on the other at the range of mental virility, fecundity, and force included between Herbert Spencer and Rudyard Kipling, both hereditary products of one section of Dissenters, the Wesleyan Methodists; and again, when we hear W. Robertson Nicoll reporting that, by the general testimony of book-sellers, the Nonconformists are the great book-buyers of England; and yet again, when we hear one of the most eminent publishers in London saying that he sometimes thinks there is scarcely anything vital and powerful in the English life of to-day that has not proceeded from some Nonconformist home. But in spite of all this, the cult of modern culture still apes Arnold's Anglican

cant even in America, where there is least excuse for it. In criticizing a popular drama William Winter used this acrid phrase, "the stoniest Dissenter that ever soured the milk in an English middle-class household," in which expression, if it was meant seriously, we got the true Arnoldian flavor of puckery green-persimmon juice.

Arnold's antipathy toward Dissenters extends also to all *Evangelicals,* Anglican as well as nonconformist, the Evangelicals outside the Anglican body differing in his esteem from those inside only, as the old Edinburgh Review said, in the "finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy," and, as Arnold would add, in somewhat direr degrees of disagreeableness. His dislike of Evangelicals made him call Bunyan "a Philistine seer," an epithet which strikes Professor Woodberry as containing more vinegar and darkness than sweetness and light. Such an evangelical as Lord Ashley, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was to Arnold an obnoxious type—Shaftesbury, the churchman who consorted in the unity of the spirit and the bonds of love with Spurgeon and Moody for the saving of the multitudes—Shaftesbury, the nobleman, who spent himself and his wealth for the poor and the vicious, the friendless and the oppressed—Shaftesbury, whose great heart exulted with holy joy, in his honored old age, in being able to say, "In thirty years we have taken 120,000 waifs and strays off the streets of London and found honest employment and decent homes for them"—Shaftesbury, whose inexpressibly beautiful and immeasurably beneficent life-work poured floods of light and sweetness into uncounted thousands of dark and embittered lives in regions which never saw the face nor so much as knew the name of Matthew Arnold—Shaftesbury, the ardent Evangelical, who so manifestly belonged to the glorious company of the apostles of Christ-like sweetness that to say his very garments smelled of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, from the ivory palaces of the King of Love, is something more than rhetoric. Pusey said, "We love the Evangelicals because they love our Lord"; but Arnold thrust out his tongue and threw his spear at whole multitudes of devout people who fervently loved the Lord, and who, by his own concession, "had strongly loved religion, which is indeed the most lovable of all things." It is as probable that in some instances his arrogant self-conceit caused him to despise his spiritual superiors as it is certain that his arrows were sometimes sharp in the hearts of the King's friends. This apostle of sweetness and light accused evangelical religion of lacking sweetness and light, beauty and intelligence. And if we may take a particular manifesta-

tion of evangelical religion, it seems not improper to say that doubtless if he had lived in the days of Wesley, he would have emptied the vials of his scorn on the startling and phenomenal religious revival which then swept over England; but the impartial historian J. R. Green, looking back, sees in that memorable evangelical revival an unparalleled outburst, a divine apocalypse of sweetness and light—a light, rich in calorific, actinic, and vivific rays—a sweetness which, wherever it was admitted, banished the bitterness of pride from the hearts of the haughty and the bitterness of envious hatred from the hearts of the lowly, turning the palatial home of Lady Huntingdon into a public house of prayer and washing the grimy faces of colliers clean with their own streaming tears of repentance. Surely that was a radiant and fragrant time, when, in the fine words of Fletcher, "Practical Religion, leaning on her fair daughters, Truth and Love, took a solemn walk through the Kingdom and gave a foretaste of Heaven to all that entertained her." The historian Green, not a Wesleyan, after speaking of the marvelous moral and spiritual illumination brought to the entire life of England by that mighty and blessed awakening, says, as if with Arnold's favorite phrase in mind, "Charles Wesley came to add sweetness to this sudden startling light." Certain it is that the joyous spirit which inspired the songful soul of Charles Wesley did cause that bright new day to ring with choral gladness, making then and ever since a sweeter music to the sad hearts of sinful and weary men than could all the old philosophies that ever sang on Argive heights; and the sacred poetry of that hallowed, wonderful time has carried more sweetness to the lives of millions in all lands and in all communions than the whole of Arnold's poetry and prose. The hymnals of all churches, from then till now, recognize the perennial sweetness of "the Wesleyan hymns which," as James Freeman Clarke, a Unitarian, has said, spring pure and transparent like some divine water out of the ground of Christian experience."

From the eighteenth century until the twentieth, is it not the liberating, purifying, elevating, and enlightening influence of evangelical Christianity, rather than any fastidious aristocratic culture, which has made possible the sound intellectual as well as the wholesome moral life of modern English civilization, as surely as the warm gulf-stream washing England's coasts makes possible its physical life? Indeed, the so-called culture which assumes to criticize evangelical Christianity owes itself, its training, and its critical ability largely to

the purifying and ennobling influence of that mighty spiritual revival which it disparages.

Matthew Arnold's mind was too narrow to take in the magnitude and meaning of that vast Evangelical Movement in England which began with Wesley, affected ultimately the whole Anglican Church, made a better Britain, and largely determined the religious character of the United States. In that epochal movement he saw nothing momentous or enlarging or educative or refining. Yet three years after Arnold's death the London Spectator, affiliated largely with the Established Church, printed a full-page editorial upon John Wesley and the Wesleyan Church, and ended its eulogy thus: "There is yet another aspect of Wesleyanism which deserves to be noted, and for which it deserves our special respect. The Wesleyans are, and always have been, among the greatest and best of educators, and, what is more, educators of the spirit. . . . Wesley seems, indeed, to have been able to impress upon his often rude and unlettered followers from the very beginning something of his own fine temperament. Wesley, whatever may have been the defects of his natural temperament, was always and at all times a scholar and a gentleman, and the essentials of those characteristics have clung to the body he founded. A temper of sweetness and light, of wideness and yet earnestness, such as must always mark the scholar and the gentleman, belongs to the best Wesleyans, and to the society as a whole. . . . We have great cause to glory in Wesleyan activity and vitality, and be thankful for it. Truly England's debt to Wesleyanism is a great one, not merely spiritually and morally, but even politically—for it was well said that but for John Wesley we should hardly have escaped the contagion of the French Revolution. In the present and in the future as in the past, we may thank God for John Wesley."

In like spirit and to like effect, Professor Goldwin Smith, a scholar of critical and skeptical judgment, yet of historical knowledge, said in one of his latest years: "The religious crusade of John Wesley was among the strongest apologetic and defensive forces, being a practical vindication of Christianity because a demonstration of its power"; and that Wesley's Church had the advantage of being "born, not like the other Protestant bodies, in doctrinal controversy, but in evangelical reaction against the impiety and vice of the ages." He also said that in the nineteenth century, when German philosophy and criticism of the Bible invaded England, and Milman's History of the Jews appeared, minimizing miracles and treating Old Testament

history and personages in the same spirit as if they were ordinary and merely secular, then the English Evangelicals (chief among whom were the Wesleyans), with "their inward persuasion of conversion and spiritual union with the Saviour" as well as the Quakers with their inner light, were really beyond the reach of the critics, the secularizing historians, and the rationalizing philosophers. The foundations of the evangelical faith, Goldwin Smith clearly perceived, were too deep to be affected by any form of outside skeptical assault; the forces of disintegration could not touch them, never will be able to reach them; they are deeply buried in the soul and rest upon the Rock of Ages. Professor Smith further said that "the main support of orthodox Protestantism in the United States now is Methodism, which, by the perfection of its organization, combining strong ministerial authority with a democratic participation of all members in the active service of the church, has so far not only held its own, but enlarged its borders and increased its power;" though he forecasts the diminution of its spiritual influence if "the time comes when the fire of enthusiasm grows cold and class-meetings lose their fervor."

Arnold disliked the Puritans as heartily as he disapproved the Wesleyans. In his view Puritanism was the prison in which the spirit of the English people was locked up for two hundred years. But such a spirit toward the Puritans is out of date. It might have fitted the period following the Restoration, when, as Macaulay tells us, the Puritans were so unpopular that the "wits of fine gentlemen," in circles of aristocratic culture, tried out of sheer spite to shock the sensitive Puritan soul by swearing huge bawdy oaths and uttering ribaldry foul enough to shame a scullion or a Billingsgate fishmonger. But surely Arnold's misconception and repugnance are conspicuously out of place in our modern day, when quite another reading of history and a different discrimination of merit are taking the Puritan out of the pillory and giving him credit for his great qualities, including his superb ideality and his heroic purpose to make the will of God prevail. We have reached the day when theologians like Fairbairn claim that the Puritan "had an imagination capable of turning the highest ideals into the realities of his own life"; when musical critics like Krehbiel credit the Puritan with fine sensibilities and noble tastes; and when the debt of literature to Puritanism is emphasized by so un-Puritanic a journal as the London *Spectator*, which says, "If the essential Puritan spirit, the spirit which exalts the clean, the pure, the upright elements in human nature, were withdrawn from English

literature, there would not be very much left worth reading—nothing left which could inspire as well as delight."

It is now being pointed out that Milton's organ music rolled its thunder forth from a soul made solemn and grand by Puritan ideals and principles. And the Spectator, referring to the Shakespearean drama, adds that "behind the mask of Shakespeare's imperturbable brow is the same spirit of which Milton himself, the spiritual and ascetic Puritan, is made." When John Ruskin died the same journal argued that he, the greatest modern master of affluent, rhythmic, stately, and illumined prose, was on one side of his nature "hewn out of the granite rock of Puritanism"; which accounts for the fact that his first concern was ever with God's kingdom and righteousness, while his conception of that righteous kingdom was wide and ideal, without sordidness or narrowness. And in Robert Browning, Professor Dowd sees the perfect exemplification of the spirit of Puritanism in its amplest, richest, and ripest fruitage. Such are some of the valuations which the fair appraisals of to-day put upon the long disparaged Puritans.

Indeed, it might be shown that Arnold himself is, in his strongest qualities, a product of the Puritan spirit which he thinks he abhors. Whence come his own lofty seriousness, his austere devotion to his high ideals, his stringent self-discipline, his study of the habits and requirements of the Power which makes for righteousness, his burden of spirit to rectify with plain words and a fearless, unhesitating hand what he thought wrong—whence is all this derived if not essentially from the high and earnest soul of the Puritan? It may be taken for granted that this æsthetic critic, who so abhorred the Puritans, would not have regarded Jonathan Edwards as an apostle of sweetness and light, nor the great spiritual awakening under him as a manifestation thereof. Yet Edwards, notwithstanding his rather stern theology, had noble and beautiful ideals of human perfection and tried to fill the world with the beauty of holiness, which he described as follows: "Holiness appeared to me to be of a sweet, calm, pleasant, charming, serene nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul; in other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant fruits and flowers, all delightful and undisturbed, enjoying a sweet calm and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun." The literary style of this extract from Edwards would be sharply rasped down by Arnold's critical file, but for radiant loveliness its description of

inward felicity and perfectness is not matched by any achievement or ideal of ancient Hellenism or modern Arnoldian culture.

No review of the range of Arnold's contempt for the want of intelligence and refinement which he alleges to exist among the pious is complete until it recognizes that this disdain extended beyond dissenters, evangelicals, and Puritans, even to universal bounds; for he actually proclaims the inferiority of the religious class as a whole, distinctly characterizing "the religious world" as "a second best public" in comparison with "the aristocratical world," which this rather snobbish aspirant for aristocratic associations assiduously courted.

After all this, Americans can hardly be surprised at finding some of the British censor's disapprovals directed against themselves. Fixing his eye upon the beginnings of our history, he indicates his dislike of the Pilgrim Fathers, and expresses his opinion that if Virgil and Shakespeare had sailed with the party on the Mayflower, those choice spirits would have found the Pilgrims most intolerable company. This is simply attributing to Shakespeare and Virgil, long dead and quite defenseless against such imposition, his own private sentiments; sentiments which, we fancy, would have been heartily and unanimously reciprocated toward Arnold by the Pilgrim Fathers if that hypercritical and persistent fault-finder had been on board.

Early in his life Matthew Arnold put down with a sharp pen the personal confession that he had little feeling of soul-relationship with the Americans, and his belief that the feeling of kinship with us does not exist at all among the higher classes of England. When from the shores of the old Mother Country, seat of an empire of a thousand years, he sought our "modern coasts whose riper times are yet to be," he found us not to his æsthetic liking—too raw and crude, too rough and recent—and frankly told us so. He noted nothing of spiritual significance in our life, but remarked upon our "radicalness, dissentingness, and general mixture of self-assertion and narrowness," in which we resemble the British middle class, so distressingly offensive to him. Indeed, he regards us as worse than that class, for the civilization of America as a whole is, he says, "distinctly inferior to that of Europe," and our life, as compared with life in England, is "uninteresting, without savor, and without depth." In particular he went from us feeling that "the badness and ignobleness of American newspapers is beyond belief." In a Chicago newspaper Arnold found the following description of himself: "He has harsh

features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eye-glass and ill-fitting clothes." It is said that on returning to his own country he went to see Mrs. Proctor. "What did the Americans say of you?" asked she. "They said two things," replied Arnold; "that my clothes did not fit, and that I was conceited." "Well," said the dear old lady, "I'm sure it wasn't true about your clothes." Of our Lincoln this "*distinguished*" Briton spoke with something resembling disdain. He saw only the furrowed face, gaunt form, and ill-fitting clothes, and said, "He is not *distinguished*," having previously said of our Washington, "He is not *distinguished* as was Pericles or Caesar."

We have taken a sweeping survey of the range of Arnold's well-nigh catholic antipathies, and seen how his prejudices bristled like a *cheval-de-frise* between him and large classes of his fellow men—how he regarded as obnoxious or inferior the Americans, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans, all evangelicals and all non-conformists; indeed, the entire body of religious people—and, most of all, the British "middle class." We have observed the tartness of his temper, and his ungenerous judgments upon his distinguished contemporaries. We have examined in him the peculiar type of culture which he advocated, inculcated and embodied. We trust our analysis of the man, his mission, and his method does not seem unfair, and that no one will say of it, as Gladstone said of Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning, that it "left nothing for the Day of Judgment."

One thing more must be said of Arnold's apostolate. It is not possible for us to leave this subject without noting one fatal omission which mars Arnold's discussion of Ideals of Perfection and dooms his whole scheme for promoting the formation of spirit and character. His famous essay on Sweetness and Light, which treats of the true ideal of human perfectness, takes texts from Epictetus the Roman stoic and also from Swift, but none from St. Paul or St. John; names Virgil and Shakespeare as "souls in whom sweetness and light were eminent"; mentions Abelard in the Middle Ages, and Lessing and Herder in their later time as teachers who aided humanity toward perfection because they "worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light"; but nowhere in all the forty-seven pages of that elaborate essay on symmetrical human loveliness does Arnold quote or even name the One supreme embodiment of sweetness and light, the One transcendently potential Person who has done more to illumine and beautify the world, to cleanse impurity, sanify insanity, refine vul-

garity, and soften asperity—to make reason and the will of God prevail—than all the sages of all the ages.

From his very cradle this son of Thomas Arnold was taught to adore the One faultless Character, and to imitate the One perfect Pattern. How could he omit from his study of Perfection the great Teacher and Exemplar who said, "Be ye perfect," and who held up before men the most sublime ideals ever lifted to inspire the human soul? Was Jesus Christ not worthy to be considered as an authority upon human perfection, or did He not even stand in any way related to the subject in Arnold's mind?

The real, though unintended, effect of such omissions of Christ's name is only to make Him the more conspicuous. We read that on a certain day in Rome, when twenty illustrious families were represented in a notable procession, the spectators noticed with surprise that two citizens of conspicuous eminence and specially related to that particular occasion, were excluded. The annals of Tacitus tell us that these absent ones were uppermost in every mind and their names were upon all tongues by reason of the public wonder excited by their absence. In like manner is the primacy of Jesus as the supreme authority and exemplar of human perfection accentuated and re-proclaimed by Arnold's strange omission of His name.

To omit mention of Christ was the greater unfairness because the light which illumined Arnold's own vision of Perfection really came from Palestine more than from Hellas. That this fledgeling of the Rugby nest should conceive any ideal of human perfection which did not, even if unconsciously to himself, derive its beauty and dignity far more from the Christianity in which he was nursed and immersed than from pagan Greece, whose story he had read in books and the fragments of whose art he had beheld, was practically impossible.

The family coat of arms of Pope Leo XIII (the Pecci family) consists of a strip of green earth on which is a tree and a breadth of blue sky in which is a star. The light of that single star is palpably insufficient to explain the visibility and color of that picture. The bright greenness of earth and tree and even the bright blueness of the sky would not show so by mere starlight. The picture's own brightness compels us to infer an unincluded sun, just out of sight beyond the borders of the picture, from whose shining the strip of earth and sky must receive most of the light which makes them bright and clear. No mere star—not Sirius at his brilliantest nor

Jupiter in his utmost splendor—could show such clear outlines and strong colors. Nothing less than sunlight can explain such a vivid picture of earth and sky. In the essay on "Sweetness and Light," Matthew Arnold paints us what may be called the coat of arms of the Family of the Perfect, the earth and the sky of it purporting to be lit by one solitary star—the star of Hellenic culture. But that star is not enough to explain his picture's brightness, which simply compels us to suppose the shining on it of a larger luminary than that re-burnished Grecian star. And the unincluded luminary, which Mr. Arnold omits to mention and fails to frame into his essay, but whose light really lies on his vision of Perfection, is none other than the Sun, the Sun of Righteousness, the Lord our Saviour, blessed and only Potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords, who is the Light of the world and the Sweetness of the earth, "Worthy at all times of worship and wonder," in speaking of whom we borrow for our homage Caponsacchi's joyous words:

> **The glory of life, the beauty of the world, the splendor of heaven!**
> **Do I speak ambiguously? The glory, I say, and the beauty, I say,**
> **And the splendor, still say I.**

To guard again against being misunderstood we reiterate at the end what we said at the beginning of this writing, that our sole intention here has been to estimate the value of a particular type of culture and the fitness of its foremost representative to the apostolate he undertook.

It were easy to deliver a eulogy upon Arnold's character and life, his purity of motive, his sincerity and candor, his laborious devotion to fine ideals. Often our thoughts delight to rest on Arnold at his best, as in these lines about the city missionary, entitled "East London":

> **'Twas August and the fierce sun over head**
> **Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,**
> **And the pale weaver, through his window seen**
> **In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.**
>
> **I met a preacher there I knew, and said:**
> **"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"**
> **"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been**
> **Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread.*"**
>
> **O human soul! as long as thou canst so**
> **Set up a mark of everlasting light,**
> **Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,**

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

We add the noblest lines of "Rugby Chapel" addressed to his father's spirit:

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
. . . . . .
If in the paths of the world
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful and helpful and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

Matthew Arnold was the noble son of a nobler sire, from whose high faith he fell. His culture was of such a type as brings men toward agnosticism and tinges life and literature with gloom and hopelessness. Early in the son's career his father expressed to Lord Coleridge serious misgivings about the lack of any evangelical spirit in Matthew's writings. How grieved Arnold of Rugby would have been had he lived to hear his son say he was going to observe Christmas Day "because the Incarnation was a myth of purity refining to family life." Though doubtless Thomas Arnold would be comforted could he know that his boy, at the end of life and on its very last day, was overheard repeating to himself, while descending the stairs in a friend's house, that fervid, humble, and adoring hymn of the Evangelical Faith:

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.

THE ARENA

THE IMPETUS GIVEN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT BY THE EUROPEAN WAR

"We are fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink. And as far as I can see the greatest of these deadly foes is drink." This striking declaration formed a part of Mr. Lloyd George's reply to a deputation of shipbuilders who waited upon him recently in London and presented facts, startling in character, showing how the habit of drinking was seriously interfering with the output of war materials, and urging upon the Government the necessity of immediate and drastic action. The words of the Chancellor were immediately flashed to the four corners of the earth; were placarded everywhere as if he had revealed to the world some new, startling truth. What he said, and what the war has emphasized, has been known and taught by Temperance Reformers for many a year. Was it not the same truth which William Ewart Gladstone emphasized years ago when he told us that strong drink was more destructive to human life than famine, pestilence, or war; that indeed it exacted a heavier toll than all three put together?

Yes, we knew the truth; but it required a calamity—a life and death struggle—a sanguinary combat of a magnitude unprecedented in the world's history—to lay this truth on our hearts. We have been slow to learn the lesson, but at last we have grasped the truth that intemperance and efficiency are wholly incompatible.

These men who visited the British Chancellor of the Exchequer were not teetotalers, not even one in all the deputation, yet the case they presented for prohibition was unanswerable. They approached the question not from the point of view of men who had a particular theory to promote, but from the point of view of men who had but one aim and end in view: to help their country through its present troubles to success. These men, though not temperance men, with perfect unanimity asked not for curtailment of hours or of facilities for drinking, but for a total prohibition during the war of the sale of excisable liquors. They bore testimony to the fact that 80 per cent of the present avoidable loss of

time in the shipbuilding yards of Britain was due to no other cause than drink.

In Russia and in France this war has revealed similar conditions, but with courage and a commendable promptitude they have dealt the great domestic foe its death blow. France has been led, step by step, to take the strongest action with regard to the manufacture and sale of absinthe, the most virulent alcoholic drink of the French people. The facts are significant. On August 11, 1914, a proclamation was issued temporarily prohibiting the sale of absinthe during the mobilization of the army. In January, 1915, the president issued a more permanent prohibition decree, and the following month the whole question was brought before the Chamber of Deputies and was debated two days. M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, in submitting the prohibition measure to the House stated that it was a measure of self-defense. During the debate M. Chaumet offered an amendment to the government that the manufacture and exportation of these alcoholic liquors be prohibited. This amendment was accepted by the government. Russia by her action has sacrificed $350,000,000 a year in order to free her people from the curse of intemperance. The Russian Minister of Finance stated recently that, notwithstanding the great loss in revenue sustained by the prohibition of vodka, if he were to ask for a repeal of that law there would be a revolution in Russia. It is said on unimpeachable authority that, as the result of the prohibition of vodka, the productivity of every class of workman has increased from thirty to fifty per cent, crime has diminished everywhere, and the excess of deposits in the savings banks amounted at the end of 1914 to twice the total of the preceding year, notwithstanding the war.

What has been accomplished in Russia and France will not be accomplished so easily in England. There are some noted men who, while not in sympathy with the liquor interests, are appealing for a more moderate policy. Their plea is that a measure of partial prohibition will meet the needs of the hour. It would create, they maintain, hostility and opposition to the government if anything more radical than this were proposed, and that at a time when the government needs the good will and cooperation of the whole nation. Total prohibition, they argue, would mean throwing out of employment over 300,000 men. In reply to this charge Sir Thomas Whittaker says: "Tell them to do something else! Are we to continue a national evil, which is interfering with the output of necessary munitions for safeguarding the supply of the necessities of life to our people, in order to keep men employed in producing that which blocks the way?"

It should be said, however, that of the number said to be directly affected by the prohibition proposition a good proportion are employed in hotels and eating-houses. These employees would still be needed even though the country took the more drastic step. It may be that the government will fail to line up for total prohibition, but the writer thinks it will come to that before the war closes. Undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd George expressed the correct view when he said: "Having gone into this

matter a great deal more closely during the last few weeks, I must say that I have a growing conviction, based on accumulating evidence, that nothing but root and branch methods will be of the slightest avail in dealing with this evil."

It is well worth our while in this country to take due notice of what is being said and done in Europe at this time. The war has shown—and each country involved has admitted it—that liquor militates against and destroys the efficiency and activities of a nation. That is an admission that history will record and which will never be forgotten. The temperance advocates have won their case; those who maintain that prohibition is impracticable must hunt up some other musty argument. The temperance cause has never had a greater impetus than is given to it now. May we unite in our efforts for a sober people everywhere and universal prohibition. Then the Church of God, unhindered, unrestricted, will gather into its arms the multitude outside and will lead them to Him who can raise them to a higher, better, and more abundant life. The world's greatest enemy destroyed, its redemption will be near.

EVAN EVANS.

Constantia, N. Y.

SOME VALUES OF A SEMINARY EXPERIENCE

IN round figures, The Methodist Episcopal Church employs:

15,000 ministers who are effective members of an Annual Conference;
2,000 ministers who are on trial;
5,000 who are supplies;

making a grand total of about 22,000 men. Some five hundred men are admitted to the Annual Conferences every year. Her ten theological schools are graduating about one hundred and fifty men every year; to be correct, the Methodist Year Book reports, in 1915 edition, one hundred and sixty-six graduates from our ten theological schools.

In view of the fact that the supplies are so frequently changing, it is safe to estimate that not one preacher in five has been in a theological school when he starts work in some pulpit. Even among those who are admitted to membership in some Conference only about one-fourth are graduates of any theological school. It is not my purpose to prescribe the theological schools as a necessary requirement for pulpit work. Many of our most successful preachers and pastors have never spent a day as a student in any special school of theology. My real object is to show something these men have lost by having no associations with a theological seminary. The fact that I was classed as a successful pastor for ten years before I decided to spend at least six months in a theological school enables me to speak from a personal experience. Here I met others, with experiences somewhat similar to mine, who coincide in my views. In addition to whatever knowledge one may acquire from text books and recitations and lectures the real value, to a far greater extent, is found in practical lines.

It is not always easy to get the right estimate of one's self in a pastorate where the good sisters exalt and where one's foes like to humiliate. By foes I mean the forces of wrong, like the saloon interests and all other representatives of evil. Some ministers overrate themselves. A still larger number underrate themselves. The self-conscious minister is always at a disadvantage. He is frequently misunderstood. He is sometimes so modest that he discounts his work. Perhaps he has heard few sermons, and as he preaches when others are preaching he cannot get the opportunity to judge of the value of his own. Few ministers in regular work get the opportunity to hear a dozen sermons a year except those prepared and preached by themselves. This experience often makes them fearful and unwilling to attempt their highest possibilities. My first gain was increased confidence in my own ability. I found among the men at the seminary that each one was laboring with his own personal difficulties, some of which were similar to those which had almost discouraged me at times. A great deal of the feeling of fear because I had not been at a seminary was overcome. I found myself; and a new confidence of still greater achievements came with the finding. At the time I was finding myself I saw others who were doing likewise. Some had overrated themselves and, while it is not so easy to bring this class down to their level, the men who associate with one at the Theological School are usually specially gifted in accomplishing the task. It is always easy for a band of good fellows who like to express their approval or disapproval to give a cheer to boost one's spirit or a laugh that will help any who are not incurable.

The seminary is a real mirror which shows us ourselves as preachers much as the college shows us ourselves as boys. Most men, as well as ladies, are apt to fix up a bit when they look at themselves in the mirror. Ministers are not unlike the rest of humanity in this respect.

Many a minister has sometimes wondered why he has been a failure in some charges and at some points in all charges. Perhaps six weeks associated with a class of one hundred men who are required weekly to listen to a sermon by one of their number, and then have the sermon criticized by the men in the class and by the head of the department, would show them why they had not succeeded at some points. Perhaps they could then better understand why some folks whom they can remember ceased to become attendants.

Most young ministers begin their ministry with an enthusiasm which is worthy of admiration, but which sometimes leads them into doing things which they afterward regret. Like the old-time doctors they learn—at the expense of the people they serve. Another great disadvantage, in some ways, of many ministers is their past experience and associations. Some of our greatest preachers, like the first disciples of our Lord, have come from humble surroundings, and they sometimes try to work out, in a larger sphere, ideas and methods adapted to their past surroundings, only to have them fail. Some very great ministers have had their influence for God greatly curtailed by a single fault. A bunch of roses is just as attractive and powerful with the thorns where they will not pierce the one to whom

it is presented. Most folks prefer seedless oranges to the wild variety. If some ministers could have a few thorns removed they would be far more desirable. Some fawn too much. Others throw too many bricks from the pulpit. Some use too much vinegar in flavoring the sermon. Still others give us sermons as perfect as carved marble and just as lifeless. Mannerisms in some ministers frequently destroy their effectiveness as preachers, for some people. Habits of accent, tone, gesture, position, voice, expression and many other forms sometimes creep in through the perversity of our natures or by acquisition. Here, too, it is that six months in a good seminary would double the effectiveness of many men.

It is well worth the expense and time to any minister to spend a few months at a seminary just for the associations alone. At the table in our dining hall are a former missionary to Burmah, a Chinese from Peking, a Japanese from Tokyo, a Negro from British Guiana in South America, a fellow from California who is working his way through the seminary, another from Kansas, and still another from the slums of New York. Such associations will create more interest and give more insight in six months into the countries they represent than six years reading books on the subject. Almost any first-class theological seminary has on its roll students from at least a dozen countries. The best seminaries in each denomination are represented by students from nearly a hundred colleges and universities. To be specific, Princeton had on its roster last year students from ninety-six colleges and other schools, while the same is true of those of Garrett, Drew, and others.

Such an experience as the association with these men gives one, even in a brief period of time, is almost an education in itself. This is specially true of men who have spent all their lives in small surroundings and have become provincial and localized.

A still more valuable experience comes from the study of the men in the faculty of the average seminary. The best that the denomination can select to fill the various chairs is usually to be found in them. They come from the best schools of the world. They are experts. Most of these men are great as individual characters. It awakens a man to meet them if he never takes an examination under them. Our leading seminaries are located close to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. From the pulpits of these cities the best men are brought to preach to the students. Big church work and slum work is at hand for study as in a laboratory. Big universities like Harvard, Boston, Yale, Columbia, Northwestern, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania, are at hand for assistance along special lines.

Many men who fail to attempt a seminary course fear to make the attempt on account of finances. Perhaps if they made the effort to finance a course they would find it much easier than they think. Men who have any experience at preaching can usually find a small student appointment which will pay their expenses at the seminary. Still others find other methods of self-support. The living expenses are so low in most schools that it is easy for an energetic man to meet them. The annual expenses

range from $150 to $300. This includes board, room, tuition, furniture, heat, light, and all necessaries. As nearly all students are men of limited financial means there is no embarrassment to keep up appearances, as in secular schools.

Under these conditions, which so many do not realize until they make the attempt, it would be a most profitable thing if the denominations generally required at least three months' resident work at some seminary before allowing a man to become a member of an Annual Conference or an accredited preacher. Many who are now in the work could also have their value doubled if they could be sent to some school for even a brief period. The Roman Catholics have some such system. Protestants might well learn this lesson from them.

Nor would the men be the only ones to profit. The constant inflow of new blood with new ideas fresh from the field would prevent much of the fossilization with which some of our theological schools are charged. At any rate, it would be a great gain if more than one man in four who is admitted to an Annual Conference could have some seminary experience even if it be brief.

A Seminary Student.

SHAKESPEARE—TEACHER OF TEMPERANCE

It is generally conceded that Shakespeare has reached the highest point ever attained by a human intellect—unaided by divine revelation—so what he says of the evils of intoxicating liquors is surely of much value. Shakespeare as a teacher of temperance may be new to many, and the clearness and force of this teaching stands out the more strikingly because of the national custom of heavy drinking in his day. The prevalence of this custom is shown in "Othello," where Iago says:

"Your Dane, your German, and your Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next bottle can be filled."

It required a clear head and a stout heart to teach temperance at that time.

In "As You Like It" Orlando is leaving home and his faithful serving man, Adam, who wishes to accompany him, says:

> "Let me be your servant;
> Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty:
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,"

and then the confession of the chaste old man—

> "Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly."

In "Hamlet," while Horatio is visiting his friend Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, the kettle-drum and blare of trumpets disturb the midnight stillness, and Horatio asks the meaning of the noise. Hamlet answers:

> "The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
> And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
> The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
> The triumph of his pledge."

Horatio asks: "Is it a custom?"
Hamlet answers:

> "Ay, marry, is't;
> But to my mind, though I am native here,
> And to the manner born—it is a custom
> More honor'd in the breach, than the observance.
> This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
> Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations;
> They call us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
> Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
> From our achievements, though performed at height,
> The pith and marrow of our attribute."

In "Othello" Iago insinuates himself into the confidence of Cassio, Othello's lieutenant, upon whom rests the military care of the island. When Iago has induced Cassio to drink to excess, and there follow misunderstandings, disputes, quarrels, commotion, and riots, the disgraced lieutenant is suddenly sobered and exclaims most bitterly:

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. To deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

"O, that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

"To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!"

In "King Henry IV" Shakespeare teaches that the man who for gain attempts to kill every manly and holy aspiration and with jest and sneer and brutish folly to stifle the voice of conscience, will sooner or later receive his punishment.

Such a man was Falstaff—glutton, drunkard, libertine, ribald, jester, and misleader of youth. He had led Prince Hal, an impulsive, warm-blooded youth, into drunkenness and kindred vices, even into the crime of highway robbery.

After his coronation Prince Hal—now King Henry—was moving in stately procession from Westminster Abbey, the thoroughfare filled with spectators, when Falstaff, with shambling gait, soiled garments, bleared eyes, and drunkard's face, appears and cries out:

"My King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!" The procession halts and the king answers:

> "I know thee not, old man; Fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
> But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
> Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
> For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive
> That I have turned away my former self;
> So will I these that kept my company.
> I banish thee, on pain of death—
> As I have done the rest of my misleaders—
> Not to come near our person by ten miles."

The pageant moved on and the disgraced old man was left standing by the roadside.

ERNEST W. MAGER.

Fort Atkinson, Wis.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

A HAPPY MINISTRY

(THE Itinerants' Club begs to wish all its ministerial readers during the coming year, A Happy Ministry.)

It would be a great perversion of the facts if one were to assume unhappiness on the part of the ministry of the gospel. On the contrary, the writer believes that there is no happier body in the world than the Christian ministry.

There is much, however, in the profession to which he is called which would lead to unhappiness if he should entertain and magnify its difficulties.

Unfavorable environments are a fruitful cause of unhappiness. Many ministers are situated away from social privileges, without access to books, living in uncomfortable houses, compelled to go to their work in the heat of summer or in the storms of winter in great discomfort.

Others are unhappy because of inadequate compensation. They have no means to purchase more than the barest necessities, and they cannot properly clothe and educate their children. This is accompanied by the anxiety which they feel growing out of the fear that when sickness or age comes upon them they shall be dependent on others.

Others still are disposed to look on the darker side of things, and their unhappiness grows out of apprehension rather than reality.

Unhappiness sometimes arises out of unrealized ambitions. These ambitions are natural, and in their proper relations should be encouraged. It is a part of our constitution that we should want the places of impor-

tance for which we deem ourselves fitted. Many feel that the "grade" which they occupy in the ministry is not the one in which they belong. It is a sad thing, however, that there should be such things as grades in the Christian ministry. In the true conception, the man who preaches on a remote circuit, traveling long distances, preaching three times a day in schoolhouses on the frontier, is as much a preacher of the gospel, and should be as highly respected in his vocation as the preacher in a great cathedral. The ministerial standing of the preacher in the slums of London is as high in God's sight as that of him who conducts the stately services in the Westminster Abbey. Each minister has his special gift of God. The same person cannot fill all places with equal facility. The man who can control an audience in a cathedral would utterly fail to control the audience in the slums. Both are doing God's work, and each shall receive his due recompense in the day of final awards. If the idea of the minister is a true one he will not feel it humiliating to preach in an obscure place on a small salary.

There is danger, however, that the ambitions may be unworthy because they are purely on worldly planes. The minister has entered the noblest service, one to which he is called by virtue of his relation to humanity and of his desire to serve, and not to secure place or acquire gold. There are some services for which gold cannot be a compensation. They are too high to be weighed in the balances of commercial success. When a minister begins, even in his own thought, to measure his position and his standing by the pay which he receives or the position he occupies he has allowed an unworthy motive to enter into his life.

What is the proper cure for such conditions as arise in the ministerial life? The first one is a clear conviction that the ministry is his proper place in life. A divided mind as to one's work or a constant inquiry whether he would be better employed in some other field is always a prelude of failure, and consequent unhappiness. A full conviction of his vocation gives clearness to his vision and strength for his work. The assurance that he is in the place to which God has called him will lift him out of his despondency, and give him a serene view of life.

It involves, also, the firm belief that he is doing his best for the Master's service. A true minister cannot be satisfied with anything less than his best. Others may seem to discount his labors, but the fact that he is giving all his powers for the Master will always cheer him on his way. Human applause and outward success are not the highest measure of usefulness. He who is doing work that is not appreciated, and that he scarcely appreciates himself, may be laying the foundation upon which others shall build. Many a minister in some quiet place, unknown to others, is laying the foundations on which superstructures will be erected when he shall have ceased to labor, and when the Master shall come to examine the work the rewards will be properly distributed.

Another cure for unhappiness is forgetfulness of self. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. 2. 4). The thought of the other man's welfare rather than our own will give inspiration to all our actions and drive away many a cloud

which hovers over our mental and spiritual horizon. Periods of depression come to the most devoted ministers. Everything seems to be going wrong. The writer knew a minister who was in this condition of depression. In his distress he asked with Bunyan what he could do to get out of the slough of despond in which he found himself. It came to his mind: "I have been thinking over this matter only as it affects myself. Why have I not thought of it as it affects others?" and the moment that the thought of the other person came to him the light broke and the difficulty vanished.

This divine love in the soul wrought by the Spirit of the Lord is a cure that is absolute and final. It will also help to cure all unhappiness to remember that that part of their ministry in which they most rejoice, when they come to review it, was the times of difficulty and struggle. They glory not then in the easy places which they have filled, but in the difficulties which they have overcome.

Above all, the complete cure for unhappiness in the ministry is *Faith in God.* Faith is the supreme remedy for discontent, unhappiness, and all kindred discouragements in our life work. The eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us that through faith the early saints won all their victories. Such faith will bring peace into our souls, and help us to have that happiness which is, after all, the true success of life; namely, to be happy ourselves, and to make those around us happy.

SUGGESTIONS TO A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT

THERE is no one who should more carefully consider the office to which he feels himself to be devoted than he who proposes to enter the Christian ministry. We purpose to offer some considerations which may be helpful in relation to his important work, and to the studies involved in his preparation.

First. He should inquire carefully and prayerfully whether he has received the Divine call—a call which satisfies him that the ministry is a work to which he will devote his life. I do not insist on the method by which he receives this assurance; it may be through some direct influence exerted upon his soul at the time of his conversion, or at a later period. I have known some who, when they gave themselves to Christ, at once felt an impulse toward the holy office which never left them. It may be that the call comes through the instrumentality of others. Some friend who is acquainted with his spiritual life and intellectual qualities may be the instrument which God employs; it may be the church, by some official action, which proposes and is interested in his becoming a minister of the gospel. The point upon which we insist, however, is that he shall have a comfortable assurance that in entering upon that office he is doing the will of God. He should feel convinced that he does not enter the office from any mere worldly motive, such as securing social position, or a comfortable support, or ambition to become great among his fellow men;

these, perhaps, he may secure, and they may come to him through the interposition of others, but they should not be motives which should influence him in accepting the obligation which will thereby be placed upon him. He must be ready to endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He must not strive for the mastery, but must have engraven on his banner, "I serve the Lord Christ." If he has not this comfortable feeling of duty, of which I am speaking, he should stop before he assumes the great obligation.

Second. He should consider, further, the greatness of the work and the preparation which will be necessary in order to its fulfillment. A low view of the office is likely to cause a low view of the preparation required. When he considers that he is to be the expositor of the Word of God, that he is to be the instructor of the learned as well as of the ignorant, of the rich as well as of the poor, that he is to be the leader of the people committed to his charge, that he is to be the example to his flock, that he is to be the comforter of the troubled, that he is to be one to whom parents can point their children as an example of holy living, that, in other words, he is to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, he must appreciate the dignity of the position to which he aspires. When he is impressed with the great importance of his task he will be willing to make all necessary sacrifices to prepare himself for his duties.

Third. This view of the greatness of his office should lead him to take time for preparation. He cannot accomplish it in haste. To master the great truths of the Scriptures as they are taught in the original languages, or in the vernacular in which he is to preach, cannot be accomplished in a brief period. Scholarship is of slow growth; it cannot be reached by leaps and bounds. He must begin with careful preparation for his advanced studies; no one can learn what he is not prepared to learn. It would be foolish for a person to take up the study of differential calculus who had not mastered his algebra and the primary studies pertaining thereto, so it would be very unwise to undertake the mastery of the problems of theology without understanding those primary conceptions upon which it is founded. This requires time. The writer received a letter from a father whose son had entered a Theological Seminary, and who was required by the institution to take a course of three years. The father could not understand why a theological education should not be completed in a single year. One can readily appreciate the view which he had of the ministry when he thought so little time was necessary to enter upon its duties. A carpenter would require much more time to learn a trade, and willingly submits to be under a master workman; why should not the minister be willing to submit to the time required to equip him properly for his office? Language requires careful training in grammatical form, theology requires careful training in the general principles of philosophy, Christian history requires a preliminary knowledge of secular history, and so it is through the whole range of the preparatory studies of the ministry. Every part of his work requires its adequate preparation in order to secure the full benefit of his training.

Fourth. The theological student will mistake if he imagines he can

secure the best ministerial preparation merely by devotion to the intellectual duties required of him as a student. Christianity is a matter of the spirit; spiritual things are spiritually discerned. He cannot understand the deep things of God unless his heart is renewed and his inspirations quickened by the Holy Spirit. He must therefore see to it that his growth in spiritual culture shall be in harmony and keep pace with his growth in intellectual development. He cannot be a mighty power over men unless he has divine power in his own heart. He should ask himself the question, What progress am I making in the divine life?

The student's career in the seminary gives him great opportunities for spiritual growth, and it is in the seclusion of his room and in contact with his fellows that his life is shaped to an extent of which he is not aware until when in later years, in the fullness of his ministerial life, he reviews the influences which have molded his character. The professors are not his only teachers: the men in the same pursuits whom he meets day by day, the social relations into which he enters, the books which he reads, the lectures by strangers who visit the institution—these form a combination of influences which can never be entirely shaken off.

He must be careful lest the familiarity with sacred things in the classroom blunt the sensitiveness of his spiritual life. Rightfully used the atmosphere and studies of the Theological School not only enlarge the spiritual vision but greatly enrich the spiritual life.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND

REFERENCE has been frequently made in this department to the work done by the Palestine Exploration Fund in the fields of archæology and biblical research. Unfortunately, the operations of this society, like those of so many other worthy enterprises, have been brought to a standstill by the terrible world's war now raging. This needs no explanation if we remember that nearly if not all the lands where such explorations have been made or are possible, are in countries under the control of the Turkish government. Thus no excavations are allowed in Palestine without special permission or firman from the authorities at Constantinople. As very much of the society's work has been done under the direct supervision of British army officers, it is easy to understand why no such work could be done at present, especially if we consider that entire Palestine is one vast camp of Ottoman troops. Too bad that war should have stretched out its bloody arm and interfered with the good work. We say good, for certainly no explorations have been carried on with less selfishness, and with more thoroughness, nor have any extended over so long a period of time as those by the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The society has been established on too solid a foundation to suspend the work permanently. No doubt, when the war is over, operations on much more extensive scale will again commence, and under more favorable auspices, and the Holy Land will have a freer and better government. Thus greater discoveries are bound to be made in Palestine and the adjacent territories.

Our readers doubtless know that the Palestine Exploration Fund was founded a little over fifty years ago; to be exact, June 22, 1865, and has from that date continued its work with more or less success, depending upon circumstances: the good will of the Turk and the fitful moods of the bigoted and fanatical Moslems on the ground. It has been generously supported from the beginning by the most influential people in the British Empire; by the most distinguished in church and state, as well as in the British army. All these have contributed freely of their money and time to promote the enterprise. Indeed, many of the most earnest workers received little or no pay for their services, and even drew largely upon their own purses or those of wealthier patrons and friends. The British government, too, aided materially. We learn from a report recently published that nearly seven hundred thousand dollars have been expended by the society from 1865 to 1914, to say nothing of indirect expenses.

The last annual meeting—which was the semi-centennial anniversary—was held in London, June 22, 1915. The chief, and by far the most interesting part of the program, was an address by Colonel Sir C. M. Watson. To this we are indebted for some of the facts presented in this article.

As Colonel Watson pointed out, much had been written during the past centuries upon Palestine, its people, history, etc., but no attempt had been made till 1804 to explore the Holy Land scientifically, when what was called "The Palestine Association" was founded. This organization met with little success, though it did send out an expedition to examine conditions in the Holy Land. It likewise issued in 1810 a translation of Seetzen's travels. As to-day, so then, a great war broke out among the nations, so that the association was compelled to suspend operations without accomplishing anything of importance.

The Palestine Association lived at a poor dying rate till 1834, when the Royal Geographical Society, established four years before, absorbed it, and became possessor of its "funds, works, and papers." This was unfortunate, for the Royal Geographical Society had too large a field to cover, and it could not be expected to devote very much attention to a little spot like Palestine, especially to excavations and antiquities.

But Palestine had to be heard from. There was something in that land which attracted the attention, not only of the devout, but also of the curious and learned who visited and studied it from various angles.

Colonel Watson very generously and justly credits the United States with a splendid start in this field. He says: "It was in 1838 that the first important step was taken in the direction of Palestine exploration, and then by an American traveler, the Rev. Edward Robinson, who had been appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in a New York college."

Dr. Robinson, known the world over by his three large volumes: Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa, did more than any other man of his generation in promoting the study of Bible lands. Before assuming his duties as professor in Union Theological Seminary the doctor, who had studied for years in this country and Germany, made not only a thorough study of all the principal works on Palestine, but also spent several months in exploring Palestine and the wilderness south. It was fortunate for him to have, besides competent dragomans, the services and company of the Rev. E. Smith, a former pupil, but then a missionary in those regions, and, as such, well versed in the customs and vernacular of the land. After this trip Professor Robinson returned by the way of Berlin and London, where he could consult, not only the best libraries, but also the leading authorities. Months were thus spent in preparing his notes for the press. So excellent was the work that the Royal Geographical Society in 1842 awarded its author its Royal Gold Medal.

This is no place to mention all the great men who visited and wrote on Palestine about the middle of the last century, but we cannot afford to omit the name of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. He made two trips, one in 1852 and another in 1862. The fact that the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward VII, accompanied the learned prelate on his second trip, created unusual interest in the study of the Holy Land.

It was about 1864 that the well-known philanthropist Baroness Burdette-Coutts became interested in Jerusalem, not so much in its archæology or history as in its sanitation. She gave £500, or nearly $2,500, to survey the city and its environs, with the view of providing its inhabitants with pure water. The survey was made and plans perfected by Captain Wilson of the British army.

The work of Captain Wilson may be regarded as the actual origin of the Palestine Exploration Fund, for it resulted in an informal meeting, called together at the request of Mr. George Grove, by Dean Stanley, to discuss the advisability of establishing a society for the purpose of more exact study of the archæology, geography, geology, and natural history of Palestine. This little conference of few friends resolved to call a public meeting on June 22, 1865. This was largely attended by influential persons and presided over by the Archbishop of York.

It was agreed at that meeting:

1. That whatever was undertaken should be carried out on scientific principles.

2. That the society should, as a body, abstain from controversy.

3. That it should not be started, nor should be conducted, as a religious society.

Founded upon such broad and liberal bases, it became possible and easy for people of all creeds and lands to take active part in the work of the society. Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans have worked hand in hand from the start, "with the same spirit of the fearless search for truth that obtains in any other branch of scientific research."

A glance at the list of the members proves that the Palestine Exploration Fund is both cosmopolitan and undenominational. The general

committee consists of representative persons from many countries, including a goodly number of military men, with Earl Kitchener of Khartoum at the head. The United States has lent a very generous hand and has aided freely with men and money; naturally, however, the great burden falls upon Great Britain.

The first work of the society, under the supervision of Captain Wilson, assisted by several men of the Royal Engineers, was begun January 1, 1866. Its principal object was to fix upon particular spots for later investigation. A start was made at Banias, whence they proceeded southward. "A triangulation was carried on along the range of hills which form the backbone of the country, fifty stations being fixed trigonometrically and astronomically, and a sketch map made on a scale of one inch to the mile, with plans of important places on a larger scale."

In the following year the society obtained permission from the war office to engage the services of Lieutenant Warren, R. E. (now General), to carry on special work at Jerusalem—the old city besieged, captured, burnt, and rebuilt so many times. The *débris* resulting from such experiences had accumulated in places to more than one hundred feet. The walls, ancient landmarks, and supposed sacred sites were subjected to thorough examination. This is especially true of the Temple, the Holy Sepulchre, and several gates. Great attention was also given to the large inclosure called the Haram, which is surrounded by massive walls, the foundations of which reach down to the solid rock—one hundred feet below the surface. To do this, deep shafts and long tunnels had to be made. This work, so satisfactorily begun by Wilson and Warren, has continued, of course, with interruptions, to this day, and has added materially to our knowledge of the City of David, Solomon, Nehemiah, and Herod the Great.

The next work we notice was in the Desert of the Exodus, in 1869-70. The first step was to identify Mount Sinai and the survey of the adjacent territory by Captain Wilson and four assistants. No less than four thousand square miles of country was reconnoitered, including the probable route of the Hebrews from the Red Sea to Sinai.

This was supplemented by Professor E. M. Palmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, who explored very thoroughly the district northeast of Sinai, or the Desert of the Wanderings. The two were dressed up as natives, and being well versed in the Arabic, they gained the confidence of the desert people, with whom they came into very intimate contact. Their trip included Mount Sinai, Ain Hudherah (Kibroth Hattavah of Num. 11. 34?), Nakl, Wady el Arish, Ain Kadeis (Kadesh Barnea), the Negeh, or south country, with its many ruins of the Byzantine epoch; such as forts, churches, reservoirs, etc. Passing through Esbaita and Khalasa they went to Hebron and Jerusalem, then returned south to the Arabah, Mount Hor, and Petra. From here they retraced their steps by way of the Dead Sea and Moab to Jerusalem.

The next work, begun in 1871 by Captain R. W. Stewart, was The Survey of Western Palestine. This included all the territory west of the Jordan, "between a line on the north of Tyre to the sources of the river,

and one on the south from Gaza, through Beersheba to the Dead Sea." Captain Stewart was aided by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, but neither of them was permitted to see the completion of the enterprise, which lasted seven years. The former had scarcely commenced work when forced by sickness to return to England, and the latter died of a fever in less than three years. Captain Conder, a most enthusiastic archæologist and Bible student, replaced Stewart, and Lieutenant Kitchener, now the most celebrated military man in England, took up Mr. Drake's work. These two young officers labored under great difficulties and encountered much opposition from the bigoted natives, who could not appreciate the importance or the nature of the work done by Conder and Kitchener. A map of the places explored and memoirs of the work done were published in 1880. The cost of the expedition, including the publication of the map and memoirs, amounted to nearly $85,000.

The importance of this survey is evidenced when we recall that of the 622 biblical names of places, only 262 had been identified before the exploration of Conder and Kitchener, who, however, added 172 to the list already known. This was a remarkable feat, for about 10,000 names were found in the regions examined. Not only was it a great gain to identify those old sites, but these Royal Engineers gave also the exact distances between the various places. Captain Watson, speaking of this expedition, says: "The amount of information collected was far greater than had been anticipated, and it may fairly be claimed that nothing has been done for the illustration and right understanding of the historical portions of the Bible since the translation into the vulgar tongue, which can be compared with this great work."

Captain Conder was once more sent out in 1881; this time to do the same kind of work on the east side of Jordan as had been done on the west a few years before. His task was cut short by the Turkish authorities, not, however, before 500 square miles had been explored and surveyed.

Attention was next turned (1883) to the south, where Professor Hull and Major Kitchener labored for some time, and the latter surveyed the Arabah from the southern end of the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akabah, while Professor Hull and his three assistants studied the geology of the country. This general work accomplished, the fund concluded to devote its attention to some particular spot, some of the more important tells in the Holy Land. Army officers and trained surveyors were now followed by expert archæologists and experienced explorers. The first place to be excavated was Tell el Hesy, by Professor Flinders Petrie, well known for his great work among the ruins of Egypt. This old tell, sixteen miles east of Gaza, is, beyond reasonable doubt, the Lachish of the Bible and Assyrian history. This work, commenced by Petrie in 1890, was continued till 1892 by Dr. J. F. Bliss, an American archæologist of distinction.

From Tell el Hesy Mr. Bliss was sent to Jerusalem, where he spent three years in excavations. He discovered portions of the old city walls described by Josephus, some of the gates mentioned by Nehemiah, besides some ancient pools, stairways, churches, etc.

In 1897 he returned to Philistia and proceeded to examine Tell el

Zakariya, Tell es Safi (Gath?), Tell el Judeideh, and Tell Sandahannah, the Mareshah of the Book of Joshua.

The next excavation of importance by the society was in 1902-05 and 1907-1909, under the supervision of Mr. R. A. S. Macalister, at Tell el Gezari, Gezer of the Bible. This was probably the most thorough and satisfactory piece of excavation in Palestine. Mr. Macalister succeeded in tracing the history of the site from the stone age down to the latest times, "through the Canaanite, the Egyptian, the Philistine, the Israelite, the Syrian occupations." He brought to light the ruins of an ancient "High Place," an old temple of Molech, and also a cemetery with the bones of infants preserved in jars, some burnt, some unburnt, no doubt offered to some heathen god, "in accordance with the custom of the Canaanites." There were other important discoveries, but as these have been described at length in former issues of the REVIEW, we need not enter here into details.

We shall close this article by mentioning the work of Mr. Duncan Mackenzie at Ain Shems, Beth Shemesh of the Bible, and the more important expedition in 1913-1914 by two officers of the British army, Captain Newcombe and Lieutenant Greig, and two archæologists, Mr. C. L. Woolley and Mr. T. E. Lawrence, through the country south of Beersheba to the borders of Egypt. The result of this expedition has been published by the society.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

REPRESENTATIVE CHRISTIAN THINKERS AND THE WAR

WITHOUT doubt one of the most significant movements occasioned by the present war is the general revival of personal religion. At home and at the front great multitudes have experienced a new, or at least a stronger, sense of the reality of God and of the eternal significance of his righteous, holy will. The religious phenomena connected with the war are so varied and in many instances so striking, while the fundamental question whether a sure faith in the living God is possible in this present world is so inevitable and so vital, that serious minds are forced to give attention. Those who already had a degree of faith have experienced "the pentecost of calamity." Many others, who hitherto had found no sure foundation, have felt the necessity of really probing life's mystery and thus have been brought to the living God. From each of the warring nations have come impressive testimonies that multitudes are crying out after God. Apparently the movement has been most marked in Germany—perhaps because this nation most clearly realized the mortal nature of the conflict. Many of our readers are more or less familiar with Professor Deissmann's "Evangelische Kriegsbriefe," since portions of them have been reprinted in a number of American papers and the most significant

passages have been assembled in an article in The Constructive Quarterly for September, 1915, under the title: "Christianity in Germany During the War." These letters portray for us a really remarkable religious awakening throughout the nation. But the same thing has been taking place in varying modes and degrees in England, France, Russia, and Italy. Whether the awakening as occasioned by a great calamity will mean a permanent deepening and enrichment of the religious life of these peoples will depend upon whether men are really finding a living faith that shall prove stronger than the desire for worldly power and glory. These religious phenomena offer a rich field for research. This, however, is not so much the province of the philosophical historian as of the Christian prophet. May God grant to his church in this awful time prophetic souls to interpret the great mystery of this world-catastrophe, to discern the signs of the times—the signs of God's presence and working! Already it seems that there are many souls who deeply desire that the jangling voices of the wise of this world may be hushed, so that we may be still and know that Jehovah is God.

What here is written is not to be viewed as being in any sense an attempt, by the assembling of the testimonies of men deeply instructed unto the kingdom of God, to answer the demand for a prophetic interpretation of the war. The manifold prophetic word of Scripture still stands sure, and to its faithful promises we do well to take heed, for it is "a lamp shining in a dark place until the day dawn." We simply present some noteworthy specimens of the earnest thinking of some of the leaders of Christian thought upon this tremendous theme, in the hope that they may prove helpful in our effort to understand the will of God.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and important thing in the religious phenomena connected with the war is not what men are saying about religion and war, but the facts of the personal religious awakening. For the present, however, we pass by the latter aspect of the subject, and consider the attitude of the leaders of Christian thought toward the war and toward the hostile nations.

The writer of these lines has been at no little pains to acquaint himself with a great variety of utterances upon the war by religious leaders in England, France, and Germany. The first impression of bewilderment, that mutual misunderstandings so profound could get possession even of many broad-minded Christian scholars, has largely yielded to the comforting persuasion that—in the case of the truly representative Christian thinkers at least—the sense of obligation to truth and right, and even the spirit of forgiveness and charity, are deeper and stronger than the misunderstandings and must prevail. It is true that many Germans have declared English Christianity to be honeycombed with hypocrisy, and the English have represented the Germans as claiming God as their special ally and so entertaining a heathenish idea of God. Wilhelm Herrmann, one of the first of living theologians, publishes a pamphlet entitled "The Turks, the English, and We German Christians," in which he judges the English religious and ethical traits very severely, though in a restrained manner, and actually argues that in certain

important respects the Turks are better than the English. This judgment, however, has found acceptance with very few German Christians, even though many of them would go quite as far as Herrmann in the adverse criticism of English Christianity. On the other hand, several leading English clergymen have painted German Christianity in colors equally dark. Among these the Bishop of London is to be classed among the moderates when he asks: "What is wrong with German Christianity?" and gives as his diagnosis: "Mental astigmatism." More representative of the sober thought of English and German Christian scholars are a pamphlet by Dr. William Sanday, of Oxford, and the reply of Professor Loofs in Halle. Sanday's pamphlet of 124 pages on "The Meaning of War" has elicited the opinion of an admiring critic that "nothing more wholly beautiful and satisfactory has been put out." And indeed the spirit of the pamphlet is beautiful, and this is a hopeful sign. The German readers of the essay, however, have found it eminently unsatisfactory. That so much good will to understand should be linked with so profound a misunderstanding appears to them peculiarly deplorable and discouraging. Yet it is the recognition of Sanday's spirit of fairness that has encouraged his friend Loofs to make reply. This he has done in a very full article in Deutsch-Evangelisch (June and July, 1915). Here again the spirit at least is all that one could desire.

The utterances of the pulpit in Germany and England are sometimes marred by sentiments at variance with the spirit of the gospel, as, for example, where an unmeasured guilt is imputed to the hostile nation, while for one's own people extravagant praise leaves no room for wholesome rebuke and warning. Such an attitude, however, is comparatively rare. On the whole we find that the representative preachers of these two countries are quite at one in the inculcation of forgiveness and love toward one's enemies. Much has been made of the German "Hymn of Hate," as if it were representative of the prevalent German spirit. Now we have been able to note the public expressions of many German clergymen and Christian publicists upon this effusion and upon the ethical question which it involves. It ought to be unnecessary to report the fact that these all unsparingly condemn its spirit and show the impotency of hate to attain to any positive good. The attitude of three of Berlin's most famous preachers may be taken as fairly representative of that of the German clergy as a whole. From the beginning of the war Court Preacher Dr. Dryander has been unwearied in his insistence upon the duty of love of enemies and upon the need of self-humiliation and repentance before God. Dr. Lahusen, one of the preachers in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche (ever associated in our thought with the name and fame of Schleiermacher) and at the same time a general superintendent, stands next to Dryander in reputation and influence. Among his sermons for the war time is a series on the Lord's Prayer. We have before us from this series that on "The fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer and England" ("Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"). It is in every respect a remarkable sermon. We give a few characteristic sentences. After a reference to the great chorus of nations that charges

Germany with the guilt of the war and to the prevailing spirit among the Germans that would—"even with the last breath"—reply: "No, a thousand times no, we are not the guilty ones," he continues: "But yet the war is the judgment of God, the most fearful judgment that ever has passed over this earth; it is the catastrophe of the world. Shall we Germans say that this wrath of God . . . does not apply to us? . . . Must the other nations pray, 'Father, forgive,' while we pray only, 'Father, help'? That would be a fatal delusion; that would be the way to call down God's punishment upon ourselves. No, in the world-guilt we Germans, each and all, have a share. And so we pray . . . 'Father, forgive us our debts.' And in order that we may be able in truth to appeal to God's forgiving love, we go on, hard as it may be, and say: 'as we forgive our debtors.'" After an admirable general treatment of the theme he comes to speak of England. "The name of one nation is in the soul of us all, and it is as if the soul of our nation were crying out: 'All the inconceivable misery, the bleeding anguish of this war—we cannot forgive it, England.' . . . We understand that. But, is there a 'moratorium' of Christianity? Can the 'as we forgive our debtors' be suspended until after the war? But we want to pray thus even to-day. If, however, with hatred toward any man, with hatred toward England, we say, 'Father, forgive us our debts *as* we forgive our debtors,' then we ask God: Do with us as we do with our enemies; forgive us not. . . . In hate we lose God. God is not in hate, God can only be with those who are with him, the God of everlasting love. We must come to God's side; we must be able to wield our German sword in the name of Jesus." Later, after a vivid portrayal of the national guilt of England according to the German view, Lahusen adds: "We cannot but [fight against all this], but we do not hate men. The hate that is base, that brings destruction and death, is personal. The true hate that imparts a blessing concerns principles. God dwells also in hatred, in hatred against the evil. . . . Let us first hate that in ourselves which stands in the way of peace. . . . We long for the time and would fain live to see it, in which we may again build bridges across from nation to nation, *even over the Channel*." At least fifty thousand copies of this sermon have been circulated.

In like manner Dr. Conrad, pastor at the Emperor William Memorial Church, has continually expressed himself. Conrad surpasses all his countrymen as author of universally acceptable devotional papers (Andachten)—brief homilies gathered into little volumes and circulated in vast numbers at the front or at home.

Of course very many Christian thinkers in England and Germany, and even in France, have written upon the war in its relation to the principles of Christianity. We mention only a few German writings on the subject—for we may safely presuppose a degree of familiarity with English writings of the same class. Professor Ihmels, of Leipzig, has written an excellent pamphlet: "The War in the Light of Christian Ethics." Another discussion on the same level of true Christian principles is by Professor Hilbert, of Rostock, and is entitled "Krieg und Kreuz" (The War and the Cross). Of a somewhat different nature are two pamphlets

by Professor Seeberg in Berlin. The one, entitled "Ewiges Leben?" (Eternal Life?) treats of death and the life everlasting for the comfort of the millions of mourners. The other bears the title, "Was sollen wir denn tun?" and discusses with frankness and Christian earnestness the moral, religious, and social problems which the war forces upon the German people.

That the Christian leaders of all the warring nations sincerely deplore the present war is generally recognized among us. Naturally therefore many of them have been led to inquire: "'Who is to blame?" Only a few of the discussions have deeply interested us. Here and there, however, one finds a writer not bent on exculpating his own nation and casting the whole blame upon others. Professor Wurster in Tübingen has written a pamphlet entitled "Das Englische Christenvolk und wir," in which there is a genuine effort to be fair to the English people. Professor Voigt in Halle is the author of a calm discussion: "Ueber Recht und Unrecht im gegenwärtigen Weltkriege" in Die Reformation. His judgment of England is nevertheless very severe. As for Germany's attitude he quotes with approbation the words of Houston Stewart Chamberlain: "In entire Germany in the last forty-three years there has not lived a single man that wanted war, not one. Whoever asserts the contrary lies—either knowingly or ignorantly." More original and penetrating—also less one-sided—is an article in the Christliche Welt by Artur Bonus, entitled "Wer hat Schuld?" England's specific guilt and her national sins generally are pretty strongly emphasized, yet Germany's (smaller) share of guilt is not denied.

Of special interest are several articles by Ernst Troeltsch. In the case of this deeply original thinker we are always impressed by a rare freedom from vulgar prejudices and animosities. In a published address on the essence of the German spirit ("Das Wesen deutscher Art") he seems too optimistic regarding German ideals in contrast to those of England and France, yet he judges these nations generously. Of greater interest to us is his article in the Christliche Welt (April 15, 1915) entitled "Der Völkerkrieg und das Christentum" (The War of the Nations and Christianity). The article is extraordinarily rich in ideas. The standpoint is about as follows: In spite of the reality of ideal and spiritual forces in the world, the highest of which is Christianity, the social order as truly as the natural order stands under the law of the struggle for existence. As applied, however, to the social order the law is conditioned by ideal forces, ethical and religious. Conditioned, indeed, but never removed. A fundamental dualism must abide perpetually. In the individual Christian idealism may dominate, even in the state it may at best preponderate; but after all the inexorable law of nature abides and it will assert itself. Christian idealism, therefore, can afford no guarantee of perpetual peace, even among "Christian" nations. A state of non-war is not in reality peace; the war of arms merely gives place to a "peace-war," which on occasion may in turn be converted again into a war of arms. Moreover, the impossibility of lifting the natural-social order even of "Christian" nations to the plane of Christian idealism shows

the futility of striving to make Christianity the sole religion of all nations. The frankness with which Troeltsch sets forth his ultra-modern theological principles is in itself praiseworthy; the standpoint itself we must vigorously repudiate.

Thus we might with interest and profit refer to many other significant discussions—to Johannes Müller's remarkable "Kriegsreden," to Bousset's luminous speech on "The Renewal of the German People," to Baumgarten's unsurpassed monthly surveys of the broader and deeper aspects of the war in his "Evangelische Freiheit," and to still others well worthy of a place beside these. We have tried to set forth the standpoint of representative *Christian* thinkers, especially in Germany. We might have found equally good examples in France, though scarcely in the same abundance. Of course, in all the countries at war much that has been written is full of bitterness, arrogance, and wrong. Between England and Germany the mutual hatred and bitterness have been most intense; and yet, especially in just these two countries, Christian faith, hope, and love abide in divine power, and are already triumphing over the powers of evil.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Ten Commandments. With a Christian Application to Present Conditions. By HENRY SLOANE COFFIN. 12mo, pp. 216. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, net, $1.

"THE outbreak of the Great War in the summer of 1914 seemed to many to set us abruptly in the midst of another age. We had come to think of ourselves as living in an earth which, with all its selfishness, was slowly but surely responding to the touch of the Spirit of Christ. Americans looked upon the huge armaments of Europe as absurd anachronisms; the growth of intelligence and the spread of Christian ideals had made a conflict between the great powers unthinkable. We were startled and appalled to find ourselves suddenly thrust back into a day of pagan horrors. The folly of the strife bewildered us: whither had wisdom flown? Its iniquity filled us with loathing: had righteousness been overthrown? We were driven to ask ourselves afresh what was wisdom and what was righteousness. The moral bases of life were reexamined; the primary ethical ideals of Christianity were scanned with a new interest. We were ready to sit at Christ's feet and learn of him, and to go with him to the wisdom he commended in them of old time." In such a time the author thinks a restatement of the Ten Commandments timely, and their applica-

tion to the human situation an urgent necessity. So in this volume he gives a chapter to each commandment, treating with freshness and originality an ancient and everlasting theme, which will not be outworn "when the stars are old and the sun grows cold and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold." The chapter on the First Commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," begins thus: "Were this commandment to be phrased to-day, it might read: 'Thou shalt have at least one God.' Our danger apparently lies not in worshiping too many deities, but in worshiping none at all. There are numbers of men and women who seem to look up to nothing. Instead of praying, they plan; instead of aspiring to a perfection on high, they cherish their own ideals; instead of trusting with child-like dependence to a power outside themselves, they resolutely push their own way; instead of opening their spirits to intercourse with another, they think hard; instead of casting their burden upon him, they throw it over their own shoulders. In a brilliant essay, Sainte-Beuve pictures the great preacher Bossuet as seeking 'something that may awaken in the human heart that terrible thought of seeing nothing above itself.' The difficulty with many people is not in finding some rock that is higher than they, to which to lead them; but to induce them to raise their eyes to any point on the rock loftier than themselves. Certain minds have a fatal faculty for reducing everything and every one to their own level. They are incapable of seeing in men vastly better than themselves the virtues in which these excel them; but they quickly detect the faults akin to their own. Firm in their complacency, they look out on the world with eyes slightly downcast, prepared to find all objects in their field of vision beneath them. And whatever is above remains out of their sight. The only hope for them is that some circumstance will lay them flat on their backs in utter helplessness, and compel them to look up; then, perhaps, a new world will swim within their ken, the world of things high and lofty, the mountain-tops and the stars and the overarching sky—the age-old symbols of God. Most men are fortunately not quite so self-assured and self-satisfied. They look out and up; and awesome sights greet their eyes. 'There are moments,' says Victor Hugo, 'when, whatever the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.' Truth commands their loyalty; justice enlists their conscience; beauty captivates their spirits; love masters their hearts. They discover what it is to surrender themselves to the lordship of something they cannot but obey. In that experience, whether or not they call the object of their devotion 'God,' religion is born. 'What means it,' asks Martin Luther, 'to have a God?' and replies, 'Whatever thy heart clings to and relies upon, that is properly thy God.' And it is just here that we moderns find ourselves in peril of the old polytheism, against which this First Commandment is a solemn warning. Not to speak of the common idolatry of trust in people—such idolatry as Luther himself once acknowledged when he said, 'I expect more goodness from Kate, my wife, and Philip Melanchthon, and from my other friends, than from my sweet and blessed Saviour'—or of the crude trust in dollars, we are polytheists in this, that we rely upon different things in different circumstances, or in different spheres of our life; so that unconsciously

we bring back under other names, or rather unnamed, the many deities of the heathen credulity." A further passage on the First Commandment is as follows: "In Thomas Hardy's tragic novel, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, after his heroine's moral downfall, he concludes a chapter with this picture: 'Walking among the sleeping birds in the hedges, watching the skipping rabbits on a moonlit warren, or standing under a pheasant-laden bough, she looked upon herself as a figure of Guilt intruding into the haunts of Innocence. But all the while she was making a distinction where there was no difference. Feeling herself in antagonism, she was quite in accord. She had been made to break an accepted social law, but no law known to the environment in which she fancied herself such an anomaly.' Was the God of her conscience, as Hardy appears to think, a moral hobgoblin by which she was terrified without reason? Is the God of conscience a small private divinity, while some great conscienceless Force dominates the world outside? Or is the whole structure and fabric of the universe shot through with righteousness? Again, are we convinced that the God of our homes, to whom we give the family name, 'Our Father,' is the Deity actually in control of the commercial affairs and the international contacts of men? Could he successfully conduct them, if we would let him? Can the same Spirit, upon which we rely in our households, be confided in to direct aright these other spheres? Will Love work practically, and prove itself the dominant might in every part of this and of all other worlds? The religious experience of mankind has certainly been against polytheism. Even in Greece and Rome, the more thoughtfully devout came to feel their way past the many gods to a mysterious One. Israel was led to discover that its Jehovah was no private Protector of its twelve tribes:

> A god they pitted 'gainst a swarm
> Of neighbor gods less vast of arm—

but the Lord of the whole earth. Believing souls discover that they can no more have several gods than several wives. One God, if they really come into fellowship with him, claims them for himself alone, and is jealous with love's jealousy. And he succeeds in so completely engrossing their every capacity, that they have no unused remainders to devote to other divinities. In William Morris' Sir Galahad, the knight is represented in an irreligious mood, "with no touch of awe upon him," when he is attracted by the ringing of a bell, and finds himself entering a chapel, where he sees

> One sitting on the altar as a throne,
> Whose face no man could say he did not know.

Instinctively Sir Galahad kneels,

> for he felt
> The first time what a thing was perfect dread.

When God makes his own divine impression upon us in Jesus Christ,

we experience such a perfect and complete abasement—our minds mastered by one who grips them as the final truth, our consciences held by one who is to them their ideal of right, our admiration called out by one who seems the altogether lovely, our hearts kindled by one who sets them all aflame with love—our whole self goes out in such response to him, that we have nothing left to give to another. This old commandment did not read, 'There is but one God.' People might argue that proposition endlessly. It read, 'Thou shalt *have* no other gods before me.' In having, in trusting this God, we find him engrossing all the capacity for the divine within us. We find as a matter of experience that we cannot trust God in Christ without his drawing us to trust him altogether. We are forced either to give him our all or nothing. We cannot serve him with a fraction of ourselves; it requires as much as in us is to obey him; and when he answers our obedience with his comradeship, he fills our every need and more. If Martin Luther is correct 'that to have a God means to have something in which the heart puts all its trust,' Jesus of Nazareth has the power to capture our entire trust, and to be the God who has us. We give him our adoration, our confidence, our loyalty, and not a part but the whole of our soul's devotion. But to worship Jesus as God seems to some minds to break this First Commandment: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.' There is a common form of stating the deity of Christ which leaves the Christian with at least two gods—the Creator of the universe and the Jesus of history. But that on which we rely and which we worship in the Father and the Son is the same divinity, is Christlike love. It is that which bows us in adoration before Jesus, when he stands at our side, a man in all points like ourselves; it is that which we adore with him in his God and Father, the Lord of heaven and earth. For us, as for Paul, 'There is one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we unto him; and one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom are all things and we through him.' We follow Jesus in placing the trust of our hearts utterly in one who is love, and we find that love made plain and embodied in the Jesus we follow. When we adore Jesus, we worship God in him; when we pray to Jesus, we pray to God through him. There is for us one God, and he is manifest to us fully in Christ. And how all important it is that, having been mastered by the true God, we should come back to this first principle that we can have no other god beside. The only hope of lasting peace on earth is that all nations shall so rely on Christlike love that they will allow nothing else to control their public policies. The only solution of our industrial conflicts is that all who have any part in the world's work—investors, managers, working men and women—shall really believe in the Godship of Christlike love, and let this God lead them into his economic order of brotherly striving for the common enrichment of the whole household of his children. The only prospect of our becoming complete selves, whole men and women, lies in our loving this God with all our heart, all our soul, all our mind, all our strength, so that no fractions of our personalities pass out under the sway of other and alien ideals." The other chapters are like unto this one, all vigorous, practical, applicable to the life of to-day.

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D. 8vo, pp. xi + 448. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $3.00 net.

IT is certainly a healthy sign of the times when books are being published on the subject of prayer. It is an indication of the coming revival of religion. We have recently read three volumes on this absorbing topic. The Dynamic of All Prayer, by G. Granger Fleming, strikes the depths and deals with the present religious situation in a very searching way. It shows that prayer is the divinely determined avenue leading to power, and that there is no other way by which we can secure victory except as the church gives itself to intense and continuous supplication. Another volume is The Meaning of Prayer, by Professor Harry Emerson Fosdick, for many years the successful pastor of the First Baptist Church in Montclair, and now of Union Theological Seminary. It is made up of daily readings, comments and prayers of the great leaders of the Christian Church, and it is arranged so as to cover a period of ten weeks; there are also larger discussions of related themes. Its value must not be measured by its size, for it is one of those big little books which capture the reader from the very start. Dr. Mott, who writes an introduction to it, makes a statement which should be carefully pondered: "An alarming weakness among Christians is that we are producing Christian activities faster than we are producing Christian experience and Christian faith; that the discipline of our souls and the deepening of our acquaintance with God are not proving sufficiently thorough to enable us to meet the unprecedented expansion of opportunity and responsibility of our generation." The third book, which is in many respects the best, because it deals with every conceivable phase of this cardinal theme, is edited by Dr. James Hastings. We are indebted to him for the indispensable Dictionary of the Bible, Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, now in its seventh volume—a marvel of Christian scholarship—and several other series. Whatever bears his name has the guarantee of accuracy and genuine worth, and this is true of the volume on Prayer. He correctly remarks in the preface: "Prayer is not an easy exercise. It requires encouragement, exposition, training. There never was a time when men and women were more sincerely anxious to be told how to pray. Prayer is the mightiest weapon in our armory, and if we are to use it as God has given us the encouragement, we must do everything in our power to bring it into exercise." The summons then comes to every preacher to bring this subject in a conspicuous way before the church. He cannot do better than make a profound study of this comprehensive manual and present its teachings to his people. The essential ingredients and constituents of prayer are studied in twenty chapters. What gives it such authority is the fact that the voice of the entire church is heard through apt quotations from biography and the finest devotional literature of all the centuries. If it is true that prayer is an intensely practical topic, and that we can learn to pray by praying, this testimony from universal Christian experience is of the utmost importance to encourage and increase the

practice of prayer throughout the modern church. The chapter on The Nature of Prayer has this succinct paragraph: "In the larger sense of the word, as the spiritual language of the soul, prayer is intercourse with God, often seeking no end beyond the pleasure of such intercourse. It is praise; it is congratulation; it is adoration of the Infinite Majesty; it is a colloquy in which the soul engages with the All-wise and the All-holy; it is a basking in the sunshine, varied by ejaculations of thankfulness to the Sun of Righteousness for his light and his warmth. In this larger sense, the earlier part of the Te Deum is prayer as much as the latter part; the earliest and latest clauses of the Gloria in Excelsis as truly as the central ones; the Sanctus or the Jubilate no less than the Litany; the Magnificat as certainly as the Fifty-first Psalm." The volume is a discerning development of these several aspects of prayer. But it also considers luminously scientific and philosophical objections to prayer which are convincingly disposed of; and then there are chapters on Hindrances, Encouragements, and Answers to Prayer, Perplexities of Prayer, Fit Times for Prayer, and The Manner of Prayer. It is difficult to quote from an Encyclopedia so as to give an adequate idea of the quality of the articles. Much the same embarrassment faces one who would quote from this encyclopedic yet very practical treatment of a many-sided subject like prayer. "Do we not often pray for blessings which we are all unfitted to receive? Would we not do well to pray that God would make us able and fit to receive his gifts, to open our eyes that we might see them, and our hearts that we might be able to take them? They wait to descend upon us. They will wait no longer than the time when they can wisely be given." Prayer must be according to the will of God; this is one of its first principles. This does not, however, mean the annihilation of the human will, but of all that is selfish in the human will. Eight pages are given to this question. There are some helpful remarks on "the power of the Spirit" in prayer. Distinctions are made clear by statement, argument, and illustration. Thus: "Adoration is devout meditation on what Jehovah *is*—the praise of the Divine perfections. Thanksgiving is delighted meditation on what the Lord has *done* for us or others—praise for his mercies." The minor aids to prayer are preparation by the exercises of meditation, fasting, and the reading of Scripture; practice; definiteness; humility; energy; patience; service which discovers the vanity of prayerless service and the futility and mistake of merely selfish prayer. What is meant by fasting? It has to do with much more than the abstinence from food and from certain forms of pleasure. "In its highest aspect, it represents that inward act of supreme self-abnegation by which, in view of some stupendous undertaking which demands the concentrated force of his entire nature, a man withdraws, for a while, all his energies and interests from the various spheres in which they are operating, and brings them to bear upon the single task before him." The Hindrances to prayer which are fully elaborated are inattentiveness, preoccupation, doubt, pride, and selfishness. Among the perplexities of prayer are no answer, deferred answer, and different answer. The rare merit of this volume can be appreciated from this brief description. It

will not fail to satisfy the needs of the preacher who can feed his own soul and so be prepared to minister more effectively to his people.

The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas. By ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT. 12mo, pp. x + 315. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

THERE is no writer who is more competent to deal with this subject than Professor McGiffert. He has a knowledge of history and philosophy and an understanding of the distinctive contributions to the progress of religious thought. His previous volume, on "Protestant Thought Before Kant," was a masterly exposition of some of the essential teachings of Protestantism. There are people who seem to be ashamed or rather afraid of this militant phrase, so that it is well for some authoritative scholar like Dr. McGiffert to tell us what it really means. The present volume is a sequel and it deals with the "antecedents of modern theology" since the days of the philosopher of Königsberg. It is divided into two parts. Book I deals with the forces which made for the disintegration of the Protestant scholasticism of the seventeenth century when orthodoxy was a word to conjure with. The insistence of Pietism on the experience of conversion and regeneration led to the emphasis on life more than on dogma, and it also made for the rapid growth of the spirit of tolerance. The influence of the Enlightenment, on the other hand, coming as it did at a time when a more cosmopolitan spirit was making headway, was to reduce Christianity to such low terms as to ignore its supernatural revelation. The coming of Natural Science gave popularity to the naturalistic view of life; while the rise of the Critical Philosophy from Descartes to Kant ushered in the period of rationalism. The effect of this fourfold battering was not to shatter the foundations of religion but to make them clearer and stronger. Book II takes up the work of Reconstruction, and here Dr. McGiffert shows his unique skill in analysis, criticism, and characterization. Parts of it recall familiar passages in the history of philosophy, with this difference: that the movements are here related to religion and theology. He is an interpreter among a thousand, and he gives a most vivid recital of the development of the dominant religious ideas of to-day. The chapter titles convey the scope of the ground covered: The Emancipation of Religion, The Rebirth of Speculation, The Rehabilitation of Faith, Agnosticism, Evolution, Divine Immanence, Ethical Theism, The Character of God, The Social Emphasis, Religious Authority. What has been gained in clearer perspective, in a better conception of the presence and work of God in the world, in an understanding of the genuine spiritual values of life has more than compensated for the losses of some traditional beliefs. A careful distinction is made between theistic, atheistic, and agnostic evolutionists: "The former regard evolution as merely the way in which God works in producing all that is and is to come. They read the whole process as purposive, and while recognizing the mechanical nature of the agencies

employed, they believe that its direction and goal are divinely planned. The latter, on the other hand, regard the whole thing as fortuitous. The end was not preconceived nor the development foreseen." The chapter on Divine Immanence is specially good. "Omnipresence asserts only that the infinite God is present or is active in all parts of the universe; immanence implies a much more intimate relationship, that the universe and God are in some sort truly one." The tendency of the doctrine of immanence is pantheistic; if carried to its logical conclusion, it imperils and even destroys the personality of God, the individuality of man, and the reality of sin. Christian Science is a striking illustration of this religious and moral topsy-turveydom, as Professor Sheldon has finely shown in his little volume. It is, however, possible to guard against the pantheistic evils of immanence by interpreting God in ethical terms and by emphasizing the reality of human individuality and responsibility. But much more is needed than ethical immanence. It is what a recent writer has described as "evangelical immanence," where the indwelling and inworking Holy Spirit constitutes man a spiritual being in the New Testament sense of spiritual. This fact of Christian experience should be made more of than Dr. McGiffert does. He points out in the chapter on The Social Emphasis that there must be not only a recognition of the corporate character of sin but also a recognition of the social character of redemption. "If sin is social, virtue is too. The old doctrine provided for the inheritance of sin, but not for the inheritance of virtue. . . . The trouble with the old theology was that it made earnest with the social solidarity of the natural man, but denied it for the redeemed man. The trouble with rationalism was that it recognized social solidarity in neither case." We need to have a clearer conception of the nature of religious authority, that we may have a more adequate understanding of Protestantism. The chapter on this subject is well written and worth reading. "Religious Authority is a matter of the spirit, not of the letter. Its seat is to be found ultimately, not in external rules or formulas or codes, but in a man's experience, and only that can bind his thought and conscience which vitally appeals to him and meets with a response in his own inner nature." This centralization of authority has also given to the Bible an importance which it did not have before. "It remains a unique record of developing religious experience, aspiration, and reflection, and it contains the highest gift of God to man, the gospel of Jesus Christ." Dr. McGiffert has rendered a valuable service in this volume by enabling us to see that the development of modern thought has not made for the undermining of faith, but rather for its enrichment and establishment.

A Voice From the Crowd. By GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER. 8vo, pp. 204. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, cloth, $1.50 net, postpaid.

THIS is the forty-first series of Yale Lectures on Preaching, but it is the first time that a layman has occupied this world-renowned lectureship.

It is a significant fact and a sign of the times, pointing as it does to the coming of a Christian democracy and to the going out of sacramentarianism. If we hold to the New Testament truth of the priesthood of all believers, it is perfectly proper that a representative of the pew, with wide experience, should give his point of view of the functions of the minister, as pastor and preacher. Such a course will make for improved mutual understanding and therefore for increased church efficiency. This lecturer, who, by the way, is a lawyer by vocation, knows the distinctions between the things that differ and how to emphasize essential matters. Every preacher should read this book and take careful note of what is said therein. What are the needs of the people to whom we minister, as they see and experience those needs? What do they expect of the preacher, as they take sober and liberal views of his business? How can he most effectively discharge his commission? These questions are here honestly and thoughtfully considered. Most valuable counsels are also given as to the conduct of public worship, the character of the sermon, and the attitude of the messenger to his hearers. The emphasis throughout the lectures is on the unconquerable personality of the preacher. The last lecture, on The Man in the Pulpit, deals with this subject most explicitly. "Back of the sermon lies the preacher's whole life. His unconscious preparation is not less important than his specific striving to formulate his message. No detail of his life is too small to be neglected." In referring to the subject of ideals he makes a statement which should be carefully and prayerfully pondered: "When I talk with other men in the pews about the kind of man they need in the pulpit, a very large percentage of them will cry out for what they describe as a 'spiritually minded man.' They want an intelligent man, of course, and a man with gumption enough to administer congregational affairs. But there is an increasing emphasis upon the spiritual note. Perhaps the minister who is a religious promoter will at some future time again come into demand. Possibly there will even be a place for the pastor who organizes and standardizes religious activities till his parish runs as busily and smoothly as a canning factory. At present, however, there is a widespread recognition of a spiritual need and the preacher must be the man to supply it. What is a 'spiritually minded' man? What do my friends mean when they use such a term? They mean, as I apprehend them, nothing more nor less than this—that their preacher must be one who takes our Lord's theory of life seriously. That a man should thus be struggling to attain Christlikeness does not under the circumstances seem much to ask. Whether it is much or little, the men in the crowd are actually asking it and their demand is going to become more insistent." It is very evident that this Man in the Pew understands what he needs; he also knows how to make a plea for its supply. The lecture on The Revelation of God is a summons to the preacher to realize his unique opportunity. It is to help men to discover traces of God's Presence all about them; and this all the more urgent because nine out of ten have an idea of God that is too hazy to be communicable. A strong plea for the pastoral relationship is made in the lecture on Revelation Through Contact. Just as the Master made his

spiritual companionship count with his disciples, so the preacher's utterances must be surrounded by the atmosphere which is generated by his pastoral practice. The teaching function of the pulpit is well recognized, for that is the basis of all good preaching. "A doctrinal sermon is one in which the preacher offers the man in the pew the Christian solution of a felt difficulty"; and the more sermons there are of this type the better will it be for the building up of character and the progress of the church. In many cases the refusal to accept the Christian interpretation is due to moral rather than intellectual difficulties. Here is a testimony worth quoting: "Like many other people of ordinary intelligence, I have had my problems of thought to face. I have felt with respect to various matters the inclination to substitute agnosticism for belief. At crises in my religious life, however, I have been fortunate enough to be aware that it was my will that was on trial rather than what I am pleased to call my intellect. I have never subsequently regretted any struggle that it may have cost me to exert at such times the will to believe." This Episcopalian layman shows a breadth of view which is as commendable as his spirit of Christian courtesy and charity. The miserable Kikuyu controversy might have been avoided, if some of the leaders of the Anglican communion had a similar attitude. On the subject of Christian union, Mr. Pepper makes five suggestions. The first is to be cheerful and good tempered. The second is to try to detect the spiritual dangers to which one's own apprehension of truth is particularly subject. The third is to avoid formulating schemes of unity and to be wary about arrangements with well-meaning but impetuous ministers who are often ready to take some action which is incomprehensible to the majority of disciples in their own communion. The fourth is that while men of this generation may be led to a better understanding of the views of separated brethren, they are in most instances likely to die without modifying their own. The fifth suggestion is that the preacher of unity, while not shunning to declare to his people the whole counsel of God, should be careful not to attempt a disclosure of what has not yet been revealed to him. The Yale Corporation is to be congratulated on securing so excellent a pronouncement on modern preaching.

The Ideals of the Prophets. Sermons by the late S. R. DRIVER, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Together with a Bibliography of his published writings. 8vo, pp. xii, 239. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

A PATHETIC interest attaches to this volume, because it will be the last by a scholar who has enriched the religious thought and increased the biblical knowledge of the Christian Church in an exceptional way. No student of the Old Testament fails to acknowledge indebtedness to Professor Driver. All who would interpret the holy oracles from the pulpit must needs be familiar with his carefully written commentaries. His life of industry and devotion to truth, combined with a spirit of

Christian piety, is an honor to the Church of any age or land. The extent of his contributions to sacred learning can be gathered from the bibliography, which covers twenty-one pages of this volume. It was to be expected that one who studied the Old Testament with such thoroughness should deal with its messages in the practical exposition given by the pulpit. A selection of some of his sermons on the ideals of the Old Testament prophets was made by him before his death and they are here published. He has much to say on the fulfillment of prophecy which furnishes a healthy check to the exaggerations of spiritualizing interpreters, who read history backwards, or rather who do not read history at all. In a sermon on the text, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," he makes this important statement: "We must take prophecy as we find it; we must not, prior to any inductive study of what the contents and character of the prophecies actually are, assume that every description of the future which they contain must tally necessarily with the event, and be surprised and disappointed if we find that it does not do so; nor must we unduly strain the language for the purpose of bringing the two into agreement. The prophet is much more than a mere foreteller; he is in a far wider sense the interpreter of the thoughts of God, true announcer to man of the Divine will and plan. He is not the less a true prophet because the picture of the future which he draws is sometimes a Divine ideal, rather than the reality which history actually brings with it. These prophetic conceptions display astonishing brilliancy and imaginative power. They stand before us, to kindle our admiration, to ennoble our aspiration, to stir our emulation." He reverts to this subject in another sermon on "The glory of this house," which is based on Hag. 2. 6, 7: "We must read such prophecies as ideals of the goal designed by God for man, visions which, though not realized, present pictures of what human life and society might and ought to be, and of what perhaps at some future time, when Christianity has leavened the hearts and wills of men more completely and more universally than it has done at present, it actually may be." A splendid sermon on the book of Jonah shows how his needlessly troublesome message should be interpreted and applied by the pulpit. The subject of this sermon is "A Creed Corrected," and it is based on chapter 4. 10f. Dr. Driver shows that the book teaches the wonderful power of true repentance and the largeness of God's mercy. Another lesson is that it is wrong, as it is also useless, to attempt to evade a duty which has once been imposed on us by God. A third truth is on the conditional nature of prophecy; it shows that even after a divinely inspired judgment has been uttered by a prophet, it may yet be possible by repentance to avert it.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. By JOHN ERSKINE, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 167. New York: Duffield & Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

FOUR essays or addresses, the first of which gives its title to the volume; the others being on "The Call to Service," "The Mind of Shakespeare," and "Magic and Wonder in Literature." "In different ways," we are told, "the four essays set forth one theme—the moral use to which intelligence might be put, in rendering our admirations and our loyalties at once more sensible and more noble." The first essay starts by asking how many of us are really convinced that intelligence is a virtue and not a peril, and then says: "The disposition to consider intelligence a peril is an old Anglo-Saxon inheritance; our ancestors have celebrated this disposition in verse and prose. Splendid as our literature is, it has not voiced all the aspirations of humanity, nor could it be expected to voice an aspiration that has not characteristically belonged to the English race; the praise of intelligence is not one of its characteristic glories:

> Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

Here is the startling alternative which to the English, alone among great nations, has been not startling, but a matter of course. Here is the casual assumption that a choice must be made between goodness and intelligence; that stupidity is first cousin to moral conduct, and cleverness the first step into mischief; that reason and God are not on good terms with each other; that the mind and the heart are rival buckets in the well of truth, inexorably balanced—full mind, starved heart—stout heart, weak head." Further on the essay says: "Those of us who frankly prefer character to intelligence are not without precedent. If we look beneath the history of the English people, we find in the temper of our remotest ancestors a certain bias which still prejudices us against the mind. The beginnings of our conscience can be geographically located. It began in the German forests, and it gave its allegiance not to the intellect but to the will. The Germans as Tacitus knew them, and the Saxons as they landed in England, held as their chief virtue that will-power which makes character. For craft or strategy they had no use; they were already a bulldog race; they liked fighting, and they liked best to settle the matter hand to hand. No German, Tacitus says, would enter into a treaty of public or private business without his sword in his hand." To show how intelligence is a higher virtue than bravery, the essay says: " 'Toll for the brave,' sings the poet for those who went down in the Royal George. They were brave. But he might have sung, 'Toll for the stupid.' In order to clean the hull, brave Kempenfelt and his eight hundred heroes took the serious risk of laying the vessel well over on its side, while most of the crew were below. Having made the error, they all died bravely; and our memory passes easily over the lack of intelligence, a virtue we never did think much of, and dwells on the English virtues of courage and discipline. So we forget the shocking blunder of the charge of the Light Brigade, and proudly sing the heroism of the victims. Lest we flatter ourselves that this trick of defense has departed with our fathers—this

reading of stupidity in terms of the tragic courage that endures its results—let us reflect that recently, after full warning, we drove a ship at top speed through a field of icebergs. When we were thrilled to read how superbly those hundreds died, in the great English way, a man pointed out that they did indeed die in the English way, and that our pride was therefore ill-timed; that all that bravery was wasted; that the tragedy was in the shipwreck of intelligence. That discouraging person was an Irishman." "The Call to Service" is a commencement address, given to graduates about to go out into world-life. The orator thinks that the men who sound the call to service nowadays and those who respond to it have often no right conception of what is serviceable. He therefore proceeds to indicate through nearly thirty pages what are the signs of true service and what are the signs of something else that masquerades in its place. The part which may interest our readers most is that in which he addresses those graduates who contemplate entering the ministry. We give it here without quotation marks. There was a time when the call to service was identical with a call to enter the religious life. Religion, the oldest, was once the broadest avenue to good works, so broad that for centuries it included those two other main paths, now become quite secular—science and education; and with science and education it still provides the main opportunities for ministering to the soul, the body, and the mind of our fellows. Those of you, then, who contemplate the religious life, ought to be furnished out of antiquity with a definition of the service you would render; you ought to know the nature of the benefit the layman comes to religion for, and how to assist him to that benefit. Perhaps you do not agree with me that you ought to know all this; perhaps, having felt a call to the ministry, you think the call justifies itself. As I speak, I see once more that ominous gulf between the server and the served. On one side I see you priests-to-be, loving your historical church, or your theology, or your revealed truth—loving, that is, certain gifts of God which you think you can prepare for by study, and receive by heavenly grace, and by your faithfulness transmit unimpaired to others after you; and your loyalty to theology or church or revelation you conceive to be service. On the other side of the gulf I see men waiting for real service at the hands of the church, and not getting it. If there is hostility in the world to religion *per se*, at least that is not what I am talking about; I speak solely of those optimistic veterans in the pews who still expect the service of religion from the new arrival just out of the divinity school. They have a pretty clear notion as to what religion promises, and they grow impatient for the promise to be kept. Religion promises, in the old words, a more abundant life, an immediate as well as a distant benefit, an enjoyment to be entered upon in this present world. It would provide at once an exercise to develop the spiritual faculties we now have into powers we but faintly imagine. "More abundant life," to the religious-minded, is the phrasing of an old battle-hope, a more than ancient faith in his own sufficiency to approach God, which individual man, in this sense forever Puritan, has never entirely let go. Even when the priest, in his primitive function, stood between the people and their deity, mediat-

ing by virtue of his superior gifts and training, the savage in his fear still had glimpses of a time when each heart should perform to God its vows and sacrifices, consecrated by the mere sharing in human life. "I will make him a nation of priests," promised Jehovah to Israel. The program of religion, therefore, is not to do away with the priest, but to bestow the priestly character more abundantly upon all men. Must I qualify my words, and say that this is only the layman's program of religion? It seems to be different from the program of the loyal priest. He hopes to perpetuate his office for the good of more and more laymen; the layman hopes that the distinction between priest and layman will disappear. The priest looks upon his office as destined to serve perpetually, and upon the layman, therefore, as destined to be perpetually an object of service; but the layman hopes to need service less and less. How very disconcerting it would be for the church, as it is at present organized, if all the laymen should become, in the truest sense, priests. Even if we grant that the organization conforms at present to a situation, yet we detect no wish on its part that the situation should be changed. In every denomination there seems to be a tendency to widen the gulf between priest and layman, honoring the first without ennobling the second. The very devotion which is the warrant of true religion bids the layman look up, as to a higher order of being, to the holder of the priestly office. But when a man begins, as it were, to cherish holiness in another's life rather than in his own, the mischief is done; religion then robs him of the very thing it promises to give. If we cannot find the illustrations close at hand, the book of history opens at the very places. Whenever the priesthood has been exalted as a separate ideal of goodness or of wisdom, some integrity, some consecration, has been taken away from common men. In so-called Puritan moments, when the priesthood has been least remote, the conduct of the average man has been most nobly severe; but where the distinctive holiness of the priest has been most devotedly cherished, the average man has needed a system of pardons and indulgences. No doubt the priests were holy, and were eager to serve mankind, but was it service that they actually conferred? It appears that no man can be holy for his neighbors; or if he persuades them to submit to the experiment, the little holiness they have is taken away. Perhaps you have no thought of the religious life as involving these problems. "Going into the ministry" has perhaps meant to you simply a process by which you dreamt of getting a parish to work in and people to serve. Yet even in the smallest parish the division I speak of, the opposition between priest and layman, between the serving and the served, will be awaiting you. Do you dream of a congregation to help? Your congregation dream of rising beyond need of help. Do you expect to be consecrated above the layman? The layman, who nowadays has a dialectic of his own, will ask how your consecration manifests itself. If you explain that your superiority is not in you but in your office, he will press you to explain why the office, even if sacred, is necessary; he will ask whether a system of superiorities and inferiorities is vital to the religious life and whether, if all men were equally sanctified, the religious life would cease. You

understand that this is but a figure of speech. The layman will not argue with you in this fashion; he will stay away from your church on Sunday and avoid your society during the week. If empty pews mean anything, he is resolved to escape your benefits, but for old time's sake he prefers not to quarrel with the minister. With religion he still has no quarrel, but the church seems to him actually irreligious—well-organized, yes, well-meaning and well-behaved, even indefatigable in distributing warm clothes and wholesome food to the needy, yet also in spite of her gifts increasingly remote, strangely indisposed or incompetent to share or impart the religious spirit. No wonder that, since it is spiritual development he craves, he will give his allegiance to other organizations than the church. He sees that to join a parish for love of God comes to practically the same thing as joining it for love of the priest, to whose credit in a worldly sense an increase in the congregation is reckoned; he sees that against any criticism from the congregation the priest can and often does assert the authority of his office; he sees that though attendance at church will be counted as approval of the particular minister in charge, absence from church will be diagnosed as hostility to religion; and rather than accept the service of religion on terms so compromising to his self-respect, he retires from the field and cultivates indifference. From this mood he is roused only when a loud call to his rescue excites his wrath. The reform, he thinks, should begin elsewhere. Thus does this layman, a university professor, talk to young ministers. In the Ladies' Home Journal for December, another layman, a successful business man, tells of his efforts to respond to the Church's Call to Service. We let him speak here without quotation marks: I always went to church from the time that I was a little chap. I should have had to go whether I wanted to or not. But the fact was I did want to go. From as early an age as I can remember the only thought that came from the man in the pulpit that I could understand or that got hold of me was that God wanted me. I didn't know why he wanted me or what he would do with me. The only tangible thing I could see was to join the church, and I joined. I argued that when I had done that I had done all I could, and that it was what was wanted of me. As I grew older, however, I felt I had not done enough. But what more could I do? I knew that some of the other fellows of my acquaintance were wanted for preachers, but it was pretty plain to me I wasn't wanted for that. Still, every preacher I heard kept saying that the church wanted men. Nearly every sermon I heard said that men were wanted in the church. One day I was asked to be a steward of the church. I thought, "There it is," and said: "Certainly." I was elected a steward. I felt exhilarated. I thought to myself: "Now it is settled; now I've found out what the preachers meant." I felt distinctly virtuous. I was soon made a delegate to a Conference at Sioux City, and there I met another business man who, like me, was trying to give his life to Christian service. But he wanted to go to the General Conference at Chicago the next year. That was a new thought to me, and I said: "That must be the last word in the surrender program." I made up my mind to watch this man and see what he did and how and where he came out.

The man went to Chicago. "He voted lots," he said, and afterward heard some wonderful speeches and sermons about men devoting their lives to the church. But, try as he might, he couldn't seem to find anything particular for him to do, further than to go to things, to vote and to listen to speeches. And so he came back to his town and slid down behind his desk in his little office and resumed his business. After a while I got dissatisfied with the steward idea. It didn't seem to lead anywhere. I talked with my wife about it; she had been at Sioux City with me. Finally we concluded that being a steward wasn't spiritual enough; the steward never got a chance to pass the bread and wine at the sacrament, for instance. Circumstances soon caused us to move to Minnesota, and there we got into another kind of church where they didn't have stewards; they had elders. The elders helped to administer the holy communion, and I thought: "There, that is it." Soon I was made an elder. After a few months of being an elder I began to be mentally and spiritually restless again. I couldn't see where my program of life was essentially different from before. One evening I went to church in Saint Paul to hear a great preacher. He had a great reputation and he preached a great sermon. He said God wanted men's lives. Now I had heard some people say that the church didn't want people's money—just wanted their lives—but I always thought that was nonsense. This preacher said that the church needed money, and he said it good and strong, but he laid particular emphasis on the fact that it wanted men's lives more than it wanted men's money. I had made plenty of money now and I had given liberally to the church, but I realized I had not given myself. So I talked it over with my wife, and I decided to give the rest of my life to the church. I went to friends and said: "Now, how am I to give my life to the church? What shall I do?" "Why, give to others," they replied. "Yes, but how?" I asked. "O, go into some unselfish undertaking and promote something that will help the race," was the answer. "Yes, that's all right. I understand that," I replied. "But it's for the church I'm trying to work. Now, tell me," I asked, "is there anybody actually giving his or her life to the church?" "Why, certainly." "Who?" "Why, the clergymen are." "Yes? Who else?" "Missionaries." "Yes, but who else?" "O, lots of people." "Well, how do they manage it? How can I set to work?" "Why, just go to work." "Where?" "Why, anywhere." So one day when a minister had said this to me, I replied: "All right, here I am. The church can have me for the rest of my life. What shall I do?" The minister looked at me and said: "Why, what do you mean? What are you doing?" "Why, I'm taking off my coat. I'm ready to work for the church." "What for?" he asked. "What for?" I repeated. "I'm going to give my life to the church. I don't know what I'm going to do. You are the fellows to tell me that. You've been asking me for thirty years to do it. Now here I am." "Well, I know," said the minister. "But, good gracious, man! Don't get excited. Put on your coat, keep quiet; you mustn't takes us as literally as all that." Then I *was* puzzled! This from the man who said from his pulpit, the Sunday before, that the church wanted men! I went to another man. He wasn't a minister. He had

been a merchant who twenty years before had just pitched in as a Christian worker. He told me that it was glorious—wouldn't give it up for anything—but he wasn't sure there was any room for me! No room for me! And yet again and again the ministers in the pulpits had said that God wanted men's lives—the church wanted men, men, men! From one to another I went and with the same result. Nobody wanted me, for there was no work. And yet here I was a successful business man with plenty of money to give to the work and no end of energy; the most desirable kind of a man to work for and with, and in any institution, to my way of thinking. After a while the thought came to my practical mind: Is it that the church has asserted its right to direct all the work for itself as a sort of corporate body, and that it isn't planning to do any more work than to care for its established trade, for which it had enough workers? One clergyman told me frankly that he thought the best thing I could do was to keep right on making more money and giving all I could afford to the church! But I told him that wasn't quite my idea. Men are giving money. In one year the men of the United States gave away one hundred and forty million dollars in sums of five thousand and over, but less than ten per cent of that amount went to the church or even to religious causes! Not the least among the reasons to my mind why the church got so small a portion is the idea men have that the church wants their money but don't want them. I read the church papers faithfully and looked for chances there. They had no classified advertisements, "Male Help Wanted." I couldn't find an employment agency in the church, couldn't find anywhere or in any shape a list of the things that were waiting to be done in the church. Some years before, when I wanted to change my business location, I traveled thousands of miles looking about for the best location. So I naturally reasoned, as a business man: If the best kind of a location is to be found in church work, likely one might find it in the same way: travel about. We did. We traveled thousands of miles, my wife and I, actually trying to break into the church and work. But everywhere it was the same story. Everybody said: "Sure, God and the church want men." But when I said: "All right, here I am: money, ability, health and the willingness to work—what shall I do?" there was no practical answer. In other words I found it practically impossible to do what I had repeatedly heard ministers ask me and other men to do—to give my life to church work. The church had the work to do, but it did not know how to give it to me. It is now for our readers, having heard these two laymen, a professor and a business man, to decide whether their criticisms are just and wise or otherwise.

The Awakening of Woman. The Psychic Side of Feminism. By FLORENCE GUERTIN TUTTLE. 12mo, pp. 164. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1, net.

THE demand for this book, issued in March, 1915, was such as to require a second edition within the same month. One sees it reported

frequently as among the best sellers in the book-stores of large cities, East and West, from Boston to San Francisco. One reason of this wide sale is the ability, spirit, and motive with which it is written. Another reason is that it rides on the rising tide of a wide-spread movement, the magnitude and significance of which are indicated in the fact that the two topics which now, as during the past year-and-a-half, claim most space in the newspapers and kindred publications are the world-war and the woman's movement. Those two subjects have been given right of way beyond any others. Still another reason for the wide sale of The Awakening of Woman is the high commendations it has received from both women and men of rank and authority. That fine Christian woman Mrs. David G. Downey, wife of the Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a true wife and mother, all too soon returned into the heavens, said after reading Mrs. Tuttle's book, "Thank God that one woman has written what every woman feels." Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis says: "A strong book, which expresses clearly and well many things which women have felt, but could not think out and express for themselves." Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia, the largest university in America, highly commends the book for "its charm, its freshness of thought, and clearness of expression." Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn, writes: "I have read Mrs. Tuttle's book, and I was so favorably impressed that I re-read it a second time, after which I asked a brother minister, whose judgment I greatly respect, to read it. His opinion confirmed my own that this book was in many respects one of the ablest contributions which have appeared at any time upon the issues with which it deals. Everywhere it shows the marks of pioneer thinking, and I found it of great use in inspiring and directing the thought of my sermon which I preached on the first Lord's Day of May, especially to parents. Certainly this volume should be in the hands of every doctor, parent, and teacher. The Awakening of Woman is a thorough piece of work—original, spontaneous, closely articulated to scientific knowledge and with an instinct for the unity of all God's facts. I am very proud of the volume. Every intelligent man and woman should read it." Zion's Herald (Boston) says: "Mrs. Tuttle has rendered genuine service by bringing out clearly that feminism when rightly understood is psychic and fundamental. . . . Mrs. Tuttle has placed many under obligation by her clear and illuminating discussion of this very important but very much misunderstood subject." The Independent (New York): "Here is a broad and sane treatment of a topic which usually calls forth more enthusiasm or disapproval than discrimination." The Brooklyn Eagle: "Brooklyn may be proud that it has a woman capable of doing such honest, sustained, and straight-from-the-shoulder thinking as this book shows." This book is not from one of the "superfluous," unoccupied women, whose unemployed and restless energies must seek outlets other than normal, and invent outside ways of filling vacant days; but from a busy wife and mother, faithfully fulfilling all her domestic duties. It is not from a woman soured by neglect, chafing under repression, smarting under personal wrongs and injuries, but from one who knows only love, and consideration, and unrestricted freedom. The views ex-

pressed in this book are not the narrow views of a one-sided spinsterly life, with its limited relationships and conventionally restricted range, but the larger, completer, better-balanced views which an intelligent woman gets from multiplied, all-around experiences, in life's normal relationships with the exercise of all human functions, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, friend, authoress, civic and social worker. Nor is this book the rash venture of an impulsive, precipitant young creature, rushing into print with more haste than discretion, more intensity than good sense or self-control, and propounding theories that have never been tested by being laid close alongside the facts of life. Mrs. Tuttle has come gradually to her present height of authorship by a steady and well-earned progress, achieved by aspiration and effort, until now we note in her dark hair that first fine sprinkle of gray which certifies the approach of middle life's maturity and dignity, and furnishes a probability of wisdom. When Kipling published his verses "The Female of the Species" some years ago, no one made keener or more gripping reply than Florence Guertin Tuttle in verses widely quoted. The spirit of her life is well known to the writer of this notice, who has watched all her progress, and who remembers how, one day in her early married years, when, amid many successes, she had met one unsuccess in literary effort, she said to him: "It is better to try and fail than not to try, isn't it?" There speaks an earnest nature, conscious of responsibility for the exercise of all its God-given powers, and ready for the self-discipline and hard work which are the price of self-development and notable achievement. And, again, this book is not by one to whom writing is for a livelihood, one obliged by circumstances to put forth effort and seek publicity; but by one in fortunate conditions, provided with all comforts in a happy home. The book is born not of selfishness nor of outward necessity, but of altruistic impulses contemplating human needs, and desiring to help in the betterment of human life. If Mrs. Tuttle, offering for publication her manuscript on The Awakening of Woman, had been halted at the door of the publishing house by a sentinel with the challenge "Who comes here?" she would have answered, "A mother." Among many significant things in this notable book, the one which strikes us as most fundamentally, and centrally, and far-reachingly significant is the dedication: "To my two sons, Day and Guertin Tuttle, whose companionship and necessities have awakened in me a sense of larger responsibility." Her boys, to whose education, training, guiding, and inspiring this mother has devoted herself with extraordinary closeness of intercourse and concentration of attention, with studied diligence and systematic discipline, she regards as the supreme achievement, as they are the chief objects of her life's endeavor. And her book is born of the solicitous, overbrooding, and concerned spirit of motherhood, extending beyond the walls of her own home to the interests of all other homes and the welfare of mothers, and fathers, and children. Florence Guertin—now, for nineteen years, Mrs. Frank Day Tuttle—herself "awakened" (she tells us) by her experience of motherhood, offers here her seven chapters on The Awakening of Woman, to a public which has shown itself appreciative and responsive.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Memories of a Publisher. By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Litt.D. 8vo, pp. 492. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with portrait, $2, net.

DON MARQUIS, the wit of the New York Evening Sun, perpetrates the following at the expense of "Glib, the Book Reviewer"; and in ridicule of the ordinary hack-written book notice: "Mr. Skyfoogle's book, in spite of these excellences to which we have called attention, is, after all, disappointing. For, Mr. Skyfoogle can do better than this.—(*Any Book Reviewer on Any Author.*)" The readers of the METHODIST REVIEW will bear witness that its book notices are *not* of the "Glib" sort. A few years ago the question was passed around to the leading publishing houses of New York city, "What kind of book notices do you prefer from reviewers of your books?" Mr. George H. Putnam replied in substance for his house, "We prefer notices which give the reader thereof a correct idea of the character and contents of the book." The aim of this METHODIST REVIEW has been to make book notices of precisely *that kind*, and we apprehend that our readers will testify that Mr. Putnam's description is realized in our book reviews. Mr. Putnam's previous volume, "Memories of My Youth," brought his personal reminiscences down to 1865: this volume covers the fifty years from that date to 1915. Having been Brevet-Major in the 176th Regiment, N. Y. S. Volunteers, he was able to write most interestingly of the War for the Union. In this new volume we have reminiscences concerning many noted persons on both sides of the Atlantic, together with Mr. Putnam's own views in regard to various discussions and contentions in which he has taken part, such as, Free Trade, Honest Money, Civil Service Reform, Copyright Domestic and International, and matters political of the city, the State, and the nation. The sensational, the picturesque, the thrilling are absent from both style and contents, yet nothing is dull; the soberly written reminiscences of a publisher and a public-spirited citizen, whose business brought him into intercourse, and sometimes into friendship, with many authors and public men, and into notable circles of society and culture. Some of the reminiscences are of recent events, among which Mr. Putnam's account of the Baltimore Convention of 1912 is of special interest: "The man in whose candidacy my group was interested was Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey. Wilson was an economist and a scholar in history. He had won distinction as president of Princeton, but through what must be admitted by his friends to have been a lack of adequate and proper understanding of rather complex conditions, he had failed to secure in Princeton an assured success. On the other hand, he had as Governor of New Jersey won repute for courage in reforming bad political conditions. The powers of Tammany Hall were bitterly opposed to the nomination of Wilson and the boss, Murphy, had secured such a grasp of the organization of the party that he was able to control absolutely the votes of the ninety delegates sent to the convention by New York. These ninety votes were throughout the sessions cast *en bloc* by Murphy. I helped in the organization of what was called the Wilson Conference Committee, the leader in which was Thomas M. Osborne, late Mayor of

Auburn. We had taken pains to secure from competent representatives who had been ordered to travel through the State for the purpose, expressions of opinion from forty of the sixty counties of the State. Our representatives found throughout the State some preference for Underwood and a smaller backing for Harmon, but the great bulk of Democratic opinion was supporting Wilson. There was practically no sentiment for Clark. In face of this fact, Murphy was able, through his control of the State machine, to cast the ninety votes of the delegation steadily for Clark. On the fourth day of the convention, the delegates were tired and had spent most of their money and wanted to go home. The difficulty was such as had obtained not infrequently in previous presidential conventions when the delegates had taken the ground that the leaders had killed each other off and that they had got to find some 'in-between' man who could unite enough votes to secure the necessary two thirds. It is certain that such compromise candidate could have been nominated only with the approval of Mr. Murphy and his Tammany gang. It is probable, in fact, that Murphy as the leader of the only unbroken block of votes of ninety would have had in his hands the actual selection of the candidate. The risk was serious that the convention might have the mortification of accepting as nominee a man selected and controlled by Murphy and his financial backers, of whom the most important, Thomas F. Ryan, was a member of the New York delegation. This result, which would have been a grievous disaster for the country, was *prevented only through the persistency, the courage, and the intelligently exerted influence of our leader Osborne.* He had been laboring night and day with the delegates to make clear that the representation of New York in the convention did not voice the opinion of the Empire State, but was a travesty and a fraud. He finally succeeded on the forty-fourth ballot in inducing the delegates from Indiana, who had been giving their support to Marshall, to agree to make a break if they could do this in company with one or more other States. Osborne brought to the same way of thinking the delegates of Illinois and of Kentucky, and the progress made on the forty-fifth ballot secured on the forty-sixth the nomination of Wilson. The surprise and disgust of the Murphy-Ryan group was so great that they did not have the sense to swing the ninety votes of New York into line in time to have these votes constitute a part of the two thirds required for the nomination. *Thomas Mott Osborne is the man who should in the political history of the country receive due credit for heading off the disgrace of a White House controlled by Tammany Hall.*" Mr. Putnam has been, since 1880, except when voting against Bryan, a Democrat. Of Theodore Roosevelt he has reminiscences covering thirty years. When young Theodore, after some years in the Dakotas cattle-ranching to secure hardy health, returned to New York, he became a special partner in the Putnam publishing house to learn the business. From then till now his career and the man himself have been under Mr. Putnam's eye. Not of the same party, Mr. Putnam has differed with him sharply, especially in recent years. He writes of him without personal enthusiasm, and in critical spirit, but says of Roosevelt: "He has rendered great service to his country. He is a typical American." He refers to Roosevelt's successes

while President, culminating in the treaty of Portsmouth, and to the great reception given him in England and on the continent after the close of his presidency, and to the high prestige of his lectures at Paris, Berlin, and Oxford; and finally says: "Theodore Roosevelt is an original and forcible character. His force lies not so much in any great intellectual originality as in his exceptional will-power, his abounding vitality, and the persistency with which he holds to a conviction, whether this has been arrived at after long-time thought and experience, or as the conclusion of the moment. He spoke of himself once as a common man raised to the *n*th power. Divergence on political matters and in regard to questions of the day has kept us apart during the latter years. I retain, however, a hopeful confidence that the country may yet secure valuable service from a man of such exceptional capacity and power for influence, who is assuredly a patriot and who must be described as a great citizen." It happens that while we are reading George H. Putnam's comments on Roosevelt there lie also on our table some extracts from the just published Life and Letters of John Hay in which that great Secretary of State tells how ex-President Roosevelt upheld the Monroe Doctrine against the unfriendly intrigues and aggressions of European powers. Here is the story. In May, 1901, Germany tried to buy from Venezuela two islands near her coast. This plan, being regarded by the United States as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, was defeated by the Roosevelt Administration through John Hay, Secretary of State. In December, 1902, Germany, having persuaded Great Britain to join with her in pressing certain demands on Venezuela, threatened to bombard Venezuelan ports unless the demands were complied with at once. This was intended as a direct test of the temper of the Government at Washington, to see how far it would go in defense of the Monroe Doctrine, as to-day the Lusitania case is a test of this nation. Mr. Hay saw the serious nature of this threatening challenge. According to John Hay, Secretary of State, he himself stood aside, and President Roosevelt took personal direction of the American policy in that crisis. England, on his insistence, agreed to *arbitrate* her claims against the South American Republic; but Germany refused to join in arbitration, and was ready to occupy Venezuelan territory with her troops. Roosevelt's action is made public in the Hay biography for the first time. He summoned the German Ambassador, Dr. Holleben, and told him, to his face, that unless Germany agreed within ten days to *arbitrate*, the Atlantic battleship fleet, then engaged in maneuvers in West Indian waters, would be ordered to the Venezuelan coast. "Ten days doesn't mean eleven days, please understand!" he is reported to have added. Holleben, a fine old chap, possessing the suavity of a college pedagogue, protested that his imperial master couldn't "revoke on his refusal to arbitrate." Roosevelt declined to argue, saying he was merely supplying information that might be transmitted to the Foreign Office at Berlin. A week passed. Holleben called upon the President again, but *did not so much as mention the Venezuelan matter.* As he was about to leave, Roosevelt called the Ambassador back and said: "Unless I hear within forty-eight hours that Germany has agreed to arbitrate, Admiral Dewey will

sail *one day earlier* than that originally mentioned." Again Holleben protested, but the President rose to indicate that the interview was at an end, merely adding: "Within *forty-eight* hours, remember!" *Thirty-six* hours later Germany agreed to arbitrate, and President Roosevelt cabled congratulations to the Kaiser! All claims went to the Hague Tribunal and were settled without war. Thus one menace of war was turned back by prompt and decisive *action*. Dewey's fleet was all ready for the order to sail, but it was rendered unnecessary. Later in his presidency, Roosevelt ended the Russo-Japanese war, by bringing the hostile nations together as if "in his own door-yard" in the Peace of Portsmouth. In these memories of a man, so advantageously situated for being correctly informed as is Mr. Putnam, one cannot help being surprised at statements so wholly incorrect about matters directly under his eye as to raise misgivings about his carefulness and accuracy. The successful firm of Funk & Wagnalls, not far away from the Putnams and in the same line of business, was and is conspicuous as publishers of the Homiletic Review, the Missionary Review, the Literary Digest, the Standard Dictionary, etc. The well-known head of the firm, the Rev. Dr. Isaac K. Funk, was a Lutheran clergyman, graduated from Wittenburg College and Theological Seminary, and ordained to the ministry of that Church in 1861: a life-long Lutheran, never belonging to any other denomination. Mr. Putnam in his Memories speaks of Dr. Funk repeatedly as a Methodist—"a leader among the Methodists," "his fellow Methodists," etc.; and tells how E. L. Godkin, editor of the Evening Post, characterized Dr. Funk in print "as a Methodist pirate" because of Funk's opposition to the passage of an International Copyright law. The Methodists were no way responsible for I. K. Funk; he never had the slightest connection with the Methodist Church. And it is somewhat surprising to find Mr. Godkin, who was sued for libel by Dr. Funk, and Mr. Putnam, who testified as a witness in the trial, both so far astray as to the history and relations of the man, a near neighbor, who was dealing with them. As for Mr. Putnam, we learn from his book that, beginning as a Baptist and acting for a time as chaplain in the army, he forsook the confines of the Baptist fold, after the war, for the unfenced fields of Unitarianism. He is a sincere, high-minded, cultivated, honorable gentleman, who would not knowingly misrepresent. But that "omniscience" is not "his foible" is apparent from his lack of correct information concerning Dr. Funk, as also from his recent strange omission of The Methodist Book Concern from the list of American publishing houses which drew from Dr. James R. Joy, editor of The Christian Advocate, a courteous correction in an admirable letter to the editor of The Nation, of which the following is part: "Sir: I have found nothing more interesting in your valuable anniversary number than Mr. George Haven Putnam's review of the American publishing houses for the last half century. There are few men now connected with the trade who could have brought together so much information on the subject with such a high degree of accuracy. But The Nation has taught its readers that no one (editors of course excepted) is omniscient. I observe that Mr. Putnam has passed over the one American publishing house which has maintained a continuous existence for one hundred and

twenty-six years, and which has been established in New York city for more than a century. The Concern was founded by the action of a Methodist Conference, meeting in the John Street Church in this city in 1789. Philadelphia was its place of business until 1804, when it opened a salesroom in Gold Street, moving thence to Pearl, to Church, to Elm, to Chatham Square, to Fulton, to Crosby, and in 1833 to Mulberry Street, where its printing office was for a time one of the sights of the city. It continued to manufacture books and print religious periodicals there until 1890, when, with the offices and salesroom which had been for twenty years at 805 Broadway, the business was consolidated in the structure erected for it at 150 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twentieth Street, where it has since been carried on. It started in business on a (borrowed) capital of $600, which has grown to $6,000,000. For the last quarter of a century it has distributed more than $100,000 a year in pensions to what Methodists still commonly call 'wornout preachers.' Incidentally, permit me to add that this house of honorable history has received at the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco a Grand Prize, the highest award given by the Exposition, for the printing and binding of books and general bookmaking." This oldest and most successful publishing house in New York has, for the past twenty-five years, been doing its enormous business only three short blocks away from the publishing house of which Mr. George Haven Putnam, author of these Memories, was the head! Here is a bit about Kitchener of Khartoum: "My first impression of the general was not entirely favorable. The figure was tall and the bearing erect and soldierly. The head was sturdy and rather bullet-shaped and the forehead was low. There was a slight divergence in the eyes, resulting in a sinister expression. One felt that the general would be a bad man to 'come up against' in a matter of discipline or even of opinion. He had gained the reputation of being a great organizer and a stern and exacting disciplinarian. He was also noted for his aversion to titled or labeled incapacity and to 'flummery' of all kinds. He was for the great part of the time reticent, having no small talk and expressing no interest in the general subjects that came up from day to day. In fact, while the ladies remained at table (we had two in a party of eight) Kitchener hardly opened his lips. I remembered having been told that he was a confirmed misogynist and that he made it a practice to refuse to place any special responsibility in the hands of a married officer if a bachelor were within reach. He took the ground that the influence or even the existence of a wife was likely to be demoralizing on the capacity either for working or for fighting." Here is a bit about Edward A. Freeman, the historian: "I noticed that at times Freeman's great beard of a distinctive reddish yellow tint was irregular in its cut. The daughters explained that this was usually due to the fact that the father did his work in the evening between two candles, and that as he became sleepy, he would nod first to one side and then to the other. The beard, catching fire in one of the candles, naturally did not always burn evenly, and it was important, therefore, for the daughters to take charge in the morning of the clipping needed to restore the equilibrium. I was told later in Oriel, where Freeman was for many years a valued

fellow, that on a Christmas festivity he had taken charge of the important duty of the ignition of the plum pudding. He poured the spirit over the pudding, and then, burying his beard in the great dish, succeeded in setting fire to pudding and beard together." This is the way in which our author was introduced at a club-meeting in Pembroke College, Oxford: "The prior of the club was that clever barrister, able administrator, and graceful speaker, Augustine Birrell, who later accepted in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet the post of Secretary for Ireland. I remember the manner in which Birrell as presiding officer introduced myself, who happened to be the first speaker of the evening. 'Now,' he said, 'we shall have a word from Mr. Putnam, who inhabits that vast unknown tract called the Western Hemisphere.'" Mr. Putnam tells of Edwin A. Abbey's indignation over Elbert Hubbard's published account of his visit to that noted artist's home in England, in which the unscrupulous falsifier described in detail Mr. Abbey's domestic situation (including "eight children," when there was not even one), the whole being an utter fabrication published as fact by a smart professional liar and faker. Hubbard never saw Abbey or his home, and, as the artist said, no such ill-smelling character would ever have been allowed on his premises.

Vagrant Memories. By WILLIAM WINTER. 8vo, pp. 525. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $3, net.

WILLIAM WINTER'S world is William Shakespeare's world, the theatrical world. He is foremost among American dramatic critics, a profession he followed for fifty years. When the Theater Trust threatened to withdraw its advertising from a newspaper on which Mr. Winter had been employed, unless it ceased publishing his scorching denunciations of the vile plays presented on the stage, and the newspaper preferred filthy lucre to moral fidelity, this able and conscientious man refused to moderate his attacks and retired with evergreen laurels on his white brow and silver hair. He would not soil his honorable hands with dirt and despicable infamy. This large volume, probably to be his last, is occupied with his memories of his world and the great actors therein in what is called the Golden Age of the American Stage, the age of decency, decorum, and dignity, an age gone by. These "Memories" of those days make more startling the degradation of the theater of to-day, when the not over-puritanic heads of the Roman Church forbid attendance on the theater, because of its vileness; and the police close theaters in various cities by order of not over-sensitive city officials, on account of what Mr. Winter describes as "vile, sinful, diseased subjects," "obnoxious and infectious plays." When theater managers are denounced for filling their theaters with such plays, they put the blame on the public taste and retort, "That's the only way we *can* fill our theaters. We have to give the public what they want, or they will not patronize us." The chief theater manager in New York to-day, William A. Brady, who owns the theater he runs, is reported by one who was there as telling a thousand women at

the Woman's Press Club in the Waldorf-Astoria, the other day, that the theaters would "be good," if the theater-going public would let them. The public *demands* these bad plays, he says—plays he will not let *his* fifteen-year-old son see (though he lets *other people's* boys in to see, if they have the cash). Hear this theater owner and manager: "If we present a play of which the newspapers say in substance, 'It is clean and unobjectionable, fit for your wife and daughter,' then nobody comes; we play to an empty house and move toward bankruptcy. But if we merely advertise in advance something daring and shocking, something gross, vulgar, vicious, why then immediately the hotels, foreseeing what will happen, rush in to buy up the whole house in advance if possible, knowing that there will not be seats enough to supply the demand." This seems to be a face-to-face description of the theater-going public of to-day, given by a man at headquarters who unquestionably knows the theater-goers. It is a matter *we* know nothing about, but Mr. Brady will pass as an authority anywhere. William Winter's Vagrant Memories are of gifted high-grade men and women, intellectually and morally. Mr. Winter would not commemorate any other kind. He tells of Edwin Booth's charitable spirit and careful, kindly lips, seldom uttering censure or criticizing the absent, repeating often to himself and others,

> If for a tranquil mind you seek
> These things observe with care:
> *Of* whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
> And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

Here is part of a letter from Booth to Winter: "My wife has been gradually wasting away for several months, and is very feeble, from nervous prostration. A severe cough, from last September, neglected, distresses her very much, and only since the last ten days has she had a doctor. I've been, at times, quite alarmed for her. Her will is something wonderful: she won't give up, but, though ill enough to be in bed, she insists on going out as often as possible. This has kept me on the visiting list pretty much all the time, evenings, at the houses of her acquaintances—which is not altogether agreeable to me; but then, you know, I have a daughter, who must have society, &c. Thank God, my boy, that your daughters are boys, and can go out without an escort, and that your boys can look after 'Ma,' when the 'old man' wants to roost, as I do—often—when I'm forced to become a swallow-tail and flit 'hither an' yon,' among the butterflies, for wife and 'darter's' sakes!" Booth's last days illustrated Tennyson's expressive line, "The set gray life and apathetic end." Physical pain harassed him; bodily weakness had made him more and more languid; weariness of everything had settled on his mind. The noble patience and the gentleness of his spirit never waned, but his expectation was turned eagerly toward the end. Death, to him, was the crowning mercy and blessing of life, truly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." "I cannot grieve at death," he wrote. "It seems, to me, the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us. . . . Why do you not look at this miserable little life, with all its ups and downs, as I do? At the very worst, 'tis but a scratch,

a temporary ill, to be soon cured by that dear old doctor, Death—who gives us a life more healthful and enduring than all the physicians, temporal or spiritual, can give." His last two years were passed in desultory reading, mostly on religious subjects. The author relates an incident which occurred, he says, at a country mansion in England. Henry Irving was dining with a company of distinguished persons, among whom was the Primate of All England—the late Archbishop of Canterbury. That venerable Prince of the church spoke, in terms of disapproval, as to the employment of children, by Irving, in the London Lyceum Theater. Irving replied: "Sir, I cannot admit the justice of your opinion, nor can I refrain from assuring you that it is absolutely groundless. The children who are employed in my theater are carefully guarded, and are as well cared for as they would be in any home; better, in some cases, than they are by their parents. I require that their conduct and manners should be above reproach, and I will add that such is not the case with the choir boys who sing in your lordship's cathedral—for, within this week, I, personally, was obliged to call to order a number of those choir boys, who were creating a disturbance during divine service, a thing that never could happen during a performance in any first-class theater." The Archbishop made no immediate response, but, after the party had retired for the night, he went to Irving's room, sat beside him—the actor having gone to bed—and there and then expressed regret for his error and thanks for having been set right. Another incident in Irving's life is told as follows: He once experimented, at a dinner party, in London, where many persons were assembled, and where one of the guests had contemptuously and rudely inveighed against the speaking of actors. He proposed as a test, that each one of the men—all of whom were educated and all of whom had concurred with the complaint—should repeat a stanza of poetry, and expressed belief that not one of them could repeat it without an error of elocution. "Come, now," he said, "you're all very sure that the elocution of actors is not as good as yours. Let's see. You all know Byron's stanzas about the night before Waterloo. Come now—I say *not one of you* can speak the first stanza correctly! Try it—and I'll stop you when you go wrong." The first line is "There was a sound of revelry by night." Only one of the company—the poet Thomas Bailey Aldrich—reached the sixth line before he blundered. Most of them blundered in the third. The person who had specially censured the actors, proving to be the worst speaker of the group, blundered in the first—saying "revlery" instead of "revelry." Irving then clinched his contention by reciting the stanza and inviting any person present to stop him at the slightest error in pronunciation or delivery—which no one was able to do. Henry Irving held in great reverence the character of Becket in Tennyson's drama. He said: "Tennyson was inspired when he wrote that part, and the inspiration descended on him straight from heaven"; and then, with tears, he repeated the passage about the wild fowl sitting, dead, upon her stone-cold eggs, and "the mother love" that runs through all the world. One line from "Becket" was often on his lips: "Men are God's trees and women are God's flowers." Of Irving's views relative to religion William Winter says: "In talking with me he

spoke freely on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes he spoke of religious beliefs and of death. He kept a picture of the Christ in his bedroom, where he could see it the moment he awoke, and of *the spirit* of the Christ he spoke to me with profound reverence. I remember having heard him say, when addressing a young man and discriminating between the moral responsibility of youth and manhood, as to sin: 'God would forgive *you*, but he would not forgive *me*.'" Quoting Hamlet's remark that a great man must "build churches" if his memory is to out-last his life half-a-year, Mr. Winter says that although Irving did not build churches he is not forgotten and will not be "while memory holds a seat on this distracted globe." And over Irving's grave he quotes Shakespeare's lines:

> Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Mr. Winter suggests to the clergy that, instead of wholesale denunciation of the theater as an institution, they denounce the indecent and immoral plays, whether presented with brazen and shameless audacity, or with pretense of right motive and serious purpose, as in the nasty "problem plays," which, he says, must be sternly suppressed if the stage is to be saved from being a public nuisance and scandal. Mr. William A. Brady's statement that the theater reveals what the theater-going public requires, finds confirmation in these words: "Contemporary plays have afforded in every age at least a partial index to the spirit of the people. That spirit, in England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First, so fruitful of drama, was vital, sensuous, luxuriant, sanguinary, distinctly animal, exultant in prosperity and pleasure. In the period of the Restoration, the time of King Charles the Second, general society was reckless, and the English stage was polluted with some of the vilest concoctions of depravity that libidinous mentality has ever provided for regalement of a profligate public." Venerable William Winter is at his best when, referring to the great masters of a nobler age, he says; "What was the charm of those old masters? Their charm was, in one word, Poetry. They had defects, no doubt; nothing in the world is absolutely perfect; but they cherished ideals; they did lovely things, because they loved to do them. They wrought in an atmosphere of romance, and they found a ready response in the romantic enthusiasm of the public. Is that charm prevalent now? Is that atmosphere of romance apparent, to any considerable extent, upon the stage, or in front of it, to-day? And, if not, why not? Why is it absent? This is the same glorious world. The sun still rises in majesty and sets in splendor. Still the south wind breathes 'upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor.' Human nature exists unchanged. Every impulse of goodness, every instinct of kindness, every aspiration to nobility, is vital in the soul. Youth, innocence, virtue, and heroism are as much in the world to-day as ever they were! Art is still potential. Genius is still sublime. And still the fires of love and hope and faith are glowing with immortal splendor on the living altars of the human heart! Much

is heard from time to time of 'the Drama of Ideas,' 'Naturalistic Literature'—whatever that may be—and a peculiar foggy efflorescence of diseased mentality called 'New Thought.' Inspection of those fads discovers that their advocates are desirous to be 'emancipated' from something. The nature of their fetters is ambiguous, but apparently they are wishful to be 'emancipated' from the trammels of duty, morality, and decency. I believe that the whole fabric of those fads is rank and mischievous folly. Pure literature, like pure air and pure water, was found long ago, and it has not been and it never will be superseded by any new discovery. My labor, like my life, is drawing toward a close. It has, from first to last, been devoted to one service—to the ministry of beauty. That is the consummate agency of civilization, and that should be the supreme purpose of all art. Whatever I have read or thought or seen or known of the beautiful I have wished should predominate as an impulse, imperial and absolute, over the lives of the men and women of my time. When I have roamed in the storied places of the Old World; when I have listened to the silver chimes of Heidelberg, or paused in the classic groves of Oxford and Cambridge and seen the solemn shrines and stately temples that rise so glorious upon those luxuriant, incomparable lawns; when I have mused in the haunted gloom of gray old Winchester Cathedral, austerely magnificent and reverend with the memories of a thousand years; when I have lingered, awe-stricken, in the shadow of massive Canterbury, while the green ivy was trembling on its gray, wind-beaten walls, and the rooks were hovering above it, and the glory of the western sun was flooding its great windows, and the music of the throbbing organ within its bosom seemed like a voice from heaven—then, deep in my heart, I have felt the passionate desire—always present with me, if not always aflame—that the celestial influence of beauty, before which sin is impossible, and wrong and sorrow disappear, might be more and more communicated to my land, and made perpetual to bless my people." This book makes it plain that William Winter knows much about actors and theaters, but not much about churches and ministers. The theater has been his world; one might almost say it has been his church. But this much must be said, he has faithfully tried to clean it and keep it clean, a service of which it has often been sorely in need. There have been times in recent years when, in New York, there was only one kind of place dirtier than some theaters, and New York is no worse than other big cities.

Modern Religious Movements in India. By J. N. Farquhar, M.A., Literary Secretary, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, India and Ceylon. 8vo, pp. xvi+471. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

Rabindranath Tagore. A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. 12mo, pp. xvii+157. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.00, net.

The time has come for an adequate estimate of the phenomenal religious activity of India, ever since it felt the impact of Christian

missions. The task is not an easy one, especially as a great deal of the material must be obtained at first hand from native sources. It is also necessary that the subject in all of its ramifications should be dealt with in a spirit of sympathy with the wistful yearnings of religious India, and yet not overlook some of its startling defects and inconsistencies. Mr. Farquhar has used his unusual opportunities to advantage. This volume is a thoroughly informed and sympathetic study of the many currents of religious thought and life in that most remarkable land of religious earnestness and enthusiasm, of social unrest and disturbance, of rising tides of nationalism and independence. The book is of the utmost importance to the student of the science of religions, and that includes every minister. What is the duty of the Church in the presence of religious phenomena? Let Farquhar answer: "During the last half-century our knowledge of the human mind, and especially of its more abnormal activities, has grown very rapidly. In consequence psychological interests and methods of study hold a great place in modern thought. The thinking men of our time are vividly conscious of these masses of fresh knowledge. Even if they do not care to study psychology and the religions in detail, they want to know what practical attitude a reasonable man ought to take towards the religions, and also towards telepathy, hypnotism, clairvoyance, and such like. The Church of Christ thus far has failed to give clear expression to her mind on these matters. Yet, it is high time she should do so, for guidance is wanted, and if the Church is not able to suggest a reasonable attitude, thinking men will follow the guidance of other schools of thought." Another reason is that the Church is pledged to missionary advance and it is incumbent on us to be informed of what is taking place on the mission field. The present is an era of transition in Hinduism and Mohammedanism, the two great rivals of Christianity. Many of the ancient traditions, in spite of the halo which surrounds them, are found to be decidedly unhealthy and pernicious on moral and religious grounds. This conclusion has been forced upon the attention of both Hindu and Mohammedan by the Christian missionary. The inevitable reactions and revolts are a testimony to the unmistakable superiority of Christianity. The influence of the ethical teachings of Christ is seen not only in the nature of the reforms advocated but also in the introduction of new and better standards, while references to the character and person of Christ are overwhelmingly numerous. This is most noticeable in the programs of the Brāhma, Arya, and other Samajs. We marvel that the enthusiastic appreciation of Jesus shown by men like Chandra Sen and Moozoomdar should so abruptly stop short of the logical adoration and worship to which he is entitled. We can, however, understand this anomaly when we remember that Indian thought is not logical but invariably analogical. This fact further explains the inaccuracies and inconsistencies of Chandra Sen, who was not a systematic thinker. The ridiculous conclusions of Vivekānanda, who captivated many an American audience, clearly demonstrated that he had no historical conscience whatsoever. The eccentric character of Ramakrishna, who exercised such a wonderful influence over all of the later leaders of India, is

a proof of the onesidedness of the Hindu view of life. There is at the present time what might be called a Tagore cult in the Occident. His biography, recently written by Rhys, is of value not only to the student of the Bengali poet but also to all who desire to understand the Hindu temperament. Farquhar, who knows what he is writing about, is very fair in his estimate of Tagore; which, however, is not the case with many of the poet's enthusiastic admirers. Here are a few sentences from the chapter on Religious Nationalism: "Even when he tells his readers in *Sādhanā* that his religious faith is a purely Indian growth, owing nothing to the West, he is still the child of his day; for the modern Nationalist has no difficulty in finding every Christian principle and practice in ancient Hinduism." The claims which are made for him on the score of his originality are unfounded. The style of *Gitangali* certainly has the color and fragrance of the Orient, there is also a mystic wistfulness which reflects the prevailing spirit of India which is turning eager eyes to Christ, but the dominant beliefs of these "Song Offerings" are Christian and in full harmony with modern thought. It has been well said that "the sub-conscious mind of India is becoming more and more Christian, in the sense that it is tending more and more to realize that though the vision of God is not denied to any pure soul, and though all her great seers have been lovers of God, yet in Jesus Christ the dim far-off vision is made radiantly clear and near, and has passed from being fitful and uncertain to being permanent and sure." It is truly a pathetic fact that it is one of the easiest things to gather disciples in India if the leader has a sufficiently strong personality and proclaims himself with vehemence as an incarnation of one of the gods. The ease with which imposture can be practised is thus very manifest. Mr. Farquhar's survey of the innumerable sects is performed with thoroughness. He begins with a Historical Outline of the Period. This is followed by chapters on Movements Favoring Serious Reform, 1828-1913; Reform Checked by Defence of the Old Faith; Full Defence of the Old Religions; Religious Nationalism; Social Reform and Service; and a concluding chapter on Significance of the Movements. Nearly one hundred pages are devoted to Theosophy, in which the author furnishes most important data which condemn the preposterous beliefs and practices of this curious eclectic system. A gloomy aspect of the situation is thus expressed: "The triumphant revival of the old religions, with their growing body-guard of defense organizations, has been accompanied by *continuous and steadily increasing inner decay*. This most significant of all facts in the history of these movements seems to be scarcely perceived by the leaders. They believe that the danger is past. This blindness arises largely from the fact that they draw their apologetic and their inspiration almost entirely from Rāmakrishna, Vivekānanda, Sister Nivedità, Dayānanda, and Mrs. Besant, and it is clear that neither capable thinking nor clear-eyed perception can be bred on such teaching as theirs." This estimate is well substantiated by a large array of facts which the author has collected from direct investigation of the sources. Another noteworthy fact in connection with these movements is that Christianity has ruled the development

throughout. In the reconstruction which is attempted by the Hindu, the Jain, the Parsee, and the Muhamma, old material is used, but Christian principles have guided the builders throughout. Frequently the outcome is slender, yet the purpose can be seen. "Christianity has been the norm, and no part of the most orthodox movement is fully comprehensible except when seen from the Christian point of view." Mr. Farquhar illustrates this conclusion very impressively. Christianity has made men feel that the only possible religion is monotheism, which emphasizes the idea of one spiritual God and which necessarily excludes polytheism, mythology, idolatry, and man-worship. The Christian doctrine that God is the Father of men and that every man is a child of God, with its corollary that all men are brothers, is accepted with practical unanimity in all the movements. This point is one of the favorable features of *Gitangali* which surely was not inspired by traditional Hinduism. The righteousness of God, as taught by Jesus, has also exercised a powerful influence. The spiritual worship of God is another emphasis. From beginning to end the ideas that have led the Social Reform Movement have been purely Christian. One of the most arresting proofs is that almost without any exception the methods of work in use in the movements have been borrowed from missions. Mr. Farquhar has certainly produced a very important work. It is a book to be reckoned with by all who are interested in the spread of Christianity among the millions of India. Mention should also be made of the series of half-tone pictures of the native leaders of reform. When the vast continent of India begins to move towards Christ, its latent spiritual resources will be so fully consecrated to our Lord that the effect will be felt in all the world.

